



Toledo and Madrid:  
Their Records and Romances



Leonard Williams.

















TOLEDO, DOORWAY OF THE CONVENT OF SAN ANTONIO

(FROM A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR)



W. H. Branham,

Coll. Reg. Oxon.

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# TOLEDO AND MADRID . . .

THEIR RECORDS AND  
ROMANCES . . . . .

BY .

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WITH FIFTY-FIVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS  
CHIEFLY FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

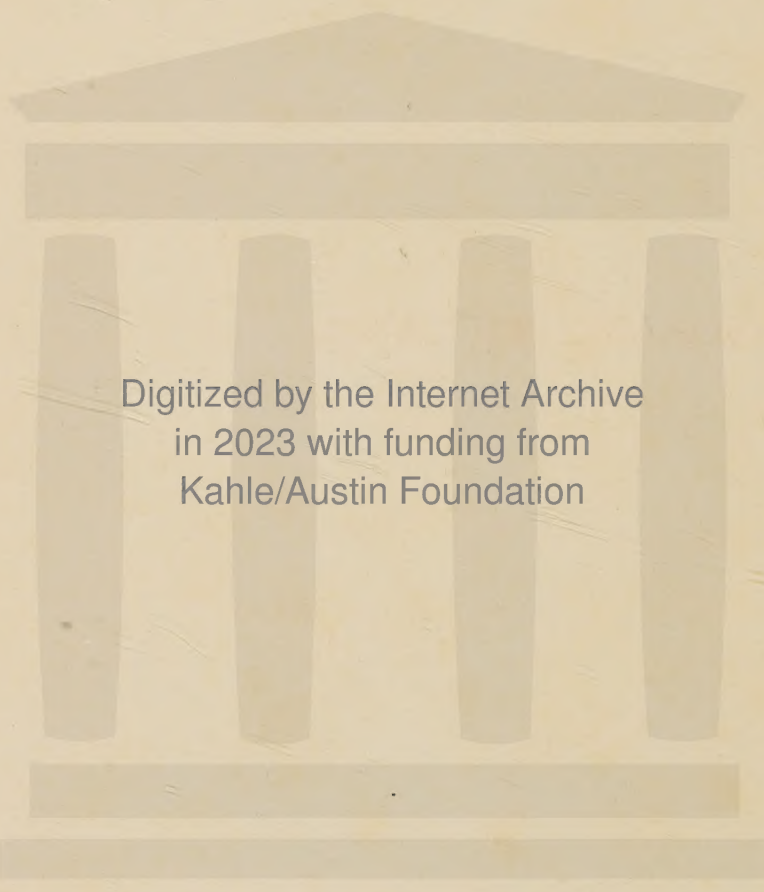
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## PREFACE.

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HAD intended this book to be a good deal shorter. The blame, however, is principally Toledo's, that thirty illustrations have been nearly doubled, and that a couple of short chapters have ripened into thrice as many long ones. Madrid is less alluring. Her records, to be sure, are full of interest; but foreign usages imported by the Bourbon kings are tending more and more to strip her of her quaintest and most national characteristics. Her motto is subservience to, Toledo's rank defiance of, the laws of modern progress. There are positively *Madrileños*—as the natives of Madrid are called—who deem it no disgrace to ride in motor-cars or play football. These very eyes have seen them. Toledo, on the other hand, is constant to the Roman, the Visigoth, and the Moslem. Pompeii-like, her present aspect suggests no more than other periods, other institutions. She may succumb: they shall not. To battle to the very end for an ideal! How many, in these days, possess the courage or the faith to do the same?

She may succumb, but not her chronicles, her legends, and her glories; and gathering these within the shelter of her eyrie, she glares across

the plain at all intruders. Myriads of her foes have fallen before her, but there is one she cannot hope to vanquish. And yet, although her talons make no mark upon Time's adamantine brow, she shows no sign of faltering. Is not her conduct worthy of a warrior-race? We cannot wonder. This is indeed from ages immemorial the eagle-city. Twin eagles hold her blazon; like any eagle's is her rocky stronghold; and sometimes, as I contemplate it from the Vega, her pinions seem to rustle far aloft in the blue sky—

‘Eagle! why soarest thou above that tomb?  
To what sublime and star-ypaven home  
Floatest thou?’

Such is the question that springs into my heart; and I have even imagined that I caught, almost in Shelley's words, the faintly echoing answer—

‘I am the image of Toledo's spirit,  
Ascending heaven—her country doth inherit  
Her corpse below.’



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TOLEDO.





# TOLEDO.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ALCÁZAR.



WHENEVER I visit Toledo, I prefer to make the journey either quite alone, or else in company with a poet, antiquarian, or artist; for the aspect of those aged walls, loaded with memories of crumbling or obliterated greatness, is far from fitted for a gay excursion. We seldom contemplate the dead—still less the illustrious dead—with cheerful emotions; and a city, properly considered, is just the counterpart of its creators, inspired, as well as framed, by human hands, and undergoing, in common with its tenants, the mortal and mysterious processes of birth, maturity, and dissolution. Such is Toledo, now the soulless corpse or mummy of a bygone potentate, wrapped in a cerement of rent and fading splendor, and invaded by all the ugly attributes of rank decay.

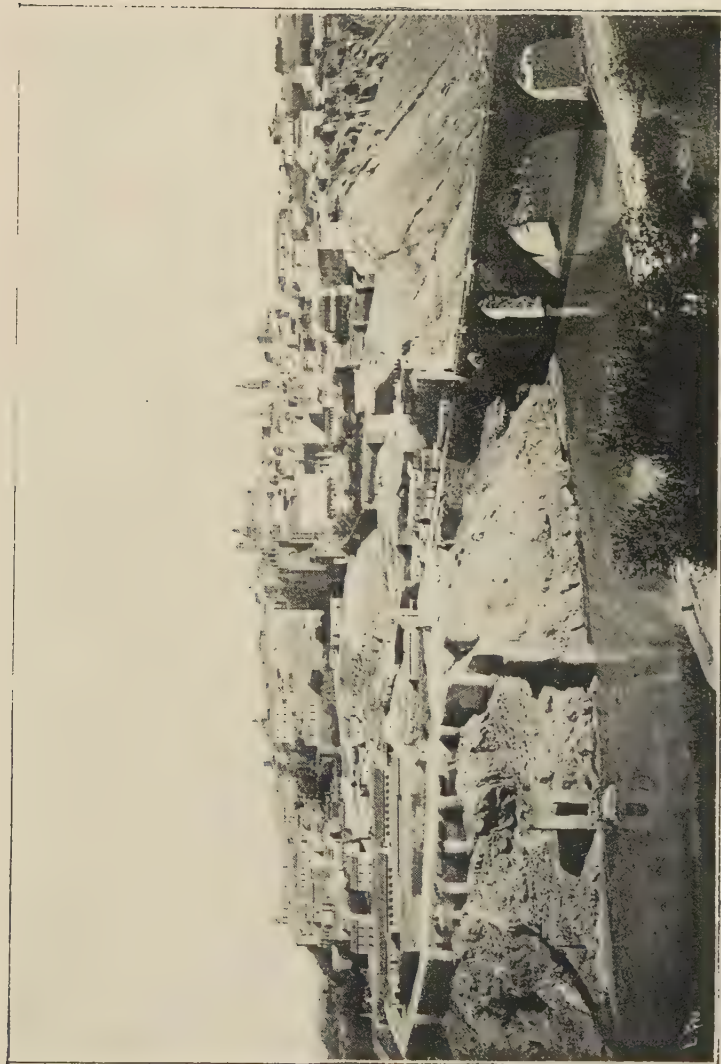
The approach to the venerable ex-capital of the Spains is over a sullen tract of fallow or sparsely-cultivated country, devoid of every picturesque or interesting feature; and the first extensive view of the walls is obtained from near the Puente de

Alcántara, one of the bridges which span the "*padre Tajo*" and yield admission to the visitor. The impression gathered at this distance is that of a rocky and abrupt, though not particularly lofty hill, closely covered with multiform buildings of a gray or grayish exterior, and lapped about its base by the tawny volume of the Tagus. From among the heterogeneous masses of turrets, roofs, and spires, the Alcázar and the tower of the cathedral, symbolic of the city's favourite children—the warrior and the priest—shoot boldly skywards.

"There is in Toledo a narrow, dark, and tortuous street, conserving so faithfully the traces of the hundred generations which have dwelt in it; conveying so eloquent a message to the artist's eye, and showing him so many points of affinity between the ideas and the customs of each century, together with the form and special character impressed upon their least occurrences, that I would close its entrance with a barrier, and place upon the barrier the following notice:—

"In the name of poets and painters; in the name of dreamers and students, civilization is prohibited from laying her destructive and prosaic hand upon a single one of these stones."

In these words the poet Becquer described the commonest type of the Toledo street; and what he said of this particular example applies, with admirable truth, to nearly all. They seem to lead to no definite spot or exit, but ramble on, and twist and turn, apparently for ever. Their darkness, even at midday and in the brightest of weather, is intense, for the sides almost meet,



(To face p. 2.)

TOLEDO.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





while the paving is so jagged as to render transit still more disagreeable. At frequent intervals the files of private dwellings, with their tiny windows and massive, gloomy walls, are interrupted by a convent or a church, founded, maybe, upon the ruins of some synagogue or mosque whose fame is wholly buried in antiquity. At every step the visitor is reminded of one or other of innumerable styles of architecture, from the horseshoe arch and ornate traceries of the Moslem to the chilly columns and portals of Covarrubias and Villalpando, or the elaborate, though nearly always hideous productions of Churriguera. In fact, the generations of buildings may fairly be said to have kept abreast of the generations of their occupants.

To describe, according to any topographical system, the principal edifices or other monuments of a city jumbled together in this manner, would be quite impracticable in so limited a space as half a dozen chapters; and therefore, if I may be allowed the paradox, my wisest course is to describe them in the order of their natural confusion. As we have seen, the two most prominent and most attractive are the Alcázar and the cathedral; but also full of interest are the churches of San Juan de los Reyes and Santa María la Blanca; the smaller and semi-ruinous temple called the Cristo de la Luz; the Castle of San Servando; the Hospitals of Tavera and the Santa Cruz; and the city gates or Puertas, del Sol, de Visagra, del Cambrón, de Alcántara, and de San Martín.

Toledo has possessed more than one alcázar. That of Don Rodrigo appears to have stood on

some height overlooking the river. Then there was the *alcázar mahometano* or Moorish Alcázar, as well as the Palace of Montichel—this latter situated somewhere in the Quarter of San Cristóbal. A grisly reminiscence attaches to Montichel; for in it the ferocious wali Amru, who reigned about the opening of the ninth century, perpetrated the appalling massacre of the Toledan nobility which has become proverbial in the phrase *una noche toledana*—"a Toledan night." In return for some indignity, real or fancied, he invited the nobles to a banquet, and had them stabbed as they passed across the courtyard, throwing the bodies into a ditch. On the following morning the citizens were frozen to behold four hundred heads impaled upon the wall; and since the sights and sounds about this horrible and haunted palace became too shocking to be borne, they lost no time in razing it completely to the ground.

But the most important of Toledo's ancient alcázars, almost adjacent to the present one, and closely associated with its history, was the Gothic edifice converted by Saracenic additions into the Palace of Galiana, captured, together with the city, by the Moors, and inhabited by Leovigild, Recared, and Wamba, as well as, after the reconquest, by Alfonso the Sixth. No vestiges now remain; but it is known to have occupied the site of the present Hospital of the Santa Cruz, and within its walls were held the Córtes celebrated, on the Cid's petition, to judge the conduct of the Infantes of Carrión. Alfonso the Sixth gave up a part of it to the nuns of San Benito, who founded





(To face p. 4.)

THE ALCÁZAR, FROM ACROSS THE TAGUS.

(From a sketch by the Author.)



there a monastery called San Pedro de las Dueñas; and in 1202 the Calatravans were allowed to establish a priory on the same spot.

There is good reason for believing that during the time of the Visigoths and Moors, a fortress stood on the exact site of the present Alcázar; that is, on the topmost pinnacle of the rock on which Toledo is constructed. This fortress, suitably strengthened, or else a new one which he may have erected in its stead, Alfonso the Sixth made haste to unite with the Palace of Galiana by a formidable wall, completely cutting off both buildings from the rest of the city. This, of course, was a preventive and defensive measure, since the king's new subjects could by no means be depended upon; and furthermore, on leaving the city in order to prosecute his career of conquest, he garrisoned the Alcázar with a thousand *hidalgos* of Castile and León, captained by the Cid, and by the Cid's trusty comrade, Alvar Fáñez.

The fortress, then (for such is the literal meaning of the Arabic *al-qaṣr*), continued to fulfil its double purpose of defending the king from his capital, and both king and capital from attack by the foreigner; in addition to serving as the royal residence. The palace, however, once the luxurious Visigothic and Moslem dynasties had passed away, grew quite subordinate to the stronghold; the fierce belligerent kings of Castile, from Alfonso "the Battler" onward, paid infinitely more attention to the solidness and thickness of the masonry than to the ornamentation or comfort of their apartments, and further defensive works on



a considerable scale were carried out by Alfonso the Seventh; by Alfonso the Eighth, victor at Las Navas de Tolosa; and by Ferdinand the Saint, the subjugator of Seville.

With the reconquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, the value of the Alcázar from a military point of view declined very greatly. Probably this was the reason, or one of the reasons, why in 1504 the Catholic Sovereigns converted the building into a hospital for foundlings. But its eminently martial look, combined with its magnificent traditions, could hardly fail to fascinate the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who carried out its restoration with a quite paternal care, and made it his favourite residence whenever he could spare the time from his campaigns. He had the edifice almost wholly built afresh by Alonso de Covarrubias and Francisco de Villalpando, aided by Gaspar de Vega, Luis de Vergara, and Hernán González de Lara; while Philip the Second entrusted the completion of the reform to Juan de Herrera, part designer of the Escorial.

Throughout the seventeenth century, the Alcázar was generally neglected, Philip the Third and his scamp of a son preferring the livelier inducements of Madrid; but Philip the Fourth's widow was compelled by Don Juan de Austria to retire to the smaller and duller capital. The Countess D'Aulnoy, who visited her, has given a quaint, though possibly somewhat highly-colored account of her experiences. The sprightly Frenchwoman, who displayed, during her comparatively short stay in the Peninsula, a thoroughly feminine curiosity, and who lost no

opportunity of seeing everything worth seeing, and making the acquaintance of everybody worth knowing, was conducted in a chair to the Alcázar, where Mariana of Austria had naturally fixed her residence. The call was hardly paid under the most comfortable conditions, for court etiquette, then at its strictest, prescribed that madam must abandon her French attire for a monstrous appliance consisting of a *guardainfante* or hoop (such as Mariana herself is wearing in her portrait by Velázquez), the tightest of bodices, squeezing the shoulders together until they almost met, and pattens, "which made it more likely that I should break my head than be able to walk with them."

On entering the Alcázar, she found the queen in a large apartment overlooking the river. The tapestries and carpets were of gray cloth, and Mariana, with a rosary in her hand, was standing beside an open window. Doubtless the posture was studied. She turned to meet her visitors with a pleasant smile, and the countess seems to have considered her less plain than she is generally represented. Her hands were small, fine, and white; and her face, described as "somewhat long and flat," was pallid. Her expression was amiable and sweet. She was dressed in widow's weeds cut to the fashion of the time, and covering her head so completely as not to disclose a single hair. Her visitor has charitably recorded that the royal skirt was edged with braid, to admit of its being let out when it should become shabby. Is it not terrible to think how much we sometimes stake upon a

fleeting interview; how rapid a glance may serve to rob us of our good report, which society declares to be about the only perquisite worth sticking to? Of course, so far as concerns the small fry it does not greatly matter; but verily the rich, or famous, or blue-blooded, should lead the lives of anchorites and open the door to no one. If the eye of a casual caller can detect these humiliating trifles in a single instant, small wonder that no celebrity is a hero to his valet, who contemplates him, in comparison, for all eternity.

After a short conversation upon indifferent topics, a female dwarf, as round as a barrel and tricked out in gold and silver brocade, knelt at the royal feet and asked if her majesty was willing to dine; the queen observed to the countess and to the Marchioness of Palacios, who accompanied the visitor, that they could follow if they chose, and all together passed into the dining hall. This was entirely of marble, and there were various sideboards with lamps upon them. Only the queen was seated, her guests standing not far off and conversing now and then with the maids of honour. Several of these were young and lovely; and all wore pattens, and lost no time in avowing their horror of Toledo, "where they found themselves as in a desert." The *meninos* and *meninas* were also present—those diminutive, aristocratic folk who teased the palace dwarfs and dogs, or spent the graver portion of their early days in waiting on the sovereign, and whose frolicsome features, perpetuated by the genius of Velázquez, smile out at us upon the wall of the Madrid Museo.





*(To face p. 8.)*

*(From the portrait by Claudio Coello.)*

MARIANA OF AUSTRIA.



The royal appetite was pretty good, and possibly, as an effect of the invigorating atmosphere which surrounds the Alcázar, the countess and her companion would have liked a taste or two to come their way. But although the queen remained at table for over an hour and a half, no mouth was ministered to but hers, except that she presented a few sweets to the two little daughters of madam and the marchioness. The opening course consisted of melons, salad, and milk, of all of which her majesty partook abundantly. Then came the meat, which appeared to the countess to be far from good. This is credible, since Spaniards, even at the present day, are infamous cooks where flesh is concerned, preferring to serve it up completely dry; nor have they learned to improve its tenderness by hanging; so that between toughness and dryness it is commonly intolerable to foreign palates.

Since the queen, during the hour and a half and rather more that she remained at table, talked but little, it is reasonable to suppose that she devoted by far the greater while to eating. When the meal was over, the visitors took their leave. "I should add," observes the countess, "that the first of the *meninos* bears the queen's pattens, and puts them on her feet. This is an honour esteemed so highly in this country that he who possesses it would not exchange it for the grandest offices of the Crown. When the palace ladies marry in accordance with the queen's desire, she increases their dowry by fifty thousand *escudos*; and generally a governorship or viceroyalty is bestowed upon their husbands."

Mariana of Austria was the last sovereign who made a regular home of the Alcázar. In 1710 it was set on fire by the Austrians, Portuguese, Dutch, or English; or all of them in concert. Neglected thereafter for more than half a century, Cardinal Lorenzana caused it to be restored in 1774, the architect being Ventura Rodríguez. In 1810 it was again burned nearly to the ground, but although it was occupied at the time by the French troops, it is by no means certain that the fire was intentional. Towards the middle of the century it became the General Military Academy, and, in 1850, the Academy of Infantry. In 1887 a fresh conflagration broke out in the library, and destroyed pretty nearly the whole structure, with the exception of the principal walls, the staircase, and the arches of the courtyard. A million *pesetas* were voted for repairing it once more, and at this moment it presents a fairly solid and respectable appearance, although of course the oldest and most interesting portions are little better than fragments, contrasting, like some pattern in mosaic, with the newer masonry. The fag-end of a cadet's cigar will doubtless renew the bonfire at no very distant date. "Fate," exclaims a chronicler, "seems to have condemned the Alcázar of Toledo to be reconsumed, every time that she arises, like another phoenix, from her ashes."

Few buildings, whether in Spain or anywhere else, have undergone a greater series of vicissitudes. By turns a stronghold, palace, dungeon, and a hospital for foundlings, within its walls crusaders have buckled on their mail, the children of the poor have romped in merry unconcern, kings have



commanded or reposed, princesses have wept, and laughed, and loved; and prisoners, peering wistfully through their massive bars across the open Vega, have pined for liberty. But its subtlest, sweetest memory is ever that of women; for tinier and snowier hands than those of poor, plain-faced, prosaic Mariana, the heavy-eating Austrian, have caressed the ample balustrades, or drawn aside the damask hangings. Strength is indeed disarmed by beauty; and burying the loop-hole and portcullis beneath a cloud of aery visions girt about with exquisite female forms, we dream of Berenguela warding off the Moslem by her queenliness and grace; of plaintive, gentle Blanche de Bourbon, the loving yet unloved; of Blanche's winsome rival, María de Padilla; and, last and loveliest, of Moorish Galiana,

“Serene, with argent-lidded eyes  
Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
Tressed with redolent ebony,  
In many a dark, delicious curl,  
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone.”

What would the Alcázar be, if none of these fair women had bound their garlands round its rocky brow? What would all warfare be, if never a woman were in the world, for us to battle for?

## CHAPTER II.

THE CATHEDRAL, AND THE GROWTH OF SPANISH  
ARCHITECTURE.

**B**UT if the warrior was one of Toledo's pampered children, her other was undoubtedly the priest; and, both in situation and renown, the cathedral is fully as conspicuous as the Alcázar. I have long ago become convinced that the Spaniards are at heart by no means a spontaneously or genuinely devout people; and I hope, in the *History of Spanish Painting* which I have in preparation, to substantiate this conclusion with adequate proof. But it is worth stating, here or anywhere, with reference to the Peninsula, that the Spaniard's religious exercises are closely interwoven with an immense amount of musty, clerical superstition; and that in this respect his credulousness, now tending in some quarters to give place to almost as extravagant a scepticism, at one time knew no bounds whatever.

Toledo is above all others the city, and her cathedral above all others the temple, where visitors to Spain will probably expect to find the most abundant and most striking vestiges of ancient superstitions connected with the practices of her Church. Nor will they expect in vain. These superstitions, furthermore, exhibit in a strange degree the national characteristics. Numerous



(To face p. 12.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid)

# THE CATHEDRAL.





writers have pointed out that the religious fears or beliefs of the Spaniard are the gloomiest known to history. Even in Andalusia, whose heaven is admittedly the brightest of the whole of Europe, the monastery cell and the cathedral wall have shut out every particle of the surrounding sunshine. The processions which crawl along the street, with all their tricked-out idols and grinning, jeering chorister-boys, impress the unfanatical observer as a blasphemous attempt to set a yard or two of satin against the infinite azure, or a diamond or pearl against a dewdrop or a star. The triumph of tawdriness over true splendor, of the sordid and profane over the generous and inspired, has been, in this misguided land, complete and absolute; nor is it too much to say that the Spanish priest had once upon a time succeeded in stifling in his countrymen's breast all power of appreciating nature. Until some fifty years ago, when the Belgian Haes began to devote his lifetime to opening their eyes, there had hardly been a landscape painter in all Spain; and even at this day there are but very few. Holiday-makers who travel through the provinces with the purpose of exploring and enjoying the beauties of the scenery, are well-nigh unknown. The leisured Spaniard prefers to take his pleasure in another form, rushing to San Sebastián in order to punctiliously appear at mass, and waste his money on a *zorra* or the *petits chevaux*.

This, of course, is what the priesthood want—innumerable sinners who will go astray and pay for absolution. The Spaniard purchases immunity

from everlasting fire, and books his seat in Heaven just as though it were a ticket for the play. Nor is the priest inactive, proclaiming from the pulpit or "the conclave where the holy men glare on each other," his furious opposition to every influence less expensive than his own. His doctrine is the hardest, meanest, brutallest imaginable; for it is only within his stuffy sentry box of a confessional that God is privileged to enter; and the innocent smiles and graces of our mother Nature he foully misconstrues into the wanton advances of a courtesan.

In this and various other respects, but principally and preëminently from the point of view of art, the anti-æsthetic doctrine of the Spanish priesthood, if we trace their history and aspirations from the time of the Visigoths onward, emerges most unfavourably from a contrast with the teaching and the practices of the infidel. The art-adoring character of the Arabs, whether priests or laymen, and the art-detesting character of the earlier Spanish clergy, are thoroughly exemplified by the churches and cathedrals on the one hand, and the Mohammedan *aljamas* on the other. I will take this opportunity, therefore, of rapidly reviewing the development of Christian architecture in Spain, and the moral as well as the material qualities which distinguish it in an extraordinary degree from that of the Moslems.

The types and methods of Roman architecture, already in the period of its decadence, were inherited, after Athaulf's impetuous invasion of the north-eastern Peninsula, by the Visigothic dynasty.

Other of the Roman customs and institutions were also adopted or adapted by the newer race of conquerors—Roman law, Roman weights and measures, and the Roman manner of reckoning time. And yet the Visigoths, forced, as it were, into aping a culture which they could not understand, and with whose aims and tendencies their inmost character was powerless to sympathize, were ever a savage people. Originally barbaric in their ferocity, they became, as their domination approached its inevitable end, barbaric in their effeminacy. So, too, with their religious beliefs. Excepting the clergy, who were men of some education and unlimited unscrupulousness, the Christian Visigoth was every whit as barbaric as the heathen; barbaric, either in his violent fanaticism, or else in his total lack of individuality, and idiotic acquiescence in the schemes of a designing priesthood. An intermediate type was wholly, or almost wholly, wanting; and there is little to choose between Leovigild, the ignorant and cruel desperado, and his meek successor Recared, the unresisting prey of the ambitious metropolitan of Toledo.

The practitioners of the vigorous and youthful Christian creed were not, for their part, ignorant of these characteristics, and spared no artifice or effort to secure the kingly allegiance and widen their semipolitical and semiecclesiastical dominion. In an extremely limited number of cases, such as that of Swintila, it became necessary to calumniate the sovereign, and narrow, by this diplomatic method of attack, the sphere of his rule; for the popular classes displayed from time to time a

wild enthusiasm for their monarchs, and threatened more than once to alienate them from the corrosive influence of the clergy. The latter, however, could hardly fail to triumph, and in 589 the third Council of Toledo, attended by no fewer than sixty-two prelates under the astute leadership of Leander and Mausona, bishops of Seville and Mérida respectively, succeeded in its darling object of proclaiming its supremacy, not merely as a synod, but also as a parliament of the realm; and in attaching its contemptuous and haughty signature to the death warrant of the royal independence. It is a singular yet indisputable fact, that from then until the present day, throughout a period of no less than thirteen hundred years, that royal independence has never been substantially recovered by the kings of the Peninsula.

The morals of the Visigoths were on a par with their refinement and their mode of living. Serfdom was the distinguishing mark of the commons; arrogance, of the nobility; avarice, and ambition of temporal and political power, of the clergy; regicide and tumult, of the Crown. It is clear that a people disunited in this manner could never have exercised a long supremacy in any case; and destiny or chance precipitated their downfall by the arrival of the one-eyed Tarik and his host, and the defeat of "the last of the Goths" beside the memory-haunted osiers of the Guadalete.

Of course the term "the last of the Goths," as applied to the vanquished Roderick, is purely poetical. We know that in point of numbers his people were by no means exterminated. The





(To face p. 16.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE CATHEDRAL: THE ALTAR.



volume of the invaders, rolling across the country from south to north, impelled before it a considerable body of such as were able and preferred to take to flight, and these, threading the steep passes of the Cantabrian range, established in Asturias the sovereignty of their chief Pelayo.

In fact, despite the chronicler's assurance to the contrary, it was not the Visigothic people who confronted Tarik upon the banks of the Guadalete. It was the Visigothic monarchy, nobility, and priesthood. The victors, so far as the treatment of their enemies was concerned, were rarely vindictive or exacting; and this, in spite of all their ignorance, the Visigothic serfs could hardly tarry in appreciating. Consequently, what had they to lose by a mere change of lord? Their masters from among their own kin had treated them with the utmost cruelty. It was highly improbable that their alien possessors, if such they were to bow the neck to, could discover a means of treating them any worse. They remained, therefore, indifferent spectators of the struggle, passing like inert and irresponsible chattels from one proprietorship to another, and leaving the recuperation of their more than dubious independence to the fugitive Pelayo, and the priests and nobles who accompanied him.

And what were the circumstances of these latter? Surely, in so credulous and ignorant an age, the issue of the battle of the Guadalete must have seemed a supernatural chastisement for old impieties and vices, nor would the priests be slow to found their preaching upon these very

lines. Natural surroundings also contribute in such cases, and kings and nobles alike, shuddering to realize the vastness of the contrast between the eagle-prospect of the limitless Castilian plateaux, and the rainy, cloudy crannies of north-western Spain, would modify, without perceiving it, their inmost character. The space and sunshine had made them arrogant and luxury-loving, just as the storminess and straitness were now to make them humble and austere; while, cradled in vapour and nourished with shadowy superstition, the Christian creed grew slowly, but with overwhelming sureness, to a bold maturity.

As time went on, the architecture of these sad Asturian refugees declared itself essentially clerical. The first and foremost of their edifices must be a temple for the propitiation of their angered God. Tradition says that the Church of Santa María de Velamio was founded by Pelayo, and that of the Santa Cruz de Cangas de Onis by his son Favila. In any case, these were the forerunners of the series of ninth century churches such as San Salvador de Priesca, San Pedro de Montes, Villardoveyo, Santa María de Sariego, and San Pedro de las Rocas. The style was the degenerate Latin, reflecting, more or less uncouthly, the corrupt designs of the Romans, or the worthless baptisteries of the Visigoths. This early Asturian architecture, lacking, from the point of view of art, all spontaneity and true, inherent, æsthetic impulse, is termed the Asturian, the Galician, the Byzantine, the antique-gothic, or, more generally, the Romano-Byzantine. If we consider it, however, as



revealing the disposition of the Spanish Christians in that immature period, a better term would be the gothic-Asturian.

The character of the invaders who rapidly secured by far the greater part of the Peninsula, contrasts as sharply with that of the rude and melancholy Spaniards as ever the sunshine and the space of the Arabian desert or Castilian plateau with the dark and dismal valleys of Asturias; and a similar difference prevails between the Arabic and gothic-Asturian architecture. Culture, in fact, contended once again with barbarism. But the culture of the Arabs, unlike that of the Romans at the time of the Visigothic incursion, was that of a new, and not a moribund people. Their intellectual and military talents were infinitely in advance of anything then known to civilization, and promised—or, as bigoted authors phrase it, threatened—to absorb the whole of Europe. They were destined, however, to fix their home in the Peninsula for many centuries, converting their Spanish empire into a paradise of wealth and beauty, and empowering its ungentle Christian occupants to boast for ever of being the descendants and disciples of the infidel.

To every just and cordial lover of art, the architecture of these Spanish Arabs must prove of almost overwhelming interest. It possessed, indeed, a multitude of charms peculiar to itself alone, and prominent among them the incredible suddenness with which it adapted itself to its new surroundings and blossomed forth into a brilliant maturity. “*L’art arabe*,” says Peyre, “semble

apparaître tout à coup sur la scène du monde, comme le peuple arabe lui-même. Cependant ce n'est pas dans son pays d'origine qu'il s'est développé; c'est en Espagne, là où les musulmans se sont le plus mêlés aux chrétiens, que l'art arabe a produit ses chefs-d'œuvre, et c'est au contact de l'art byzantin et d'après ses modèles qu'il s'est constitué." Byzantium, therefore, extended her influence over Spain by two distinct and independent channels; both through the Christian remnant that gathered about Pelayo in the cave of Covadonga, and also through the Moslem multitude that swept across the Strait of Gibel-Tarik to the sunny shores of Andalusia. That influence, nevertheless, albeit proceeding from a Christian fount, was better welcomed by its enemies than by its children. In the hands of the Spaniard it lay unused or unimproved upon for many generations; but the Arab received it, like some precious legacy, with reverent, immediate, and loving care; and adding his genius to its own, developed it, almost within the magical compass of a single day, to an unprecedented and undreamed-of splendor.

Not only Becquer has remarked that the religious ideas of a people are truthfully reflected in their architecture. Indeed, the remark is practically a truism; for who could suppose the anchorite of the Escorial to have been a light-hearted voluptuary, or the designers of the Alhambra to have shrunk from sunshine and magnificent surroundings? In this and almost every other regard, the Moslem was the very

antithesis of the Spaniard; and therefore, as a natural consequence, he indicates it in his buildings.

Another and a curious point. The Spaniards to this very day are generally deficient in the sense of colour, or where they are not inherently deficient, their preference rests almost always with the dimmest tints and shades obtainable. Among the masters of Spanish painting, Juanes, Murillo, Goya, and perhaps Alonso Cano are about the only ones who seem to have found a pleasure in the exercise of brilliant colouring; while on the other hand, Morales, Velázquez, Valdés Leal, Zurbarán, Tristan, the two Ribaltas, March, Orrente, Rizi, Espinosa, Pantoja, and Ribera are veritable apostles of the gloom. This sombreness of Spanish painting as a whole has frequently been commented on by foreign critics; for Spaniards themselves do not appear to quite appreciate it. Its origin, beyond all doubt, was in the Spanish Church, whose policy has been from immemorial time *the worship of the dark*: and precisely the same policy has always been pursued with Spanish sacred architecture.

The Arabs, on the contrary, loved brilliant colours,—yellow and scarlet and blue, combined with gold and silver. Their knowledge of tints, of shades, of delicate gradations, was possibly inferior to that of a Spanish painter of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Their literature, too, makes mention of but few colours, and the repetition of those few is frequently monotonous. But although it is perfectly true that, in the words of John

Addington Symonds, "the sense of colour cannot be judged by colour - nomenclature," we have extensive other grounds for believing that the Spanish Arab's sense of tone or shade was not particularly keen.\* With equal truth Symonds has remarked that while Persian poetry throws little or no light on this singular theme, "Persian carpets exhibit the finest blending of the most subtly matched and graduated tints. And the older these carpets are, the more are they prized for their exquisite solution of problems in the art of colour." But even if we make all reasonable allowance for epithets which may have disappeared, this Persian fancy for blending an infinity of hues does not appear to have extended to the Arabs who made their home in Spain. The relics of their art would rather seem to show that they possessed a passion, not so much for numerous degrees of colour, as for the primary colours set in brilliant and effective juxtaposition.

And yet another important difference between the Spanish and the Arabic architecture was that of shape and ornament: on the one hand the squat, rectangular Christian church, vulgar and bald, inside and out, with just a semicircular apse and nothing more; and on the other the multiform and ever-graceful outlines of the infidel *aljama*,—the mazy arches, the court, the minaret, the walls relieved with profuse *ataurique*, and the ceilings

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\* Speaking of the *azulejos* preserved in the South Kensington Museum, Riaño says, "their chief characteristic is that only pure colours are used, without gradations or half tints."



with the caisson or *alfarge*, disposed in endless varieties of exquisite design. The dark austerity of the Christian temple is wholly absent from the Moslem; so much so that the two types of architecture seem to embody the psychic qualities of their patrons. The Christian excludes, as it were, all that is capable of suggesting feminine grace or softness; while the Moslem invests his mosque with quite a womanish charm. His temples are effeminate in the delicacy of their structure and adorning; so that he seems to worship in their precinct the houris destined for his arms when once this angrier existence shall be ended.

Nevertheless, as time went on and the national taste, partly in obedience to a natural law, and partly by reason of its constant proximity to Moslem culture, made efforts to progress, the Spanish priesthood realized that something must be done to mitigate the external hideousness of their system; or in other words that art must be admitted to their churches and cathedrals. The concession was made both gradually and grudgingly; for art, as Rio and numerous others have remarked, is unavoidably hostile to the Christian sentiment; a fact which the Spanish clergy were just as ready in perceiving as—nay, even readier to perceive than—the Italian. It is completely beyond the power of the painter, or the sculptor, or even the architect, to abstain from investing his creations with the suggestion of sex, reminding the observer, whether he will or no, of fleshly human beauties. This is

what the Church has always dreaded, the likelihood of the worshipper's confusing the strictly moral attributes of the saint or martyr with the comeliness of a pagan deity; or of associating the Virgin, as she suckles the holy infant, with the sensual, full-bosomed attractiveness of sweet and youthful maternity.

The Spanish Church was able to make a longer and a better stand than her Roman sister against the dangerous onset of the plastic and the graphic arts. In the first place, the Spanish character, chastened by generations of rough living and bitter warfare, was less effeminate than that of the Italians. And secondly, Spain was further removed than Italy from the centres of pagan tradition. Exactly at the period when the Italians, not in exceptional instances but throughout the whole community, were "investing every phase and variety of intellectual energy with the form of art," the Spanish painter was groping in the dark. He was alone, or seemed to be so. His countrymen could not understand him. It may almost be said that he could not understand himself. Then came the priest to instruct him how to draw and colour, precisely at the same moment that he preached to him the heinousness and worthlessness of all drawing and of all colouring.

In Italy the Church resisted, cringed before, or made a pact with art, according to the exigencies of the moment; but she never was able, as in Spain, to usurp the privilege of peremptorily dictating the canons which art must follow and obey. The Spanish painter found himself apprenticed, by the

narrowest possible indentures, to the clergy. Under the priest's inexorable eye, he must be content to earn his bread and nothing more, rejecting all idea of prosecuting his labours for the sake of art, emolument, or fame, and shaping his productions to serve as vulgar implements for the practices of religious worship. The priestly finger rests upon his brush, and stirs the colours on his palette. His figures, as we notice in the mural paintings in Seville cathedral, the Cristo de la Luz at Toledo, and elsewhere, must utterly lack all symmetry or humaneness of outline, and furthermore be fully draped, while even the features or extremities must be wrinkled or emaciated, so as to remove them as far as possible from all suggestiveness of mortal beauty.

But the national taste for art was bound, in course of time, to seek and to secure emancipation. In the reign of John the Second, a literary and artistic impulse proceeding from other countries such as France and Flanders, and combined with the Spaniard's growing immunity from the attacks of the Moslem, did much to modify the warlike character of the aristocracy. Great lords, no longer disdaining to patronize the painter and the sculptor, entrusted them with the decoration of their mausoleums and private chapels, enabling them to break their priestly fetters and stray at will into untrodden paths. Foreign painters of high renown, including the Florentine Dello, and Jan van Eyk, the inventor or improver of oil colours, resided at or visited the Spanish Court, and left enduring memories of their skill. A similar influence had previously begun to be felt in Spanish architecture.

Properly speaking, the gothic taste was just as alien from the Spaniards as from the Italians. Nevertheless, impelled by some mysterious force it crossed the Pyrenean frontier and mingled, first of all with the unadorned basilicas of the Spaniard, and afterwards with the luxuriant tracery of the Moslem, forming, in this latter case, a series of combinations of almost endless beauty and variety. Favoured by this alliance the Arabic influence took centuries to disappear, and was still sensible in the time of Covarrubias; that is, in the earlier half of the sixteenth century. In fact, the Arabic and gothic, although essentially so different, concluded a singularly advantageous and harmonious union, so that the pointed and the horseshoe arches alternate to the mutual enhancement of their charm, while the glass or paste mosaic is replaced, as years advance, by the finer *alicatado* or azulejo-work, and the coarser Cufic character by the slenderer though equally as effective *neshki*.

Symonds, in his *Renaissance in Italy*, has summarized the merit and deficiencies of the Duomo of Orvieto. "The real attractions of the church," he says, "are isolated details. Wherever the individual artist-mind has had occasion to emerge, there our gaze is riveted, our criticism challenged, our admiration won. The frescoes of Signorelli; and bas-reliefs of the Pisani; the statuary of Lo Scalza and Mosca, the tarsia of the choir stalls, the Alexandrine work and mosaics of the façade, the bronzes placed upon its brackets, and the wrought acanthus scrolls of its superb pilasters—these are the objects for inexhaustible wonder





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THE CATHEDRAL: DETAIL OF CARVING.

(From a photograph by Aguacil Tolado.)





in the cathedral of Orvieto. On approaching a building of this type, we must abandon our conceptions of organic architecture: only the Greek and northern Gothic styles deserve that epithet. We must not seek for severe discipline and architectonic design. Instead of one presiding, all determining idea, we must be prepared to welcome a wealth of separate beauties, wrought out by men of independent genius, whereby each part is made a masterpiece, and many diverse elements become a whole of picturesque rather than architectural impressiveness."

A similar observation would apply to Toledo, or indeed, to any of the greater cathedrals of Spain. From the time they took to build, and the mutations and modifications experienced by art and manners during the period of their construction, it is impossible to consider them as the product of a single era, or even of a single country. Gradual accretions, proceeding from many lands, from many generations, from many intellects, have made them what they are. I have often been asked, "who built Toledo cathedral?" No one. The work is that of scores of architects; nor is it just to concede to any one the glory which belongs to all. Rome and Greece are here; Persia and Byzantium; Germany, and France, and Flanders. Similarly with the decoration of the interior—the frescoes, and the windows, and the statuary; the silver-work and gold; the *reja*, and the pulpit, and the font; the monstrance and the candelabra; the lecterns, and the missals, and the stalls. Gathered into a space that measures only four hundred and

four feet by two hundred and four feet, is a collection of art treasures illustrating the history of Spain in all its branches—social, ecclesiastical, political, and artistic. Nevertheless, the “isolation” of this multitude of “details” is apparent rather than real; episode is subtly linked with episode, and the work of one craftsman with that of his predecessors and followers. All but the exceedingly practised critic, therefore, will do well to conduct his examination in a deliberate manner and in obedience to some definite system, preferably chronological. The tourist who comes up from Madrid for just a day, and sacrifices about an hour to “doing” the cathedral, is likely to depart in greater ignorance than on his entry. But the student who approaches this stupendous structure properly equipped, and in a proper spirit of investigation, will find material to engross his attention for weeks together. Hardly a single architectonic phase is wanting. As we have seen to be of common occurrence in Spain, traces of the naked basilica ally themselves with Arabic or Muzarabic ornament, and the pointed arch—that admirable device the circumstances of whose invention are still enveloped in mystery—effects a singular and perfect union with the *arco de herradura*, lobulated or non-lobulated, of the Moslem. Fortunately, not every Spaniard has shared the opinion of narrow-minded Mariana, who dismissed the Mosque of Toledo as “neither great nor beautiful,” and dubbed the Moors “barbarians” and “*canallas*”; or else this exquisite mingling, from the tenth century onwards, of Arabic and Gothic, and of



TOLEDO CATHEDRAL. KNOCKER ON THE DOOR OF THE LIONS

(FROM A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR)





Arabic, Byzantine, and Renaissance, might never have been permitted to take place. But as it is, jasper and alabaster, materials eminently associated with the East, alternate along the colossal nave with Oliguelas stone. Of the eight magnificent doors, those which deserve the closest inspection are the Puerta de la Feria, the Puerta del Perdón, the Puerta de la Presentación, and the Puerta de los Leones. This latter, marred, unfortunately, by the insipid Greco-Roman "improvements" of Durango, dates from the fifteenth century, and affords a curious illustration of the manners and customs then prevailing. The Puerta de la Presentación, a pure specimen of the Plateresque, was begun in 1565; while that of the Feria, or Lost Child (so-called from a bas-relief representing the infant Christ disputing with the elders) exemplifies the comparatively primitive style of the fifteenth.

But this is not a guide to Toledo Cathedral, whose *El Dorado* of structural beauties has been described with fitting minuteness by other and more expert pens than mine; and in particular by Ramón Parro and José Amador de los Ríos. Aided by handbooks such as theirs, the visitor, if he chooses to devote a reasonable patience to the task, may form a definite conception of this vast and fascinating theme, examining and classifying—among these mazy varieties of abacus and chamfer, archi-volt and spandrel, annulet and scroll; capital, and shaft, and plinth—each phase, and growth, and characteristic of the national architecture.

So, too, with painting and with sculpture. Numerous and gifted critics, whose works are to be

found in almost any library, are ready to enlighten the student in a similar manner, discussing, in connection with this ancient edifice, the crude and tentative productions, preserved in the Chapel of the Reyes Viejos, of Juan Alfón; the frescoes of Carducho and Caxés, the vestry ceiling by Claudio Coello, the frescoes or oil pictures of Rizi, Giordano, Orrente, El Greco, and Pantoja; and those of the last great Spanish painter of modern times, if we except Fortuny and Sorolla,—Francisco Goya. The Italian influence is sparsely represented by Bellini, Bassano, Guercino, and Guido Reni.

Sculpture, for reasons which are foreign to this work, has never found the greatest favour among the Spaniards; but here at least are five or six magnificent mausoleums, and the elaborate *sillería* or choir-stalls, wrought by Maese Rodrigo, the Berrugetes, and Felipe de Borgoña, and representing an infinity of subjects; chiefly personages from the Scriptures, or passages from the wars of Ferdinand and Isabella. The subsellia are Rodrigo's. The upper set of stalls we owe to the elder Berruguete and Borgoña conjointly—thirty-six being the work of the former, and the remaining thirty-five of his rival. Berruguete's, too, is the superb Transfiguration, with life-size marble figures, over the archbishop's throne.

History has also inscribed within these walls her message to posterity. Alfonso the Seventh and Sancho the Brave gaze out upon us through their effigies with a somewhat disappointed air, as though lamenting that their countrymen have declined into a comparatively peaceable and mercantile com-



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(From photographs by the Author.)

THE CATHEDRAL: TOMB OF DON ALVARO DE LUNA.



munity. Yonder, in the Chapel of Santiago, and surrounded with gothic and Saracenic decoration as delicate as flowers strewn about the dead, reposes Alvaro de Luna, Duke of Truxillo, Constable of Castile, and lord of Ayllon and of seventy towns and castles; who held both king and commons in his hand, and kept at bay for five and thirty years the turbulent nobility of the realm. All the pride of Spain is stamped upon the aristocratic form, just as on the fatal morning when it fell, at last, beneath the headsman's knife. To the left of the great altar is Covarrubias' exquisite Plateresque sepulchre of Cardinal Mendoza, statesman and divine; while the high chapel contains the statue of Isidro the Shepherd, patron of Madrid, who guided the Christian host to victory through the secluded passes of the Sierra Morena. Alfonso alone is said to have observed his features; and therefore the king's own hand is fabled to have traced the outline of the statue.

Such is all history—fiction mingled, in a greater or less degree, with fact; the real with the imaginative; and possibly the poet is capable of being stirred more lastingly and deeply by those dim traditions, than preciser natures by authenticated data, or the tangible and positive remains of art. However this may be, Becquer in pulsing prose, Zorrilla in noble verse—the most inspired that he ever wrote—have woven their magic legends round this memory-haunted city, captivated, it would appear, by its age and picturesqueness, but above all by the mysterious quietude of its temples. And surely Castelar must have had Toledo in his mind when he



pronounced his brilliant panegyric of gothic architecture: "The gothic cathedral, whose pinnacles, blending with the rosy tints of Heaven, soar sublimely skywards; whose bronze-tongued bells vociferate their message to the Faithful; whose pavement is strewn with tombs, as though to bring home to man that underneath him is the vast abyss of death; whose gothic windows receive the light upon their multicolor panes and shiver it in diverse hues, as though reminding the spirit that its birth-place is eternity; the cathedral, with its pillars of treelike lightness, and arches, emblematic of the unity of God, concluding at a point; the cathedral, with its myriad hierarchical sepulchres, where sleep their everlasting sleep warriors clinging to their swords, bishops to their crosiers, kings to their sceptres; the cathedral, with its saints and sculpture representing doctors studying the word of truth from books of stone, together with virgins, angels, and martyrs, who detach themselves from the background of a painting and float in mystic ether; the cathedral, redolent of incense, and illuminated by its countless lamps, like stars which might have wandered thither to sip the radiance of the sanctuary; the cathedral, inspired by the organ-notes which seem to animate its columns, blessed by the echo of the canticles appearing to proceed from the lips of the statues, and repeated daily beneath its vault by endless generations of worshippers; the cathedral, adorned with nature's offerings in the form of lily, palm, and myrtle twined in lacelike carving round about its masonry;—the gothic cathedral, replete with all these marvels, will symbolize,



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# THE BURIAL OF DON ALVARO DE LUNA.

(From the painting by E. Cerna.)



for ever and for ever, the spirit of the mediæval Christian."

Contrasting this with Symonds' observations on the same topic, we notice not a little of the essential difference between the Latin and the Saxon—the English critic's scrupulous respect for the minute; the Spaniard's passion for the general impression as a sensuous whole. We realize, to borrow De Quincey's apt comparison, that Castelar would rather have asked himself "am I right as a poet?" Symonds, "am I right as a geometrician?" I find I am compelled at times to ask myself both questions, and in particular whenever I visit this cathedral. The sensation of my artistic self is delight; of my poetic self, dejection. For our doubts as to the date or manner of a certain arch or painting may be settled with comparative ease: our doubts as to the character of the lesson it conveys, less easily. Each of us has his inmost method of interpretation; but only One can tell if it be true. Possibly there are natures which look upon these sombre temples as the very embodiment of cheerfulness and consolation. Mine is not such a nature. I never can forget the fields, the hills, the clouds, the bright azure—to all of which, to all of *whom*, I owe my happiest hours. *Here* the mimic grandeur appalls. Even the lingering odour of the incense that has burned away for ages seems to recall the dead; as does the sad and scanty glimmer of the sun or moon

"On long pearl-colour'd beards and crimson crosses,  
And gilded crosiers, and cross'd arms, and cowls,  
And helms, and twisted armour, and long swords,

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All the fantastic furniture of windows  
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose  
Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes  
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims  
As frail as any other life or glory."

A grim phantasmagoria of devils or inquisitors appears to go in and out among the shadows of each pillar, and once again we move, like children, in terror of the dark; just as though it suggested, with greater nearness and truth than ever the merry music of the streams, or the dancing sunbeams of the outdoor universe, the awful, all-avenging Presence of our Maker. The thought is impious, yet unavoidable—that as we reëscape into the joyous open, it is ourselves who seem to be creating innocence, and only God who broods apart in the obscure, scheming to chastise us for our gladness at the beauty of His own inimitable labour, and rejecting for the dank and narrow dungeon of His prey, the transcendental glories of His fathomless dominion.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE SYNODS.

**I**N 589 King Recared convoked the third and greatest of the Synods of Toledo, whose number, during the domination of the Visigoths, amounts to seventeen. Of the two which had preceded the Council in question, the first had been organized by the bishop of Astorga, in 447 or 448; and the second by bishop Montano, in or about the year 527.

But it is the Council of 589 which may fitly be considered the starting-point of Spanish ecclesiastical history, or, it is scarcely too much to say, the history of mediæval and modern Spain. The formal proceedings, similar to those obtaining in the case of the other Synods, were as follows. An hour before the break of day, the bishops assembled outside the church\* designated for their meeting, and slowly entering the edifice, occupied one by one their appointed seats. Next came the vicars, and the priests and deacons, followed by the secular officials, and the *tirones*, "a kind of clerks whose duty it was to take down in writing all that the Council discussed and approved." The doors were then closed, and the assembly remained for a while in meditation, until

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\* The place of convocation varied between Santa María la Blanca, the Basilica of Santa Leocadia, and the Church of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

the archdeacons gave the word for prayer, when all prostrated themselves, and the oldest of those present invoked a blessing in the name of the Holy Ghost. On resuming their seats, a deacon read aloud the rules and regulations, and the president delivered an exhortation to the bishops to consider in a loyal and temperate spirit such matters as were to be submitted to them.

The moment had now arrived for the entry of the sovereign. He was accompanied by his courtiers, and after offering a brief prayer delivered an address to the assembly, at the same time that he placed in their hands the *tomo regio*, or "royal volume," a species of memorial concerning the questions on which they were about to deliberate. All except the king then knelt while a deacon pronounced a prayer in the monarch's behalf; after which the king, "being requested to do so by the deacon," retired, together with all the laymen. At this juncture the actual Synod began.

Such were the formalities attaching to what seems to have been, if we consider it in close connection with the history of Spain from then until to-day, a very singular and interesting ceremony.

It is inveterate with the mass of Spanish writers to regard the convocation of the third Synod as an act of sublime piety and goodness on the part of Recared; and the most impassioned eulogies have been lavished on the memory of "the glorious prince," "*fide pius et pace praeclarus*," "the illustrious monarch, Recared the Great," and so forth. But a temperate examination of Recared's reign, and of the circumstances with which it was beset, would show these epithets to



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(From a drawing by the Author.)

DETAIL OF A FRIEZE IN THE TRÁNSITO.



be extravagant. Recared, judged in comparison with his immediate predecessors and successors, was not a bad king, or rather, a bad man ; and his benevolent sentiments and frugal living are worthy of all praise. But certain qualities which are of paramount excellence in an individual of less account, become in a monarch almost secondary. So it was with Recared. We have seen that the Visigoths were a nation of semi-savages. To be sure, the responsibility for the term is mine ; but I cannot believe that I exceed the truth when Hallam, one of the calmest of historians, goes even further. "I hold," he says, alluding to this very people, "the annals of barbarians so unworthy of remembrance, that I will not detain the reader by naming one sovereign of that obscure race." The same writer goes on to say that the Visigothic monarchy "is at least as much the primary source of the old Castilian constitution as the Anglo-Saxon polity of our own. It may, however, suffice to mention, that it differed in several respects from that of the Franks during the same period. The crown was less hereditary, or at least the regular succession was more frequently disturbed. The prelates had a still more commanding influence in temporal government. The distinction of Romans and barbarians was less marked, the laws more uniform, and approaching nearly to the imperial code. The power of the sovereign was perhaps more limited by an aristocratical council than in France, but it never yielded to the dangerous influence of mayors of the palace. Civil wars and disputed successions were very frequent, but the integrity of the kingdom was not violated by the custom of partition."



It seems beyond all doubt that when he produced this admirable passage the historian of the Middle Ages was mindful both of Recared and of the ecclesiastical Council which we are particularly noticing; and to which, as I shall presently attempt to show, that monarch was improvident enough to surrender the civil control of his kingdom. For Recared's character was clearly unfit for governing so rude and violent a people; indeed, to borrow a stereotyped phrase, he had no character. The same remark applies to all the sovereigns of his dynasty. Their lack of character was their ruin, and the ruin of their subjects. Nations, in fact, have commonly more to dread from a characterless ruler than from a depraved one—from a Recared or a Charles the Second of Spain, than from a Nero or a Pedro the Cruel.

Still, in the case under consideration it is quite intelligible that the timid monarch should have made a compact with the clergy in order to maintain his crown upon his head. An American writer illustrates this in the following words: "Recared at length gave way to a faith which was now triumphant in Italy, Gaul, and the Orient, and declared himself, in 586, 'moved by heavenly and earthly motives' to adopt Catholicism.

"The 'earthly reasons' doubtless preponderated, and circumstances compelled Recared to fly into the arms of the Holy Church, as a protection against his own nobles, and the misery of an eternal wrangle with the rebellious common people. The wealth, moral influence, education, system of the Catholic clergy, alone seemed able to save him from his inner and outer enemies, and to assist him to cope with the



Plan of Toledo by El Greco; with his Portrait.

PLAN OF TOLEDO BY EL GRECO; WITH HIS PORTRAIT.



difficulties of his situation. The flattery of these hallucinations—the salvation of himself and his people within the pale of an inexorable machine—proved the ruin of the Visigothic monarchy. Henceforth it lost its independence, became a chattel of the Councils of Toledo, and the terrified barbarians had to witness the spectacle of a king crawling on his knees and blubbering penitentially before the despotic metropolitan of the capital.”

In point of fact it is peculiarly easy to demonstrate that “earthly motives” were in immense preponderance. The sovereign was practically compelled to figure, not as a ruler, but as the ruled, not as the summoner of the Council, but as the summoned. We have seen that precisely at the moment when the actual deliberations began he was “invited to retire.” On his readmission, that is, when the deliberations were concluded and written down, he meekly attached his signature. The people, too, were nominally represented; but they did not vote, and it is purely as a matter of form that we sometimes find the phrase “*omni populo assentiente*.” Again, the nobles, or a few of them, were occasionally present; but they also had no vote, and their concurrence, like that of the populace, was wholly passive and subordinate.

Viscount Palazuelos, in asserting that the Synods of Toledo were “not a States-General or *Córtes* of the Visigoths,” adopts a singular if in some respects ingenious argument, by attempting to show that when a Parliament is more than a Parliament, it is neither a Parliament, nor anything resembling one. “How could they be,” he says of the Toledan Synods, “when their deliberations were unattended by the

first and foremost of the Visigoths—the monarch, *whose province in this case was limited to sanctioning their canons?* ”

But this contention, on the face of it, is inadmissible; and obviously the Synods, although endowed, as the Viscount indicates, with ultraparliamentary powers, were nothing if not a Concilio-Córtes, or Parliament of the realm. As such, their legislation falls under two natural heads: the ecclesiastical and the secular. The former affords an illustration of the morals then prevailing among the clergy. The twentieth canon decrees that no bishop is to levy taxes on his personal account, “in view of the complaints of many. For it is known to us that certain bishops proceed, not as priests should, but with cruelty and harshness . . . and torment their diocesans with harmful levies of tribute.” The seventh canon censures the “frequent custom” of reading “idle tales” at the bishop’s table. The fifth canon endeavours to restrain the priestly licentiousness in the matter of concubinage. The secular legislation is more sweeping. The election of the sovereign must take place in the presence of the bishops and nobles, the commons being powerless to elect him; and of course the candidate must profess the Catholic faith. Furthermore, he must be gentle and pious, of virtuous life, and not a spendthrift.\* During the king’s lifetime it was peremptorily forbidden to solicit votes for his succession. One of the later Synods even prohibited the queen dowager from remarrying.†

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\* Conc. viii., Can. 10.

† Conc. xiii., Can. 5.



Nor were the nobles exempt from the pains and penalties imposable by the Synod, especially in the case of treason or ingratitude. But while they were admonished against mistreating their subordinates, admission to their own ranks was strictly limited to the aristocracy.

Another shrewd provision was the following. The bishops, under pretence of acting by divine authority as the natural protectors of any who were oppressed or threatened by the law, might "reprimand the magistrates and influential people if they committed exactions, and even denounce them to the king if they failed to amend." Possibly by way of lightening the case against Recared, Viscount Palazuelos quotes this clause from the proceedings of the fourth Council. It had, however, figured as the eighteenth canon of the third. So that by artifices of this nature the Church was able to command, not only the making of the laws, but, what was equally as capital, their practical application.

In 1891, and with the purpose of commemorating the third Toledan Synod, a handsome edition of its Canons, rendered into Latin, Basque, Arabic, Castilian, Galician, and Portuguese, was published at Madrid, together with an "historical introduction" by Father Juan Antonio Zugasti, of the Society of Jesus. This so-called "historical introduction" (for it is really nothing of the kind) deserves a word or two of notice, because it encourages and defends, in a thoroughly typical manner, the flagrant hypocrisies of the Spanish Church.

Of course it does not occur to Father Zugasti to submit that Recared's motive in convoking the great

Council of 589 may very readily have been another one than that of unmixed godliness. It is not suggested, for instance, that the stress of political circumstances may have driven the monarch to solicit the Church's aid; nor yet that, as seems highly probable, the convocation may have obeyed some hint or menace emanating from the Spanish prelates; or at least from one or two of them. I have heard it objected that no such hint or menace could be uttered by a mere churchman. But history shows that, underneath the chasuble of the divine, the bishops and archbishops wore at every moment the armour of the great seignior, and possessed, not only a princely revenue, but also a princely following of soldiers. In point of morals they were little if any better than the rest of the community; but by virtue of their very unity of aim, their power was practically paramount. They formed a syndicate—to borrow a modern term—of nobles, drawn together by a common interest, temporal as well as spiritual, and defending that interest with a oneness of endeavour that contrasts very notably with every other element of that distracted age.

The powers which Recared conceded to the Council could never have been ratified by any ruler not bribed or cowed into submission. Could any prince of independent will allow a body of divines to spy upon and meddle with the civil justices, or stipulate the method of his own election, or turn himself, his nobles, and his commons out of doors in order to deliberate and legislate with absolute secrecy on matters non-ecclesiastical?

All these considerations the worthy Jesuit refuses

to regard; and Recared for him is merely the saintly and disinterested monarch. The bestowal of these and other epithets of like significance affords our author an opportunity for contrasting the historic and legendary piety of the Spaniards with the heinous perverseness of all remaining sects and peoples whatsoever; and of this opportunity, although at the cost of the succinctness of his "introduction," he makes the very most. Indeed, his observations go far towards proving that no one makes so virulent a hater as "a man of God." "You see," a Spanish *padre* once remarked to me in a moment of unusual candour, "we have no help for it. The tongue and the pen are the only weapons we have left to fight with."

Father Zugasti is patently of the same opinion. "We are," he says, "in the epoch of centenaries. Voltaire and Luther, Pombal and Giordano Bruno, have been made the motive for public *fiestas* and rejoicing conducted in a spirit of manifest hatred for the Church of Jesus Christ. If Satan possessed a centenary, Satan's centenary would also have been celebrated. In opposition to these impious festivals, some Catholic festivals have been celebrated in our own country. We may regard the centenary of the great Christian dramatist, Calderón de la Barca, as protesting against the centenary of Voltaire, and contrast with the sacrilegious Luther, the infamous father of Protestant Reform, the mother of the Carmelite Reform, the virginal Teresa de Jesus." This last expression serves to show how perilous is the use of metaphor when indulged in by the inexpert; for we can hardly suppose our author to

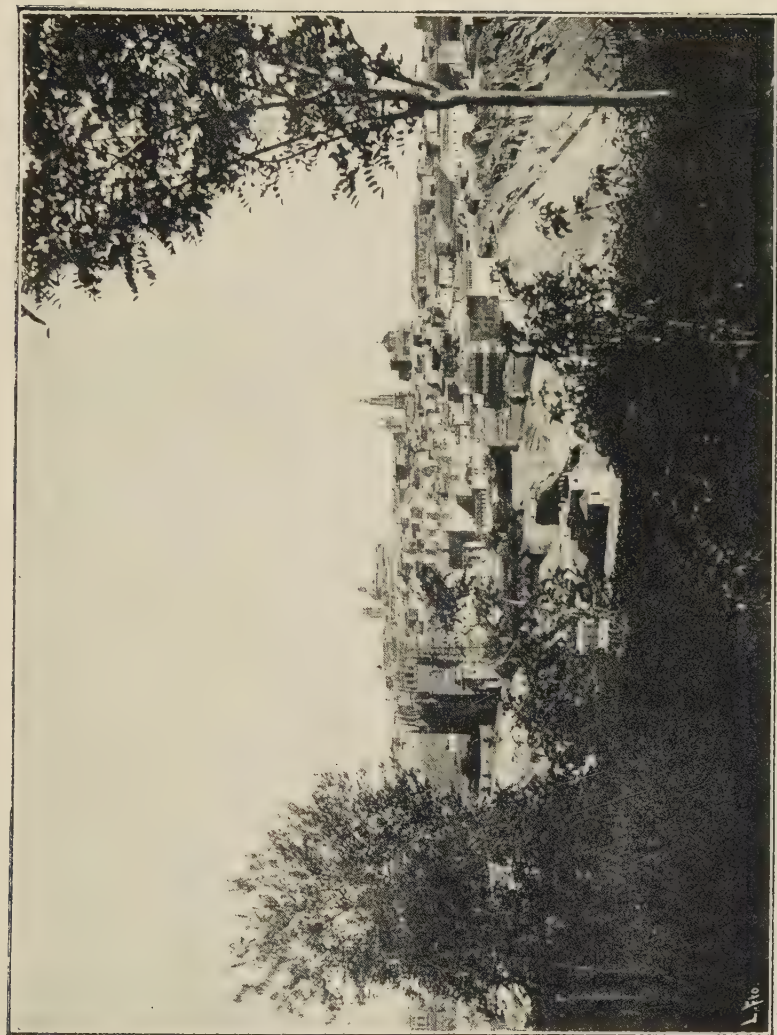
commit the blasphemy of comparing Santa Teresa with the Virgin Mary.

He then professes to trace the state of Europe at the close of the Middle Ages; but perhaps it is a pity that he has not relinquished the task to apter hands. "Religious wars," he says, "desolated Switzerland and France, Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Flanders. England, the *Isle of Saints*, became the lair of raging tigers. The incestuous Henry the Eighth; Elizabeth, nicknamed 'the Virgin Queen,' and 'Vestal of the North,' a very she-wolf among the flocks of Christianity; and, later on, Cromwell and his satellites, decimated Albion by their sanguinary fury, and loaded her soil with corpses. What bloodshed, what scaffolds, what bonfires!"

"Spain, on the other hand, girt about with her oneness in the Catholic faith as though by mighty walls, remains tranquil. Under the influence of peace our lands bestow abundant fruit, commerce and industry flourish, science and literature develop in an extraordinary degree, and art extends in all directions. Everything, in a word, respires an unheard-of glory and well-being. . . . What was the cause of Spain's grandeur from the Catholic Sovereigns to the War of Succession? You already know. It was the unity of the Catholic faith, maintained inviolate by the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition."

The grandeur of Spain from the Catholic Sovereigns to the War of Succession! The ignorant or malevolent effrontery of the phrase is altogether typical of the class from which it emanates; the vulture-class which preys for ever upon the vitals of the country. How grand a Spain, indeed—a Spain of paupers





(To face p. 44.)

TOLEDO, FROM THE CIGARRAL OF MONTE ALEGRE.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





and fanatics, beggars and bandits. In *The Land of the Dons*, as well as later in the present volume, I have done my best to exemplify this very grandeur—a famishing and bankrupt State, plunged to the neck in ruinous and quixotic schemes, and fatally divided; kings, parliaments, nobles, and commons each contending with the other. O peaceful Spain!—protagonist in Mühlberg and the sack of Rome, Rocroy and the Armada, Lepanto and Pavia; in the Portuguese and Catalán rebellions, the rising in Andalusia, and the butcheries in Flanders. Let us, since history gives us ample leave, transfer the Jesuit's words from Albion to his own compatriots, more qualified to deserve them: “*What bloodshed, what scaffolds, what bonfires!*”

Of course it may be urged that, if the Spaniards are satisfied, what matters it all to aliens? Notwithstanding, a writer on the history and manners of the Spaniards cannot discard all reference to the Spanish Church. Indeed, he should do even more; go even further. He should proclaim, and never weary of proclaiming, that from the institution of the Toledan Synods until our own time, the crown of Spain, nominally worn by her titular sovereigns, has rested for all practical purposes upon the primate's brow; that the priestly arm and mandate have directed the bolt of the mediæval man at arms, and the bullet of the hungry, unschooled stripling whose carcass bleaches yet upon the battlefields of Cuba.

I find, on looking through my notes, another point or two with which to bring this chapter to a close; and if Father Zugasti still exists, and cares to resume

his pen, it might be interesting to learn his comment. Here is Toledo, the glorious cradle of the Spanish Church and Empire. If the mere accumulation of sacred edifices goes for anything, she still should justly be the proudest of all cities; for there yet remain to her at least a dozen churches, and quite as many convents; to say nothing of chapels and hermitages. Unfortunately there is something else. Time was when she could also boast of nearly a quarter of a million thriving and industrious citizens; when her silks and swords were famous everywhere; and when her Zocodover was the busiest market from end to end of the Peninsula. To-day her looms are hushed; her markets are a desert; her swords, although their quality is as choice as formerly, are manufactured only by the State, and on a strictly limited scale. Her inhabitants have dwindled to twenty thousand, chiefly idlers. Out of this almost annihilated population of twenty thousand, more than eleven thousand can neither read nor write. What sensations should beset the Cardinal-Archbishop and Primate of the Spains, as he contemplates from his palace window, on one hand a forest of towers and spires, and on the other that mournful multitude of dunces, bidden to curse as antichristian all that has to do with progress and common sense, and to grovel in brutish ecstasy before ill-smelling bones extracted under cover of the dark from rubbish heaps and charnels?

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ARCHBISHOPS.



WE have seen that the Synods of the Visigoths were fitted for serving as the cradle of the haughty prelates who filled thenceforward the primacy of Spain.

Nor did the pride of the archbishops derive alone from their consciousness of the sway they were at almost any moment able to exercise over the national affairs ; but also, in the large majority of instances, from their illustrious birth and potent family connections. Indeed, the Church was fully shrewd enough to realize the advantageousness of choosing her captain from among the aristocracy. Between the reconquest of the city from the Moslems, and our own time, the list of the archbishops of Toledo comprises nearly sixty. Of these, the first Don Sancho was the son of a king, Saint Ferdinand ; and the brother of a king, Alfonso the Learned. The second Don Sancho was the son of a king, Jaime the First of Aragón ; and brother-in-law of Alfonso the Learned. The fourth Don Juan, known as "the patriarch," was the son of a king, Jaime the Second of Aragón. Don Gil de Albornoz was a lineal descendant of Alfonso the Fifth of Aragón. Albert, the second son of the Emperor Maximilian, and nephew of Philip the Second of Spain, was Cardinal-

Archbishop from 1595 to 1598. He was thus an Infante of Spain and an Archduke of Austria. The second Don Fernando, also an Infante of Spain, was the son of Philip the Third. The second Don Luis, another Infante, was brother of Charles the Third; and yet another Infante was the fourth Don Luis, son of the second of the same name, and consequently Charles's nephew.

So much for the blood royal. Among the nobly born we find the sixth Don Juan de Cerezuela, half-brother of Don Alvaro de Luna; the sixth Don Pedro González de Mendoza, renowned in Spanish history as Cardinal Mendoza, brother of the first Duke del Infantado; Don Baltasar Moscoso y Sandoval, belonging to the family of the Counts of Altamira; the second Don Pascual de Aragón, nearly related to the Dukes of Villahermosa and Cardona; and the third Don Luis Fernández de Cordoba, Count of Teva; while the surnames of other archbishops—Gómez de Toledo, Fernández de Toledo, Gómez Manrique, Carranza de Miranda, Fernández Portocarrero, Lorenzana, and de Inguanzo y Rivero, will be recognized by all who are acquainted with Spanish genealogies, as among the most illustrious in the Peninsula.

Nor was it usual, until comparatively recent times, for the primate's attention to be absorbed by matters wholly clerical. As often as not he was a soldier or a statesman, or sometimes both together. The second Don Martín was sent as captain-general against the Moors, and beat them roundly. Another Archbishop, Don Rodrigo Jiménez de Rada, acquitted himself heroically in the battle of Las Navas de





(To face p. 48.)

(From a photograph by Alguacil, Toledo.)

PORTRAITS OF MENDOZA AND CISNEROS.



Tolosa ; while one of his close successors in the primacy, Don Domingo Pascual, bearing aloft the *guion*, or archiepiscopal cross, preceded him through the thickest of the fray. The second Don Sancho, combining, once again, the offices of primate of the Church and captain-general of the king's armies, gave battle to the Moors at Martos in 1275 ; but on his charging his enemies with too impetuous a fury, they overwhelmed him and cut off his head and hands. The doughty Don Gil de Albornoz was more successful ; and it is a picturesque glimpse the chronicles afford us of him, brandishing his ponderous mace among the Moors at Tarifa, and pulling his sovereign out of the very fingers of the infidel.

In later times the primate frequently directs the policy of the Crown ; as in the case of the fifth Don Juan Martínez de Contreras, entrusted by Juan the Second with the pacification of the kings of Aragón and Navarre ; or else, as in the salient instances of the eminent Mendoza, and the no less eminent Cisneros, "the Richelieu of Spain," assumes the government completely.

Cisneros, however, possessed one admirable quality of which we find but scanty traces in the records of his predecessors and successors in the primacy : I mean frugality of living. In fact, the Church appears to have instigated its chiefs to live as costlily and ostentatiously as possible ; and we are told that even the saintly Eugenio, on the fateful morning when he proceeded to his cathedral to say mass and receive the blessed chasuble from the very hands of the Virgin, was accompanied by a haughty array of knights and gentlemen, and also, though it

was open day, by a body of pages bearing lighted torches.

Against this clerical love of pomp, supported by an income of truly royal proportions, the Spanish sovereigns had continually to struggle. Not always were they lucky enough to secure the allegiance or good will of the archbishop; and it was far from rare for the prelate to conspire with the nobility against the Crown; particularly when the king was short of money, or wits, or of both together. A case in point occurs in the reign of Henry the Third, "the Sickly." It is related in detail by Doctor Lozano, the pious author of *Los Reyes Nuevos*, and is well worth quoting. The narrative runs as follows:—

The king was in the habit of going hunting; for he loved to shoot quails, and since the hits he made were many, it was rarely that he returned to his palace empty-handed. He loved, too, to eat the game he had secured in this manner by his own exertions. It happened, then, upon a day, that he came back hungry from the hunting-field, and found his larderer cast down and in a melancholy mood, and nothing ready to be eaten. And on the king's asking him the reason, the man replied that he had no money, that the taxgatherers had refused to give him any, and that he had no longer any security on which to borrow; so that he was at his wits' end, and there was no supper.

The king (though some declare him to have hidden his inmost feelings on listening to this news) grew both astonished and indignant. According to others, he spoke right out, and said: "How is this, that the King of Castile, Señor of sixty millions,

has nothing to set upon his table?" The rest of his thoughts he kept to himself; and just like some poor soldier who arrives at an inn, and owning nothing else wherewith to pay his supper, doffs his gabardine or tabard and sends it to be pawned; so did our king throw off his coat, saying to the larderer, "Here, then; there is no help for it but patience. Take this coat and pledge it for a shoulder of mutton, and cook the mutton and these quails for supper." All this was done accordingly; the coat was pawned, the supper dressed, and the king and queen—so simple in their living were those sovereigns of Castile—sat down to table, and were waited upon by the larderer himself, instead of by their pages. But the servants, vexed, maybe, that their lord should take to heart what had befallen, and eat with scanty appetite, began to murmur amongst themselves; and one of them chanced to say: "How different from our master's is the fare of the great folk, the nobles and seigniors, such as to-night are supping with the archbishop on cates and delicacies without number. For know ye not that all of them assemble well-nigh every evening, taking it in turn to entertain their friends, and vying with one another in the splendor of their feasts? The Archbishop of Toledo, the Marquis of Villena, the Duke of Benavente, the Counts of Trastamara and Medina-Celi, Juan de Velasco, and Alonso de Guzmán are the chief of them, and other *ricos hombres* bear them company. I wager that the leavings of their banquets make a bigger heap than all the king might devour in ten weeks."

"Pardie," said another, "if this be certain, they should be punished."



"So certain it is," returned the first, "that all the city knows it, and even their servants make a brag thereof."

"A pretty shame it is," declared another, "that they should squander on luxurious living the moneys that our sovereigns have foregone in order to content and gratify them, and waste the very victuals that the king should set upon his table."

Such was the talk that passed among the servants; and although they spoke in what they meant to be an undertone, their choler may well have swelled the pitch and plainness of their voices, so that the king grew heedful, and by far more eager to fix his ears upon their conversation than his eyes upon his plate. But notwithstanding, he made a show of ignorance, that they might continue, feigning to smile, and swallowing his wrath together with his food. "Madam," he whispered to the queen, "do you hear all this?"

"Marry I do," said she, "and right sorry am I that you should hear it too, and take it so to heart."

"To me it matters not," replied the king. "I only grieve that the Queen of Castile should see so poor a table as mine."

"Señor," returned that prudent lady, "at your side I have all the riches and all the joys that I could wish for. So pay no heed to trifles; for you are not the first king who has had to make shift upon a sorry meal, or else go supperless to bed. What matters this fine living of the nobles; that they should entertain, and fatten upon luxurious fare, if all they spend belongs to you, together with their persons? Sup,

then, and have no care. Your health is more to be accounted than all their riches."

And so with lively talk and laughter she did her best to cheer him and assuage his anger. But the king, although he made a hearty meal, because he was hungry and his queen besought him to, was shrewd and sensitive beyond his years, and all the while kept brooding how he should perform some manly deed that might avenge him, and be noised abroad. When supper was over, therefore, he took a hat and cloak, and muffling himself as best he might, made his way to the Archbishop's palace, already thronged by people to view the preparation for the feast; and readily thrusting through them and peering between the hats and shoulders of the bystanders, who were just as curious as he, was able to observe the luxuries of the table, and hearken to the discourse of the banqueters. "Oho," he thought, "so these my vassals wallow in abundance, while I, their lord, have nothing for my table; and while the weight and duties of the crown sit heavy on my brow, these revel in the use of all my income." Then, as he marked the game and other dainty viands prepared with every manner of costly seasoning, his wrath redoubled; for all that he consumed his passion inwardly, and bit his lip to keep from calling aloud. And when the final course was cleared away, and the tongues of the guests were loosed and their heads a little warmed with wine, each of them began to boast of his rents and lands which had been granted him by the king. "*Illustrísimo*," inquired one of the Archbishop, "what might your reverence's income be?" "A nobler one," the prelate made reply, "than that of

any other lord. My dignity brings me, year by year, three hundred thousand ducats and over; and this is fixed, besides innumerable lesser dues, and rents proceeding from my seigniories. Were I not to spend so much, I could amass a fortune every twelve-month."

"And you," they asked of Benavente, "what is your excellency's income?"

"Few," rejoined the count, "have such another, since my titles yield me not only what I need for my table, but enough besides to keep a thousand fighting men, as I have proved."

"And Trastamare; what rent has he?"

"I take it," said that nobleman, "to be the biggest of all; since even after my expenses (which everyone knows of) in the recent tumults, I still have left wherewith to eat, and spend, and lend."

"Loth should I be," declared Alfonso de Guzmán, "to price my wares too dearly; yet none of your excellencies can be wealthier than I; for, with my tunny-fleet that comes to me yearly from my fishing-grounds, I have no need to envy even the king, and all his revenues and treasures."

"How now, Señor Guzmán," exclaimed the Marquis of Villena, "leave it to me to say so much; for all men know that the king has need of me, while I, in sooth, have little need, or none at all, of him; since if I have a mind to cross La Mancha from end to end, together with Old and New Castile, I can ever pass the night in towns and hamlets that belong to me."

Therewith the company burst out laughing and crying, "Well done, well done, Villena," even the

servants joining in the merriment and applause ; and only the poor king was in a sorry plight, listening to such words, while one after another, like the Marquis, boasted of his powers and his wealth. At last, however, unwilling to hear more, and vengeful as a viper, the king slipped out and to his palace. There, shrewdly and silently, he mustered six hundred armed men, together with the headsman, giving them their orders as to what they were to do. Then, towards morning, he caused a report to go abroad that his infirmity had grown more grievous, and that he was about to make his will ; after which he sent for the Archbishop and all the other noblemen, who, as the case demanded, made every diligence to present themselves.

Now the king had bidden the doorkeepers admit no more than the nobles themselves, their retinues and servants remaining without. This was done accordingly, and the nobles assembled by degrees, all in the same apartment, and marvelling at what was taking place, since none were suffered to pass into the presence of the king. And as the hours wore away they marvelled even more ; for midday came, and still no orders from his majesty. Some, staring at their neighbours, made a thousand surmises as to what was happening, but all in vain. Others inquired of the Archbishop why he did not pass within, whether the king's gentlemen would or no. The Count of Benavente, clenching his hands and looking daggers, exclaimed from time to time, "A curse upon it all. Methinks the king might well declare his business, or send us home." The Marquis of Villena bellowed for very fury ; but the Archbishop

was more prudent, and though he took it sorely to heart, concealed his feelings and did his best to laugh it off as a jest. At last, when twelve had struck, a curtain was drawn back; and just when all expected to be called into the presence of the king, the king appeared, his naked sword in hand, and over his other arm the coat which he had pawned the day before.

At this a fine confusion seized the company; for even the boldest stood dumfounded and aghast, and in uncovering many dropped their hats, so scared were they. But the king sat down, and with a sulky visage called to the Archbishop. "Come hither," he said. "How many kings of Castile dost thou recall?" "Together with your Majesty," replied the prelate, "five kings: to wit, Don Alonso, your Majesty's great-grandfather; Don Pedro, his son; Don Enrique, your Majesty's grandfather; Don Juan, your Majesty's father; and your Majesty's self, whom God preserve a thousand years."

"So be it," returned the king; "five only, then, dost thou recall. And thou, Alonso Guzmán?"

"I, Sire, recall the same."

"And thou?" he asked another.

"Señor, four kings."

Another said three, as did the rest of them; so that none of the company recalled more kings than five. "Then tell me," the king continued, "how is it that I, that am so youthful, have seen and spoken with twenty kings of Castile?" "Señor," they made reply, "how can that be, unless it were from hearsay?"

"Not so," exclaimed the king. "'Tis with my very eyes I see them. Twenty kings are they, who



are yourselves, while I am but in name a king. If ye have seized upon my rents, enjoy my rights, appropriate my dues, surfeit yourselves with costly fare, spend all the moneys that ye desire, and still have wealth remaining, while I, that am indeed the king, have not the wherewithal to sup, in such a wise that yesternight I should have gone to bed upon an empty belly, had it not been for this coat, which I sent my larderer to pawn; then do I hold yourselves to be the kings, while I am but a beggar. But never fear, for I will mend it all." With this he raised his voice and cried, "Hola, my guard!" And all at once the men at arms appeared in either doorway, and with them the headsman, bearing the instruments to do his work—cords, and mace, and knife, and block. But one alone of all the terror-stricken company was bold and shrewd enough to put his trust in the Almighty to deliver them, and this was the Archbishop, who, dropping on his knees and bathing his eyes in tears, made every pains to soothe their youthful and infuriated sovereign, and spoke as follows: "Señor, upon our knees we do confess your Majesty had every reason to be angered; and yet the fault is not our own, but of your Majesty's ministers. Our rents, we also do confess, are passing large; and sometimes for courtesy's sake, and sometimes for friendship's, and sometimes because we have no remedy, it is indeed our wont to entertain each other—albeit our feasts do harm to none, nay, even relieve the needs of many with the broken victuals that are over. Behold, Señor, what is the wrong we do when we are innocent of any malice? All that we possess—was it not granted to us by your Majesty's father and grand-

fathers? Are not our lives continually at your feet, to use and to dispose of at your will? Why threaten to chastise us, when you have seen no treason or disloyalty? Wherefore be angered with those who give no cause for anger? If we have erred, we pray you pardon us; and as to our estates, cut where you will, make use of all, for all is yours."

To shorten our story, the wily prelate succeeded, with sophisms of this nature, in calming the wrathful monarch, and the company were spared their lives on condition of relinquishing the revenues they had purloined from the Crown, being kept in durance till the debt was liquidated. The men at arms withdrew, the headsman picked up his tools, the king retired to his apartments; and the nobles were assigned a lodging where they should remain until the money was paid. The total of their pilferings may be roughly deduced from the fact that two months elapsed before the payment was concluded; after which they were set free.

The relations between the Church and the Crown throughout the reign of the Catholic Sovereigns afford material for an interesting though somewhat complex study. Broadly speaking, it is evident that while Isabella ruled her husband, she herself was ruled by the vigorous wills of Mendoza and Cisneros. Naturally hysterical, and strongly predisposed to fanaticism, it is perfectly intelligible that the queen should have given excessive heed to the admonitions of her confessors, the two prelates in question, respecting matters temporal as well as spiritual. Both Mendoza and Cisneros were men of eminent abilities, and the conduct of their private lives was exemplary.

But whether, in directing the queen's right arm, they were motived by a genuine desire to remedy the national infirmities, or whether by the project of advancing at any cost the powerful trade of which they were members, is a point on which a great deal yet remains to be written. Perhaps one should not blame the cardinals so much as their victim, on whom historians have undoubtedly bestowed their eulogies with far too lavish a hand. One thing is certain: that, although the reconquest of Granada threw over Spain a certain glamour of magnificence, the queen's submissiveness to every hint proceeding from the Church was highly detrimental to the Spanish sovereigns of a later generation; and also, less directly, to the welfare of the Spanish people.

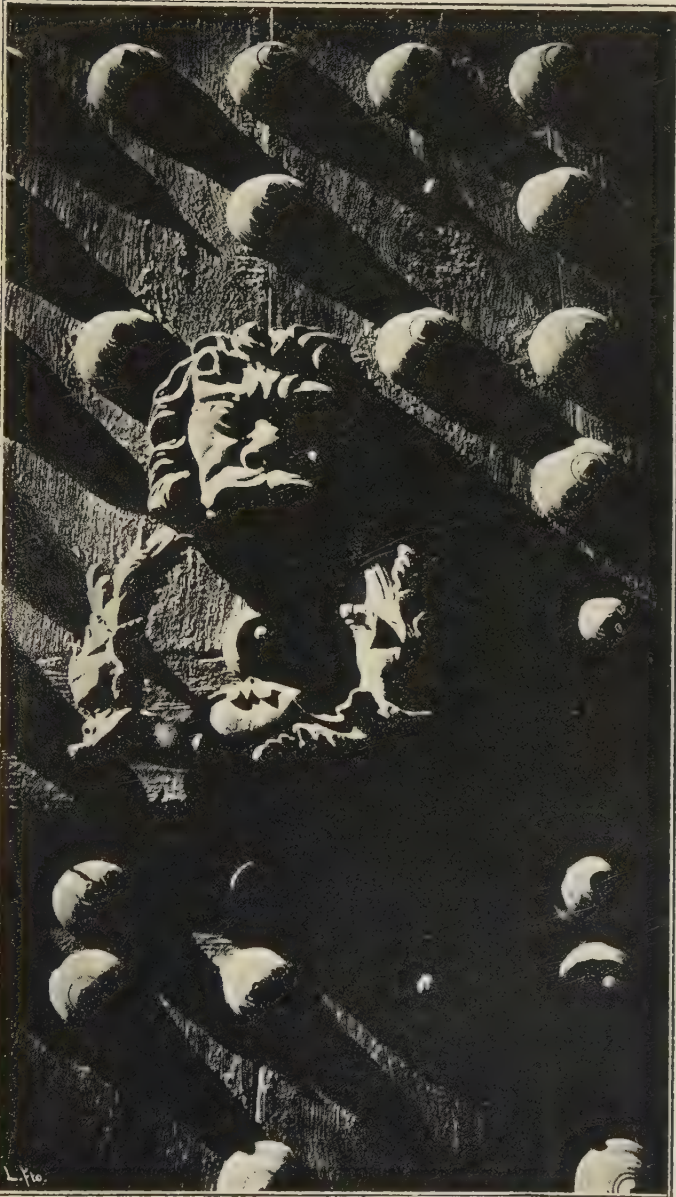
The next archbishop to summon our attention is Cardinal Tavera, also a statesman as well as a divine, the right-hand man and confidential counsellor of Charles the Fifth. Tavera's principal faults were an overweening pride (on one occasion he quarrelled with the Duke of Alva and got considerably the better of him), and a mania for litigation, on which he squandered a great part of his ample means. His principal virtues were his unflagging activity and his charities to the poor. He founded, just outside the city, the spacious hospital which I shall notice in our next chapter. The cardinal's appearance has been described by Pisa in interesting detail: "He was tall and thin, and of authoritative presence, the face conforming with the body, the forehead smooth and broad, the eyes large, green, and lively, the nose somewhat aquiline, the hands long and soft." Regarding his mode of life, the same writer

observes: "His house was full of servants; more, perhaps, than any archbishop of Toledo has had before or after him. He was waited upon by many cavaliers and hidalgos, including seventeen belonging to the military orders, and on all of whom he bestowed abundant favours, contriving that the Emperor should also honour them without their being aware."

The removal of the capital from Toledo to Madrid did much to curtail the archiepiscopal extravagance, although until the advent of the French dynasty one or two of the primates seem still to have maintained a tolerable show of splendor. Writing in 1679, the Countess D'Aulnoy relates in these terms her visit to Cardinal Portocarrero. To be sure, her ladyship is by no means an unimpeachable witness; but her descriptions are so amusingly worded that I do not care to avoid quoting them.

"After we had spent a good while in contemplating the beautiful objects with which the cathedral is filled, and just as we were about to return to our hostelry, we were met by a chaplain and a gentleman in the cardinal's service, who brought a message from their master insisting on our lodging in his palace, and nowhere else; and they addressed themselves in especial to the Marchioness of Palacios, who is a near relation to the archbishop and was eager that we should accept the invitation. However, we excused ourselves on account of the disorder of our costume, for we had been up all night and our dress was unfitted for paying a visit; whereat the Marchioness despatched her son to make our excuses to the cardinal. He soon returned, accompanied by numerous pages, some of them bearing parasols of





(To face p. 60.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

KNOCKER ON THE DOOR OF TAVERA'S HOSPITAL.





gold and silver brocade, and said his eminence was greatly anxious that we should lodge in his palace; and that he felt so lively a concern at our refusal to do so that he forthwith sent the parasols to screen us from the sun, besides commanding that the *plaza* be watered which we had to cross from the cathedral to his palace. Presently we saw two mules drawing a small cart, on which was a barrel of water, and we were told that every time the archbishop visited the cathedral the ground was watered in this manner.

“His palace is very old and roomy, excellently furnished, and worthy of the personage who occupies it. First of all we were ushered into an elegant chamber, where chocolate was served, followed by every kind of fruits, wines, ices, and liquors. Yet we felt so sleepy that, after eating a little, we entreated the Marchioness of Palacios to speak with the cardinal and excuse us if we left until a later hour a visit which honoured us so greatly, and yet in which we could not help dozing. The rest of us, therefore—the young Marchioness of la Rosa, my aunt, my children, and myself—retired to bed, and in the afternoon made ready to visit the cardinal and the queen-mother. . . . . As soon as we were fit to appear, we were shown into a state apartment and the cardinal came to welcome us. His name is Don Luis Portocarrero, his age about forty-two: we found him very attentive, and his character is suave and engaging. He possesses much of the polished behavior of the Court of Rome. He stayed an hour in our company, and directly afterwards we were served with the most magnificent banquet it is possible to imagine; but everything was

scented with ambergris, so that I have never tasted sauces so curious or of such evil savour. I sat at table like a very Tantalus, half dead with hunger yet powerless to take a bite; for how could I bring myself to taste of viands scented or mingled, all of them, with saffron, onion, pepper, and spices? However, at last I discovered an excellent blancmange, with which I was able to restore myself. A ham from the Portuguese frontier was also served. I found it better than those which are thought so much of at Bayonne; but it was thinly smeared with what in France is called *non pareille*, and the sugar ran into the fat. Besides, it was minced up with lemon-peel, which greatly spoiled its goodness.

“As to the fruit, it was the daintiest and quaintest sight you ever saw, since whole trees had been preserved in sugar, after the Italian fashion. Of course, the trees were very tiny. There were orange trees so preserved, with artificial birds perched upon them, as well as cherry trees, raspberry trees, gooseberry trees, and others, each in a silver box.” [Here follows the relation of the countess’s visit to the queen-mother, quoted elsewhere.] “When we returned to the cardinal’s palace, we found a theatre made ready in a spacious hall, where many ladies were on one side, and many gentlemen on the other. What struck me as singular was that a damask curtain ran the whole length of the hall up to the stage, and screened the ladies from the gaze of the gentlemen. They were only awaiting our arrival to begin the comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, a new piece, and the worst of all I had hitherto seen in Spain. When it was ended the actors danced very cleverly, and at

two of the morning the entertainment had not concluded."

Nowadays those mighty princes of the Spanish Church survive but as the shadow of their predecessors. The Church herself is undermined, and even in the Peninsula is a gathering multitude of atheists and freethinkers. Nevertheless, the Spaniards are prone to assume, especially in the presence of a certain class of foreigners, an almost ludicrous degree of piety. I observe from his description of Spain, written some thirty years ago, that Amicis evidently fell a prey to this eccentric form of humour. On one occasion, while visiting Toledo, an old man assured him that the Virgin in person had set foot in the Cathedral.

" 'How do you know?' inquired Amicis.

" 'How do I know? It may be seen.'

" 'You mean to say that it was seen, once upon a time?'

" 'I mean to say that it may be seen at this very moment. Be good enough to follow me.'

" With these words he started off, I following him, and curious to know what visible proof there could be of the Virgin's appearance. We stopped before a kind of tabernacle, close to one of the great pillars of the central nave. My cicerone showed me a white stone imbedded in the wall and covered with a grating. It bore this inscription—

'When the Queen of Heaven  
Placed her feet upon the earth,  
She placed them on this stone.'

" 'And so,' I asked, 'the blessed Virgin placed her foot precisely on this stone?'

“ ‘Precisely on this stone,’ he replied. Then, thrusting a finger through the iron bars, he touched the stone, kissed his finger, crossed himself, and faced me as though to say, ‘Now it is your turn.’

“ ‘My turn?’ I stammered, ‘my good friend, I cannot.’

“ ‘Why?’

“ ‘Because I am not worthy to touch that holy stone.’

“My cicerone understood my meaning, and, looking at me long and seriously, inquired, ‘Do you not believe?’

“I contemplated one of the pillars; whereupon the old man made a sign to me to follow, directing his steps towards a corner of the cathedral, and murmuring sadly, ‘everyone is master of his own soul.’

“A priest who happened to be near, and guessed what was passing, cast an arrowlike glance at me, and muttering I know not what, strode off upon the opposite side.”

I fear that Amicis was no expert at deciphering Spanish character, and that had he returned a minute or two later he would have found the priest and the aged cicerone having a good grin at the visitor’s credulity; for among themselves the Spaniards, even to crowned and mitred heads, are far less loth to admit their doubts as to the efficacy or authenticity of those holy tokens. In August of last year the young King Alfonso the Thirteenth paid a visit to Oviedo cathedral, and was duly shown the relics and the jewels. Among these latter was the “Cross of the Angels.”

“Why is it so called?” inquired the king.



"Because," replied the bishop of the diocese, "it is said that the angels made it to reward King Alfonso the Chaste."

"Well but," insisted the young monarch, "what ground is there for thinking so?"

"Señor," replied the prelate, "none whatever. *The time for traditions is passing away.*"

Shortly afterwards the bishop showed the king a diminutive closed casket of very ancient workmanship. "There is," he said, "a superstition that whoever opens it shall die a sudden death."

"I wouldn't mind opening it," said the king.

"Nor I," rejoined the bishop; "but I never have done so, for the simple reason that I have no key."

But an even livelier illustration of the feelings of the Spaniards as a whole towards the saintly relics and gewgaws which litter their country almost ankle-deep from end to end, is afforded by a veracious anecdote reported, quite in recent times, from Aragón.

In the parish church of a small town in that region is an elaborate casket professing to contain a single hair of a virgin martyr of imperishable memory; and on divers festivals throughout the year the priest is supposed to extract the hair, and pass it in a suitably awful and mysterious manner before the downcast eyes of kneeling worshippers.

A little while ago, a family of labouring folk, consisting of husband and wife, and a boy of some ten or eleven years, entered the sacred edifice and asked to adore the relic. The preparations were duly made, the priest unlocked the casket, and the worshippers knelt before him. But although he enjoined them to

keep a steadfast gaze upon the floor, it happened that the youngster cocked his eyes a little upward, just as the priest, mumbling the appointed words, had placed his thumbs and forefingers together, and was smoothly drawing his hands apart.

"Why mother," exclaimed the boy, "I can't see any hair at all."


Curiosity, thy name is woman! The mother was the next to look up. "I'm blest if I can, either," she cried.

The father was the last to succumb, but finally the temptation proved too much for him also, and raising his eyes he blurted a similar exclamation to the others.

"Go on, go on," said the priest, testily: "it's all a matter of faith. "I've been showing the hair for thirty-seven years—and *I've never seen it yet.*"

## CHAPTER V.

A MORNING AND AN EVENING.

 OLD and coffeess—for the servants were still abed—I made my way across the Plaza de Zocodover and down the hill that leads to the Alcántara bridge. Although it was summer, the air was almost frosty, while far beneath, and twining in silent, snaky coils, the miasmatic vapour of the Tagus slipped clammily in and out among the poplars. But just as I set my foot upon the bridge, the sun began to peer above the ruined castle of San Servando, lending a truly weird look to the broken walls and jagged loop-holes; and then, a moment later and with magical suddenness, the fog succumbed to the triumphant onset of the open day.

Climbing the steep and slippery acclivities on the further side of the river, I found Toledo spread before me like some giant army turned to stone and led by the Alcázar. I have watched perhaps a thousand exquisite sunrises, yet never so extraordinary a pageant as this morning's. Hitherto the rare barking of a dog or rarer crowing of a cock had only intensified the intervening stillness. But now these noises blended with a hundred others into one

vast hubbub: the rumbling of waggon-wheels and lowing of cattle; the shouting of teamsters and the braying of mules; the bleating of innumerable herds of goats, and the slight yet piercing tintinnabulation of their bells.

And yet, as if Toledo were being awakened against her will, the clatter of the workaday world about those hoary walls seemed strangely frivolous and inopportune. The bells from many of her temples began to tinkle and to toll, exclaiming, as it were, against this profanation of her rest; and as I listened to the gentle though discordant mingling of their sounds, I thought of that splendid scene in *Tosca*, where the early light breaks over the Eternal City, and the solemn music forebodes the death of Mario. Here, too, stalked life and death in ill-assorted comradeship; and Toledo, struck by the beautiful yet pitiless morning rays, seemed, not revived, but galvanized into the very likeness of the living.

The effect of so impressive a spectacle kept haunting me until long after I had turned to leave it; until I had clambered down the crags to a winding bridle-path, and emerged, some hundreds of yards later, upon the broad highway. There, while my nerves were tingling with that marvellous lesson of the sunrise, and using a boulder as my study chair, I took out my notebook and pencil, and began to write the foregoing paragraph. Just at that moment a shred of colour caught my eye, and glancing up I found a little barefoot maid with a basket on her arm.

She gave me an arch look. "Five *centimitos*," she said, half laughingly, half entreatingly.

"I haven't any money, *chiquilla*."



To face p. 68.

A MODERN CIGARRAL.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





Which was a fact; for in my eagerness to go photographing I had brought an empty purse.

However, she took the denial as gracefully and kindly as I might have wished, bade me *adios*, and went her way, blithely singing a *seguidilla*. I was sorry when the scarlet kerchief that kept her rebel curls together had turned a corner of the road and I found myself quite alone.

Between the spot where I now was and the Bridge of San Martín, the highway winds continually, and over the moderate slopes which rise upon the side of it remoter from the Tagus are spread the ancient and historic *cigarrales*. The origin of this word is uncertain. Some derive it from *guijarral*, a flinty place; others from *cigarra*, a grasshopper; others, including Gayangos, from the Arabic *sigiara*, meaning "a place of springs." In any case, the *cigarrales* of Toledo correspond to the *josas* of Old Castile, the *granjas* of Extremadura, and the *carmenes* of Andalusia, situated, both one and other, on the outskirts of the city, and designed as a pleasant retreat for the wealthier and more aristocratic of its inhabitants.

The Toledan *cigarrales* have, however, changed very greatly. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when they reached the zenith of their fashion and were chronicled and lauded by Mateo Alemán, Mariana, Gil Polo, Cervantes, Gómez de Castro, and countless other poets, dramatists, historians, or novelists, they possessed a character all their own, distinguishable in the arrangement of their paths and plots, and of the apricot, pomegranate, pear, and cherry trees with which those paths and plots

were bordered. But at the present day they are much the same as the gardens of almost any Mediterranean country, and usually consist of a small house surrounded by flower beds and walks, together with a plantation of olives, vines, or almonds. One of the most agreeable is the *cigarral* of Monte Alegre, beautifully situated on a hill which overlooks the Vega, and with a magnificent prospect of this, and of the river and the city.

On my way up from the bridge, and just where I paused to take a view of an unusually picturesque and narrow street, a nice-looking girl was sweeping the pavement before her house. Toledans are not prone to be impressed by the attractions of their thoroughfares; so, tossing a scornful glance at her surroundings, and then at me: "*Vaya*," she called to a neighbour, "what a thing to photograph!"

"*Vaya*," I replied, returning the glance in her direction, "and a very pretty thing too."

Dropping her half-insolent air she blushed and giggled; and I am sure that when my focusing was over and I prepared to snap the shutter, she had not only posed as my friend, but was so into the bargain.

As soon as I had lunched and rested, I took my cameras once more, and traversing the mazy streets, with which repeated experiment has made me tolerably familiar, arrived at the Gate of Visagra and the highroad that sweeps around the northern and north-western limits of the city.

Confronting the Gate, and at a distance from it of about one hundred and fifty yards, is the hospital — commonly known as the "Suburban Hospital" — of Cardinal Tavera. The porter, on



(To face p. 70.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

TOLEDO: "SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."





this occasion, was absent from his post, but the extraordinary door-knocker appeared to grin companionably, and after taking his photograph in acknowledgment I walked in; for the entrance stood wide open. Nor did I meet a soul while I advanced through the courtyard into the church; but a little later a sister of charity stole forward, and after whispering permission for me to photograph the famous mausoleum of the founder which stands exactly in the centre of the transept, knelt, ostensibly in prayer, at a *priedieu* close behind me.

Of all of Berruguete's copious work, nothing approaches in purity, and power, and truth, this last and loveliest of his masterpieces. It is customary to say of a more than usually faithful likeness, that it seems to breathe. But here the recumbent figure seems, not so much to breathe, as to have breathed until a very little while ago. The presence the sculptor's art evokes is that of death, not life; and yet something within the marble is not dead. It is the Soul. All that the lord of la Ventosa knew, all that his inspiration could achieve, was lavished on this crowning and incomparable labour; as though he felt that in commemorating the virtues of another he was also destined to perpetuate his own. Indeed, before the base had received its finishing touches he heard with gallant equanimity the fatal call, and meekly surrendered into Death's implacable and envious grasp, the chisel of Berruguete was hushed for ever.

My impressions were to be solemn ones for the remainder of that day. Late in the afternoon, while I was contemplating the ancient city walls not far

from the Visagra Gate, from somewhere in the town above me the shrillest of woman's voices kept bursting into song:—

*“ Dicen que las penas matan,  
yo digo que no es así ;  
que si las penas mataran  
me hubieran matado á mí.\**

The words were those of a well known *copla*, and at the end of almost every line a deep and brutal laugh broke in for a few seconds, and then—the *copla* continued.

A carter who happened to be passing pulled up his team. “It is the madhouse,” he said. “She is always singing so, and he is always laughing at her.”

A queer scene; a queer moment; those battered ruins ensanguined by the blood-red sun as it declined into the golden west; and above the ruins, and broken time and again by peals of maniac laughter, the melancholy, imperturbable, insistent, dirgelike *copla*.

Almost with a sensation of relief I found myself alone at dinner; alone with the memory of Berruguete's masterpiece and of the madwoman's *copla*. Yet Spain, in so far as regards the singular or the picturesque, is a country of surprises, and the oddest objects are constantly cropping up wherever and whenever you least expect them. It was while I was waiting for the sacristan of San Juan de los Reyes to finish his lunch that I stumbled in a wine vault on the typical *candil* of which I shall

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\* “ They say that grief has power to kill ;  
I say it is not so ;  
Or the sorrows that my bosom fill  
Had slain me long ago.”



(From a photograph by the Author.)

TOMB OF CARDINAL TAVERA.

(To face p. 72.)



insert a sketch a couple of pages further on. And now, sipping my coffee in a perfectly prosaic and modern dining-room, I was startled by a succession of the strangest, saddest, weirdest, quaintest sounds, proceeding from an invisible yet quite adjacent source. Facing my chair was a small door leading into the *patio*, and here I solved the mystery. It seems that a Madrid dealer in antiquities, rummaging in an old convent of the city, had found, purchased, and brought away a sixteenth century portable organ, and was playing upon it, his assistant toiling valiantly at the bellows. Another relic worthy of Toledo! A marquis' coronet on one of the panels was all but obliterated; several of the pipes had fallen out, and were tied into a bundle; repeated knocks had flattened many of the remainder; and round the point of impact of the finger, the wooden keys were worn into a hollow as deep as the bowl of a teaspoon.

I was misguided enough to imagine that by escaping to my room I should leave these mournful chords behind me; and went to bed. Towards eleven a diminutive orchestra consisting of a guitar and a *bandurria* struck up beneath my window; but do what I would, and what the orchestra would, the depressing strains of the crumbling old curiosity downstairs continued to drone in my ears until I dropped to sleep; and even after.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE KING'S GARDEN ; THE CATHEDRAL BELFRY ; AND  
THE CRISTO DE LA LUZ.

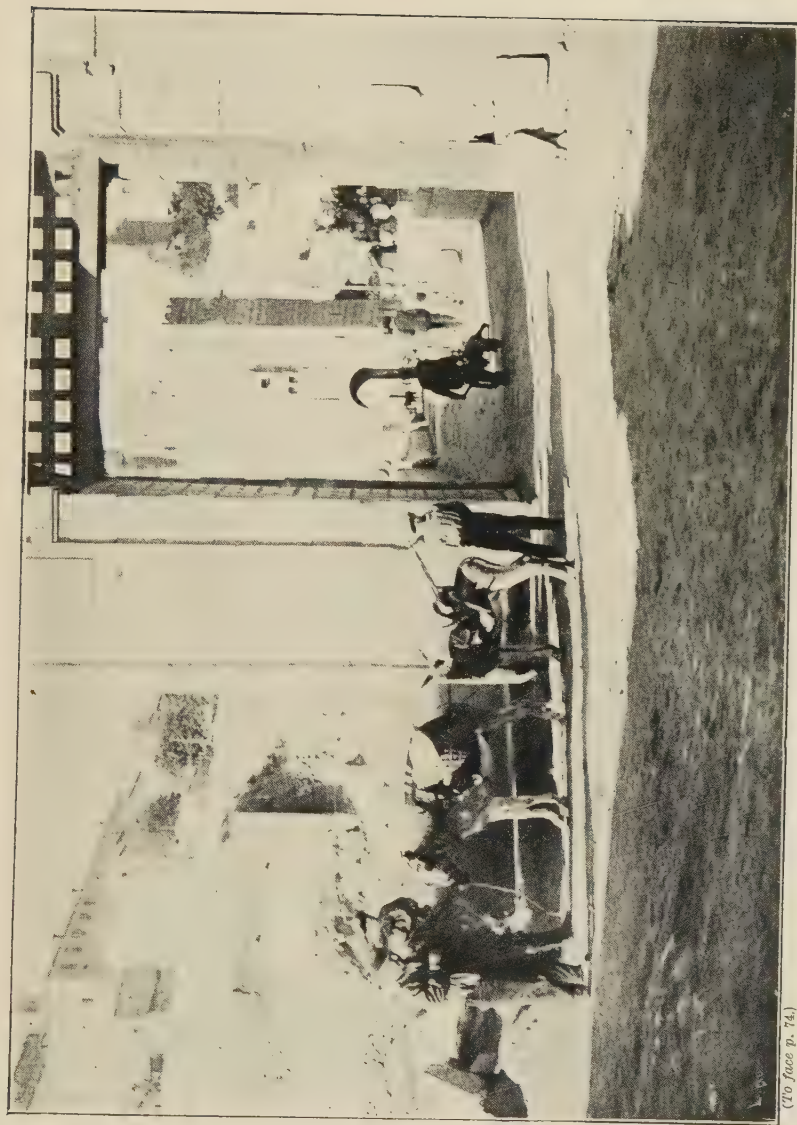
**T**HE following morning I was also up betimes, and descending once again to the Alcántara bridge, turned from, instead of towards, the rocky heights, continuing along the level road, pleasantly planted with trees and garnished with a decaying statue of Wamba, that leads to the railway station. The objects of my quest were the King's Garden and the legend-haunted Palace of Galiana\* ; and by interrogating, first the muleteers and then the field-labourers, I found eventually both one and the other.

Hereabouts there possibly extends, or once upon a time extended, the enchanted cave whose story, more or less remodelled, has been agreeably told by Washington Irving and various other writers ; but which reads in the chronicle as follows :—

“A mile from the city of Toledo, upon the eastern side, and surrounded by steep crags, there used to be an ancient tower, finely built though much dilapidated ; and, some twenty feet beneath

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\* This must not be confused with the old alcázar of the same name, situated within the city walls.



(To face p. 74.)

THE BRIDGE OF ALCÁNTARA.

(From a photograph by the author.)



it, a cavern with a narrow, arched mouth, and a gate, with a lining of massive iron, imbedded in the living rock. This gate was covered with locks, and inscribed upon it were certain letters in the Greek language, although in cipher, and of doubtful meaning; but the wise men declared them to mean that the king who should open this cavern, and reveal the marvels therein contained, should discover both good and evil. Now, many kings had made attempt to learn the mystery; but after taking every pains to open the door, there issued forth so terrible an uproar that the earth appeared to be giving way; and many of those who were present fell sick from very fright, some perishing. Wherefore, in order to avert such misadventures in the future, and holding the contents of the cavern to be some powerful work of magic, they newly closed its door, concluding that even should a king be destined to open it, his time had not yet come. At length, and as ill-fortune would have it, King Roderick threw open the tower, albeit with a quaking heart, and attended by some valiant gentlemen of his following, passed within. But when they had penetrated a good distance, they turned and fled pellmell from a dreadful vision they had beheld; and the king, greatly troubled, gave order that lights should be prepared in such a manner that the air proceeding from the cavern should not extinguish them; after which he fearfully took the lead, and back they went into its depths. Presently they discovered a chamber of beautiful workmanship, and in the middle thereof a tall bronze statue on a pillar of three elbows' height; and with a mace the statue kept dealing mighty blows upon

the ground, producing in this fashion the tumult and outrushing air. Herewith the terror-stricken monarch began to promise and conjure the statue, engaging to quit the cavern without doing it any damage whatsoever, so he might first of all examine the marvels therein contained. The figure hereupon desisted from beating the ground, and, somewhat tranquillized, the king and his followers proceeded to observe the chamber. On the wall to the left of the statue they found certain characters which said: 'Unhappy monarch, to thy ruin hast thou entered here.' And on the right they found other characters, 'Foreign nations shall dispossess thee and chastise thy people.' And written on the shoulders of the statue were other letters saying, 'I call upon the Arabs'; and on his breast yet others, 'I do my duty.' At the mouth of the chamber was a round ball, from which proceeded a mighty uproar as of a body of falling water. This was all they found; but they duly remembered what they had found on the inscriptions, and the king was sorely troubled and cast down. Scarcely had they turned to make their way back, when the statue began to beat the ground as before; so keeping silence as to what they had witnessed, they closed the tower and covered the door with many loads of earth, in order that no token might be left of so astonishing and sinister an augury. But upon the midnight following they heard a mighty clamor proceeding from those parts, as though a battle were being fought; the earth began to tremble, and then, with a deafening noise, completely swallowed up the ancient tower. And all were panic-stricken, for what





(To face p. 76.)

(From a drawing by the Author.)

A CANDIL; SUCH AS IS STILL USED IN MANY SPANISH  
TOWNS FOR GIVING LIGHT.



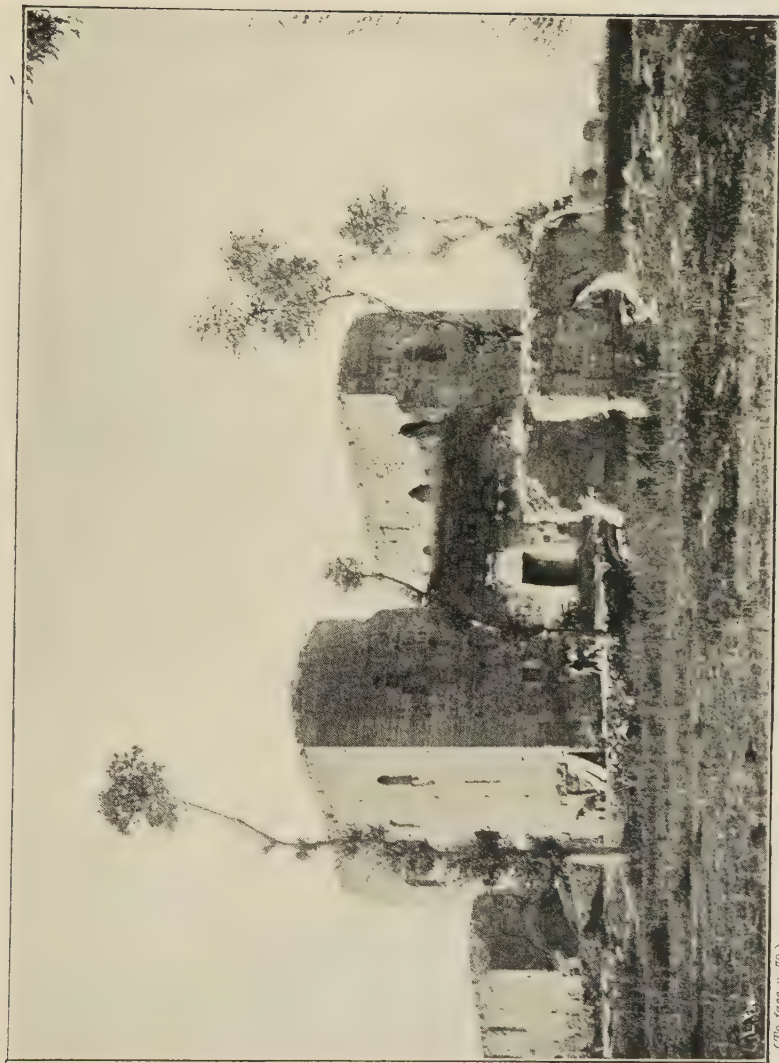
they had beheld appeared to be nothing but a dream.

“The king, however, as soon as he had issued from the tower, summoned his wise men to resolve the meaning of the inscriptions. And after duly studying and consulting amongst themselves, the wise men declared that the bronze statue was Time, signifying, by the movements he made and by the writing on his breast, that he is never still. And they said that the writing, “I call upon the Arabs,” inscribed upon his shoulders, signified that in course of time Spain should be conquered by that people. The characters upon the left portended the death of Don Roderick; those on the right, the ruin which should befall the Spaniards and the Goths, and that the unhappy king should be stripped of all his possessions. Lastly, the characters upon the entrance signified that good fortune should befall the conquerors, and evil fortune the conquered; as after experience showed to be the case.”

I suppose that nobody at the present day is prepared to regard the foregoing narrative as other than the most groundless of inventions. But why should all, if any of, the incidents of the cavern have been imaginary? Considering the credulous and cowardly character of Roderick, may not the Moors, or else their accomplices, the Toledan Jews, have very well contrived the statue, the writings, and the noises, in order to scare the Visigoths and their ruler, and pave the way for the conquest of the country? In any case it is surely singular that all, or nearly all, that the explorers heard and witnessed, might readily obey some simple and by no means supernatural motive.

The so-called Garden of the King is at the present day a stretch of fertile, cultivated land adjoining the Tagus, with here and there a cluster of trees or a labourer's cottage; but its picturesque situation and closeness to the broadly sweeping river render it still a pleasant, even if a lonely promenade. Galiana's Palace is situated at the end remoter from Toledo, and since the morning mist had not yet risen I failed at first to descry its outline. At length a ploughman, pulling up his jangling team in order to catch my query, pointed out the direction of what he called "the castle," and a quarter of an hour's walking brought me beneath its walls.

Probably not many of those who visit Toledo pursue their investigations to this point; and yet this ancient ruin is one of the most mysterious and interesting in all the neighbourhood. The precise date or object of its construction are not ascertainable with any exactness, but from various circumstances and details it is possible, I think, to make a tolerable conjecture. The walls, flanked with two massive towers, are everywhere of extreme thickness; and yet the idea does not appear to have been that of defence, for how could so purposeless a spot have been selected for a fortress? Therefore the term "castle," by which the ruins are very often denominated, is a misnomer. Nor was the Moslem accustomed to plant his dwellings in the open country; so that this Palace was not, it seems to me, a regular residence, but what is known to modern Spaniards as a *casa de campo*, or, in Cataluña, a *torre*—that is to say, a country-house; and it is quite within the limits of the possible that it may have



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(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE PALACE OF GALIANA.





been intended to solace the daughter of a Moorish sovereign. That the older portions were built by the Moors, and prior to the blending of the Arab and the Christian architecture, is beyond all question; and this, together with the site on which the ruin stands, should indicate the period of its origin. For, after the Spaniards had invaded New Castile, no Moorish ruler would have erected a pleasure-house in so exposed a spot. The Palace of Galiana, therefore, was built at some time between the close of the eighth century and 1085, in which year Toledo was captured by Alfonso the Sixth.

However all this may be, the Palace is inhabited at this degenerate moment by a family of humble, though presumably honest labourers — that is, to borrow Cervantes' cynical phrase, "if he may be titled honest who is also poor"—and as I passed the door they stared at me in some surprise, confirming my suspicion that the place is little-visited. In any case, few tourists would probably hit it for themselves; and the hotel interpreter likes to earn as much, at the same time that he exerts himself as little, as possible.

A little beyond the ruin are a clump of young beeches, a high, crumbling wall, and a charmingly picturesque old pair of *norias* or water-wheels. Trees and walls are photographic godsend. Here was a coigne of vantage from which I might compose, into the modest compass of a quarter-plate, the foliage and the water-wheels, together with glimpses of the ruin, the river, and the city. Kicking off my shoes, therefore, I began to ascend the wall. In point of steepness and insecurity it was quite a miniature

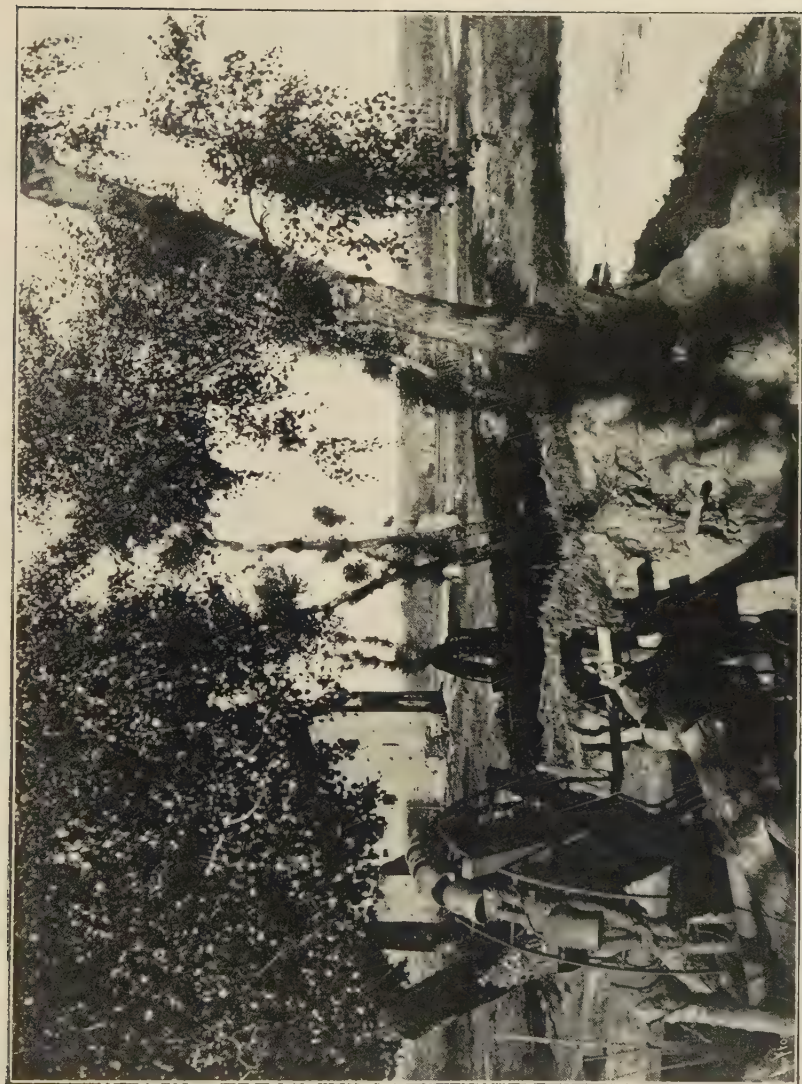
Matterhorn, and at every inch I covered, a little avalanche of débris went crackling to the bottom, a dozen feet below. Crawling laboriously along upon my stomach, in order to keep my balance, I trembled, not so much for myself as for my brace of cameras; and finding at last a spot convenient to my purpose, proceeded to unbuckle their cases in the same spirit of agonizing physical and mental concentration as a ropedancer who professes to be toying with a handkerchief or a hoop.

The noise of the cases, as I purposely let them fall to earth, attracted the notice of an aged woodman, busy among the beeches. "Take care," he cried; "do not fall."

I assured him with a palpitating heart that I was safer than the Bank of Spain.

"*Vaya*," he returned, "you are young; you will not fall. But I—why sometimes I fall, down here, on the ground."

The sound of his voice brought me as it were into touch with the outer world; and while I fulfilled the perilous operations of focusing, and levelling, and setting shutters, we continued the conversation. At length the exposure was made, and on my calling to him to come to my rescue, he caught the cameras in his jacket with creditable dexterity, offering, with a chuckle, to catch me also. Then, as we lighted a cigarette, he furnished me with quite a chronicle of the adjacent lands, their boundaries and value, the quarrels of their owners, and the changes they had undergone "since I was a tall fellow like you, *Señorito*." Then, bidding me adieu with true



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THE KING'S GARDENI WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE PALACE OF GALIANA.

(from a photograph by the Author.)





Castilian courtesy, he returned to his labours in the beech-copse, and I towards the city.

The humble occupants of Galiana's Palace were breakfasting in the open air, and a very bright and pleasing group they made, the coloured skirts and kerchiefs of the women contrasting with the sepia background of the ruin. There were two handsome girls, who strove in vain to hide their giggling as their father politely invited me to share their meal ; and I thought with a pang of shame, or wounded vanity, that they must have spied my antics on the wall. Yet curiously enough I had met the gaze of the aged woodcutter with stoical unconcern.

The laugh of one of these merry maids, in spite of its silliness, was dulcet and engaging ; and as I doubled a corner of the building, I could almost fancy her to be the peerless Infanta, the rightful owner of the edifice. But it went to my heart that the adored of Charlemagne and Bradamant should think it in good taste to giggle at an inoffensive Englishman.

If I were a Spanish landed proprietor, I should be proud to number Galiana's Palace among my possessions. Yet ruins in Spain are not appreciated as they should be. There are too many of them.

From just above the Alcántara bridge there is a fine view of all this part of the country, and on my way back to the city I rested to survey it. One can easily imagine what it must have been during the Moslem occupation, when swarthy princes and their retinues descended in glittering processions to while away the cloudless afternoon upon the Vega. Yet peace among those passionate and jealous natures was seldom more than momentary. Many a dark

and angry incident has closed those cloudless afternoons ; and as I gazed and gazed, the words of the old Toledan ballad came floating in my memory :—

Once on a day, where Tajo's waters gleam in all their pride,  
A Moorish king gazed sullenly upon their crystal tide.  
O not in any joyous mood ; in sullen wrath, I ween,  
He watched the dancing wavelet and the sunbeam's silvery sheen.

O not in any joyous mood he marked the citron's shade,  
Or the multicolor gardens among the Vega laid ;  
And darker grew his wrathful look, and deeper grew his frown,  
As a merry troop of courtiers came tripping from the town.

Eftsoon his eye discovers, as the merry troop moves near,  
His queen and bold Azarque, Ocaña's cavalier ;  
And on Azarque's other side, and with him whispering,  
Rides peerless Celindaja, beloved of the king.

No joust those ladies came to view, no prowess of the sword ;  
They came to see the zambra danced upon the emerald sward ;  
But all their merriment shall hush, and melt away in tears,  
And all their errand of delight shall end in battle-fears.

The king arose to meet them, and sought Azarque's eye ;  
" Who rides among my courtiers thus, with haughty looks and high ?  
Is it not false Azarque, the traitor to my crown ?  
Whip out your swords, my gentlemen, and cut the caitiff down."

But O, is this your zambra-dance to deck the summer's day,  
When warriors charge, and pages shout, and ladies swoon away ;  
When targes toss aloft in air, and swords from scabbards spring,  
And some are for Azarque bold, and some are for the king ?

His consort prayed unto him, " O merciful my lord,  
Let not the blood of us and ours bespot this peaceful sward ;  
Then bid the zambra open, for were it not a shame  
To slay your liege without a cause, and smirch your royal name ? "

And Celindaja darted forth, and knelt before the king  
With clasped hands, and cheeks aflame, and eyelids quivering.  
"If Celindaja be the cause of all this wrath and woe,  
Kill Celindaja where she kneels—but let Azarque go."

With his own hand he raised her, and whispered in her ear,  
"This once for Celindaja's sake I spare her cavalier,"  
Then turned to bold Azarque, though blacker grew his frown,  
"Depart unharmed, Sir Knight," he said, "back to Ocaña's town."

And lowered was every targe forthwith, and sheathed every sword,  
But never was that zambra danced upon the emerald sward,  
For the king and bold Azarque, each homeward did depart,  
With smiling words upon his lips and murder in his heart.

Luncheon at the *fonda* passed off in a gratifying spirit of comradeship, and free, for once, from the regional squabbles—as I may term them—which mar so many a Spanish *table d'hôte*. On this occasion none were present but natives of the capital. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to own that Madrid is the flower of all Europe, and every *Madrileño* a Crichton of accomplishments. The English, too, in deference to my presence, were voted excellent folk, though somewhat *raros*; and when I bethought me of my clamberings and climbings before the bright eyes of my giggling Galiana, I felt I should be hardly justified in objecting to the epithet.

My afternoon was dedicated to the cathedral tower and the Cristo de la Luz. The *campanero* or bell-ringer of Toledo Cathedral lives, together with his *señora* and his offspring, some fifty feet up the tower; and the chubby cheeks of his little ones bear witness to the healthiness of his apartment. Indeed, it is provided, inside and out, with spacious corridors,

along which, and up a steep and narrow winding staircase, your guide, if you present yourself between the appointed hours of one and two, conducts you to the belfry. The big bell, vulgarly known to every Toledan as "*la Gorda*," or "the Fat," is in the middle, surrounded by lesser satellites, her corpulent form, that turns the scale at forty-three *arrobas*, or more than fifteen hundred pounds, nearly monopolizing the entire chamber; and it is obvious that, between the weak light and the want of space, the conditions for taking a photograph are the vilest imaginable. A simple arrangement of ropes and levers allows the big bell to be rung from the *campanero's* lodging with the greatest ease; and in spite of the rent made long ago in her side by the discarded clapper which lies upon the floor, the sound is both harmonious and penetrating.

Time was when almost anybody was allowed to mount into the belfry. I have even been forced to brave, in utter solitude among the bells, a terrific thunderstorm which burst upon Toledo in the summer of 1897, the dark being too intense for me to find my way downstairs. But nowadays the ringer or his son, an intelligent and civil lad, must bear the visitor company. The restriction is evidently a sensible one; for it would never do that this magnificent example of the purest gothic art should be sacrificed to a lighted match or a cigar-end. Sight-seers, too, as often as not are veritable savages. Inside the stone staircase already mentioned is a continuous hand rope, passing at intervals through a small ring. The *campanero* assured me that not long before my visit he had guided some tourists to the



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(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE "GORDA," OR BIG BELL OF THE CATHEDRAL.





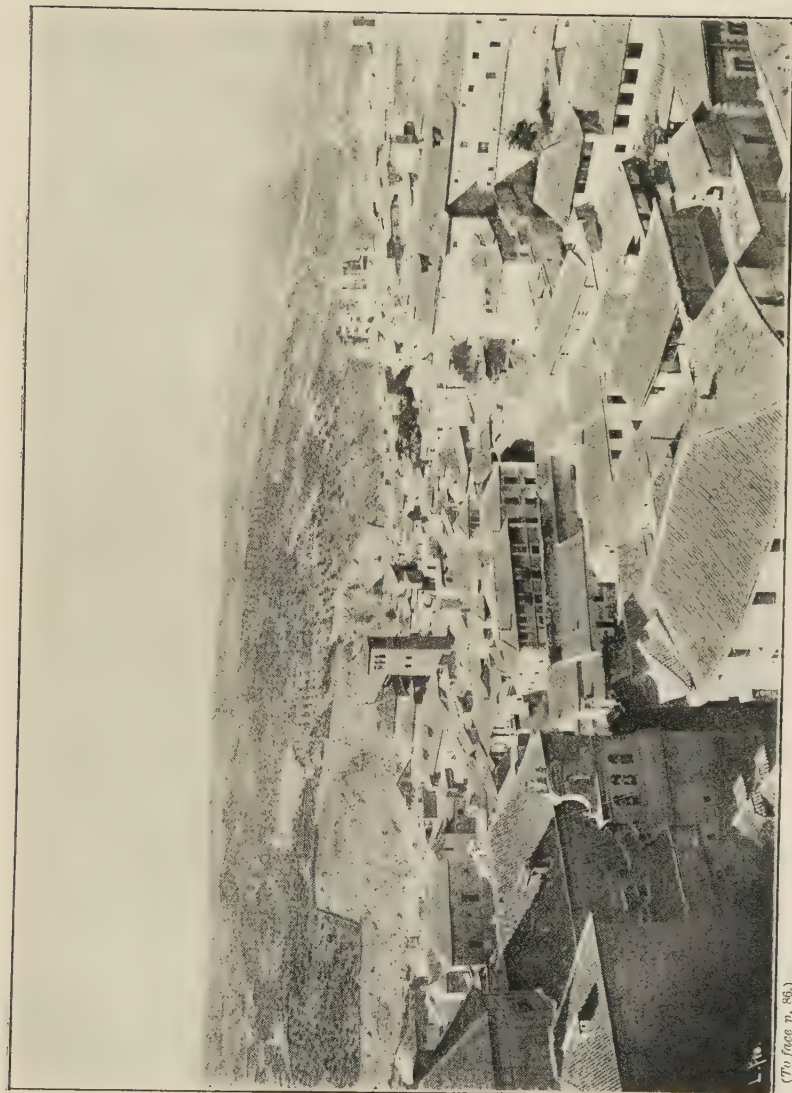
belfry, and that while he happened to be looking the other way one of them deliberately severed nearly all the strands of the rope, close to its uppermost end, so that anyone ascending and catching hold of it must tumble backwards. He showed me, in fact, the empty topmost ring, from which he had removed the damaged piece. In practical joking of this character it surely is a puzzle to decide where jesting ends and homicide begins; and I am positive, from the indignant gleam which came into his eyes, that the *campanero* was quite of my opinion.

From close beside the big bell, a spiral wooden staircase wholly surrounded by iron bars springs up some seventy feet into a narrow balcony that borders on the steeple. This further journey is not often made by visitors; but up and up we went—my guide and I—higher and higher, round and round, and at every step the staircase, which appears to be secured at one end only, shook ominously to and fro. Owing to the bars there is no real danger, for as the *campanero* graphically explained, “unless you like to roll down without stretching out a hand to save yourself, you cannot fall”; but the giddy height, the spiral movement, and above all the wobble of the stairs, were most uncomfortable. The big bell dwindled in the downward distance; the wobbling and the giddiness increased; and still no sign of the top. At least a quarter remained when I announced my intention of abandoning my cameras and looking after my personal preservation; but the *campanero*, to whom it had hitherto apparently not suggested itself that not everybody is a steeplejack by trade, took hold

of them, and I finished the ascent unshackled. So far from earth I felt as though everything around were insecure. As we stepped on to the tiny balcony, the pinnacles trembled—or so I thought—against the clear heaven; while the tower walls, with only the thickness of a couple of yards or so of solid stone, seemed as fragile as a vanilla wafer. Above us, although it appeared impossible that anything could be yet above, was the steeple, with three crowns of lead-protected rays surrounding it at short intervals; and then the weathercock and the cross.

The balcony is so narrow that I found it necessary to protrude one of the legs of my camera right over the parapet. The view, of course, was glorious, and Toledo and all that lies about her for a dozen leagues or more was visible in bird's-eye prospect, even to the snow-capped Guadarrama on the far horizon. The streets seemed barely broad enough to admit the passage of a hand, and the people wending along them tiny in proportion. In the Plaza del Ayuntamiento, just below the tower, a number of boys were playing at leapfrog. It is well that the dignity of the human form divine improves as we approach it; for these reminded me for all the world of a troupe of performing fleas.

It was singular, too, to think of the marvels gathered underfoot; of the kings and magnates reposing in their tombs; of the jewels and the gold and silver; of the paintings and the statuary; but, above all, of the mighty Constable of Castile, Don Alvaro de Luna, sitting, if report says true, bolt upright in the vault beneath his mausoleum, and exhibiting his



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VIEW FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





severed head to the adoring gaze of his illustrious kinsmen.

As we reëntered the steeple and prepared to descend the quivering spiral, I noted with a shudder the unprotected ladder which affords the carpenters and masons a precarious access to the crowns of leaden rays. Not that I was in much of a mood for noting anything except the spot I clung to, for the coming down proved even worse than the going up. I performed it backwards, in a groveling, crablike fashion, embracing the steps as well as treading them; but the cage-shaped stairs were terribly cramping, and even the belfry, when once I stood afresh upon its narrow floor, seemed quite palatial in comparison.

On redescending to the level of the Plaza, I rested for a short while on one of its benches, and entered into conversation with a venerable octogenarian whose dignified and easy, though respectful manner, reminded me of my friend of the same morning, the woodcutter of the King's Garden. The tower and steeple almost filled the view before us, and naturally enough we fell to talking about them. I pointed out the balcony where I had just been standing, but failed to greatly stir the admiration of my new informant. "I remember," he observed, "a man who worked about the cathedral—*el tío Jorge*, they called him—who used on great *fiestas* to climb to the last slate on the steeple and tie a flag to yonder cross. He was a little man, too. He thought nothing of it; but they always confessed him before he went up, in case anything should happen."

As Toledan distances go, the singular little relic of

combined Christian and Moslem architecture which is called the Cristo de la Luz, is by no means far from the cathedral; and between the Cristo de la Luz and the magnificent Muzarabic Puerta del Sol, of both of which an elderly married couple have the custody, is a delightful garden, brimful of flowers and sunshine. Sometimes, too, another blossom and another sunbeam are added in the person of a handsome daughter, blithely washing linen among the hollyhocks and roses. Many a visitor must glance admiringly at the fair face, defended by a trellised vine that overspreads her washing-tank; but like a loyal Toledana her attitude towards the stranger and the tourist is of indifference not unmingled with disdain. Her rich mezzo-soprano pursues the *copla* it was carolling; the dark eyes continue to be bent upon their task. Her husband, I was told, is also of the neighbourhood. He is indeed the lord of all the sunshine and all the flowers. Let us wish him every joy of his beautiful possession.

The daughter, then, was washing linen, her father watering the garden, and the goodwife, who seems to be the cicerone-in-chief, emerging from their cottage, conducted me to the door of the little old temple, and turning the key upon me with a quite maternal care, left me for a couple of hours in absolute seclusion.

The interior where I found myself is ruinous and musty beyond words. "No, Señor," my guide had entreated me, "please keep your hat on. It is no longer a place of worship." In fact the Cristo de la Luz survives, or rather subsists—for any word implying life seems out of place in speaking of it—as a mere antiquity, the altar dismantled, the floor



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(From a photograph by Alguacil, Toledo.)

IN A TOLEDAN PATIO



unswept, the broken furniture imbedded in the dust of ages. Few would imagine from a cursory visit that here is the fossilized abode of a curiously logical sequence of traditions which once upon a time were dearer than the very daylight to Toledan hearts. But such is the case; and the tenor of those traditions, briefly extracted from the copious tomes and treatises of historians and biographers, is the following.

Towards the middle of the sixth century, when Athanagild the Visigoth was king of Spain, there stood upon the altar of the Cristo de la Luz a certain crucifix, much worshipped by the Christians of the city. But on a day two Jews, by name Sacao and Abisain, seizing a moment when nobody was near, entered the sanctuary and stabbed the Saviour's image in the side; and what was their consternation to observe that the wound began to bleed abundantly. Evidently to leave the image where it was would prove disastrous to them; so one concealed it beneath his cloak, and then, proceeding to his house, they buried it beneath the stable. They had reckoned, however, without the drops of blood which trickled to the ground: in view of these the Christians were readily enabled to trace the abstracted image; and the Jews were stoned to death.

The legend is very similar to that of the Street of the Head, at Madrid, and which Zorrilla has improperly transferred to Toledo; but the sequel merits notice if only for the ingenious manner in which one report is made to serve as the foundation of another. We are told that some time afterwards, when by reason of its miraculous recovery the feet of the



image were kissed by ever-increasing multitudes, it occurred to some other Jews to avenge the stoning of their brethren, without, as they believed, compromising their own safety; and so they smeared the feet in question with a poisonous ointment. But once again their project was defeated, for the image, on a worshipper's stooping to bestow the kiss, withdrew its right foot by way of warning, and in such position the foot has remained until the present day.

In 714 the city surrendered to the Moors, and the vanquished, with a pious forethought which does them every honour, took the precaution of opening the chapel wall, and burying within it their darling image, accompanied by a lighted lamp with just enough oil to last an hour or two. Between then and the re-opening of the wall, shortly after the reconquest of the city, was a lapse of three hundred and seventy years; and yet the lamp was still aflame.

Such, briefly recapitulated, is the story of the image whose virtues and adventures are associated in so marvellous a manner with the Cristo de la Luz. To be sure, it seems to have mattered but little to the good Toledans that the authentic name of the sanctuary was not *The Christ of the Light* at all, but *The Christ of the Cross*, or *The Hermitage of the Cross*. Yet, of course, as we remember the Aragonese priest to have observed to his errant sheep, "it's all a matter of faith"; and the Toledans, with almost a *padre* apiece, and a church or convent at every corner, should obviously be sturdier believers than their frivolous, *jota*-loving compatriots of over the Zaragoza frontier.



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(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE PUERTA DEL SOL.



The same springtime Sunday which witnessed the entrance of the Christian troops into the recaptured city redounded in divers ways to the glory of the *Cristo de la Luz*; for in addition to the miracle of the lighted lamp, the Cid's horse on passing the sanctuary dropped on its knees and refused to budge. Indeed, it is said to have been due to the resolute attitude of the intelligent beast that the lucky search was made at all. In any case, the thanksgiving service was there and then performed by Bernard the Frenchman, abbot of Sahagún, destined to become the first archbishop after the reconquest; and since the altar lacked a cross, the royal shield, which bore inscribed that selfsame precious emblem, was reverently raised in lieu of one.

Upon this visit of mine, the dingy, superstition-haunted chapel contrasted oddly with the sunbeams which intruded from the garden, and with the fresh young voice which went on carolling, ever carolling. But the greater part of my attention was soon absorbed by the extraordinary mural paintings which occupy a series of niches in the north-eastern and south-eastern walls of the transept, which was added by the Christians to the primitive Moorish mosque. The paintings are five in number, four representing female figures, and the fifth a male. This latter, which I copied in water-colour and reproduce herewith, is perhaps the most interesting of all. The likeness is obviously that of some ecclesiastical dignitary. He wears a dark-coloured tunic, and over it a robe which may once upon a time have been purple, but is now a faded red, completely worn away in places; and his hands support a pastoral staff which falls across

his shoulder. All this being so, and the shaven head being unmistakably clerical, the portrait can hardly be other than that of some prelate of the mediæval Church—possibly the same Archbishop Bernard who accompanied Alfonso in his victory, and celebrated in this very temple the solemn service of thanksgiving.

I have said that the remaining four figures are those of women. From an inscription added by the artist, two are known to represent Saint Marciana—who was torn to pieces by wild beasts in the circus of the city—and Saint Eulalia. The former is clothed in a white tunic, and an *amictus* reaching to her feet. Her headdress is the graceful *amiculum*, symbolic, at the time when these paintings were executed, of womanly purity; and over it floats a nimbus. Pointed black shoes are on her feet, and her hands, with the thumbs joined, are turned palm outwards. Santa Eulalia, similarly robed, holds a double cross, known in Spain as the Cross of Caravaca; which, as Amador observes, would seem to show that the paintings were executed not prior to the end of the twelfth century. The same author supposes the other two paintings to represent Saint Leocadia and Saint Obdulia, natives, as were Marciana and Eulalia, of Toledo. If this conjecture be correct, Leocadia, famed for her knowledge of sacred writ, is the damsel holding a lily and a book, while Obdulia holds a lily alone.

There are various other grounds for believing that these most singular and valuable productions were executed not later than the close of the twelfth century, or the beginning of the thirteenth; or, in other words, that they exemplify a very early period of Spanish





TOLEDO · MURAL PAINTING IN THE CRISTO DE LA LUZ.

*(From a Drawing by the Author.)*



pictorial art. But although the Byzantine influence is unmistakable, there is also not a little which seems peculiar to the national character. In any case they well repay inspection. Unfortunately, however, the plaster on which they were painted is rapidly disintegrating. They were brought to light, by the merest accident, in the winter of 1871; and a drawing made shortly afterwards shows that the figure of the prelate was almost entire. Since then at least a foot and a half has broken or been pulled away; and the remainder seems destined to follow the same fate in the near future.

By the time I was able to close my sketch-book and turn away, the voice in the garden had ceased to carol, and a dark shadow was creeping up the tiny chancel wall. As I took my last glance, the great round eyes of Marciana and her comrades regarded me as though in silent protest at the depredations of seven centuries, and the streets, when the custodian of the chapel appeared at my call and set me free, seemed more antique than ever. Very quaint and queer looked the portals of the houses as I threaded my lonely passage back to the hotel. For it cannot be repeated too often that Toledo is not like other cities. Elsewhere an ancient, mouldering mansion is rarely other than a shamefaced unit, dodderingly envious of the spruce apparel of its neighbours, and fretting impotently at the ravages of time. But here there are so many that they bear each other company in staring the intruder out of countenance; and thus it is that new abodes are neither needful nor allowable. A crumbling coat of arms is sculptured over nearly every door, and

when the latter opens and a figure in modern dress pops forth, it seems to outrage all propriety. You are anticipating a ceremonious cavalier in velvet breeches and a plumed *chambergo*, and are dismayed to find—a bowler and a pair of trousers. You grow insensibly familiar with the men, the manners, and the dwellings of old Toledo; until it is your own contemporaries, clothed as yourself, behaving as yourself, who nevertheless appear to have decayed into the relic of some bygone generation.

Beneath this magical influence I felt so thorough and staunch a subject of the Hapsburgs, that when I passed along the corridor of my hotel, I quite expected the chambermaid to meet me with the classic iron *candil*, instead of with a *palmatoria* of polished brass, and of Brummagem or German manufacture.

## CHAPTER VII.

PEDRO THE ARMOURER ; AND THE LEGEND OF THE  
CRISTO DE LA VEGA.

**A**S soon as I reached my bedroom after the experiences I have just described, I threw the window open and dropped into an easy chair. The temperature, though somewhat moderated by the evening breeze, was still approaching sultriness ; and an agreeable lassitude, produced, in part by the heat, in part by the fatigue of climbing up and down innumerable and heavy grades, stole over both my senses and my limbs. Beyond the multitude of roofs and walls the summer landscape lay expanded far beneath me, beautified, almost transfigured, by the circumstances of the hour. A faint, gray mist enveloped the horizon ; and the red-gold disc of the declining sun, diving between the bands of vapory stratus until his nether rim reposed upon a cluster of gaunt poplars, filtered through the foliage and scattered little sheaves of rays on every side. Some of them even kissed the pale bosom of the Tagus, tracing a tortuous channel past the King's Garden and the outskirts of the city, and dwindling into nothingness on the distant Vega.



Drowsily and with the utmost satisfaction, I contemplated, almost as though they were some handiwork of my own, the sunbeams and the Garden, the Tagus and the trees upon its brink. Except the feeble echo of the cascabels upon the goats, not any vibration stirred the air. Tumultuous Madrid, with her abominable horde of vagabonds, beggars, and organ-grinders, was forty miles away. A hard day's toil of note-taking, sketching, and photographing was at an end; and nothing now remained but a hearty meal, an hour or so of cheerful chitchat, and the luxurious cigar. Whatever pessimists, cynics, misogynists, misanthropes, or dyspeptics may argue to the contrary, providence at times is all too good to us. In moments such as these we feel superior beings, remote from every meaner influence of the workaday world, and transported, without the least exertion palpably proceeding from ourselves, to any state or epoch other and more enviable than our own.

The dark—that indescribable, unnamable colour which finds no place in any painter's box—drew on and on, and with it the climbing moon. The bells had ceased to tinkle, and the quietude was intense; so much so that I thought I heard the purling shallows of the river. Staring, fantastic patches of light and shade broke out among the neighbouring gables; and the distance grew at once more luminous and more dim. I might have been the tenth Alfonso, reading, so far as human eye may read, the mystic message of the stars; or else the Cid Campeador, scanning the Vega for the nodding turbans of a Moslem army. But just as the fancy seemed

about to ripen into fact, a rapping at my door awoke me.

"*Adelante*," I cried; "is dinner ready?" However, it was not the chambermaid's, but a masculine step that strode across the room; and as the incomer seemed to clank a chain or weapon, I turned my head in some alarm.

"Who are you?"

"Pedro the armourer, at your command."

"Please light the candle," I said. "The matches are close beside you, on the mantel." Then, as the moonbeams faintly disclosed him to be staring at me in some confusion, I rose and struck a light myself.

A small, spare man of rather less than fifty. His features were sallow; his eyes deep-sunk, piercing, and restless; his fingers lean and clawlike. A truculently curled mustache completely hid his upper lip; and his hair, of jetty blackness, was parted in the middle and projected in a fluffy bunch beyond either ear. He wore a rich costume of the time of Philip the Fourth. A black cloak was thrown across his arm, and in his left hand he carried a *broquel*, or light, hide-covered shield of wood, with a steel spike in the centre. His hat, which of course he carried also, was a *chambergo* with a ten-inch brim, lined with black taffeta. Round the crown was a broad crape band—a general mode with seventeenth century gallants. His cardboard ruff, covered with fine white linen, confined his throat and chin so stiffly that any movement of the head alone was not to be attempted. Beneath the ruff he wore a short *chupa* or waistcoat, and a jacket or *jubón*. The

puffed sleeves of this latter were of white satin embroidered with jet ornaments; and the cuffs of his shirt were of black taffeta. His breeches were of black velvet, tight-fitting and buttoned above the knee, his stockings of fine black silk; and a pair of open heelless shoes of softest cordovan completed his attire. Hanging from his middle was a delicate little dagger, or *main gauche*, as well as a long rapier with an enormous basket hilt and straight quillons. I noted, too, the spring which served, on pressure by the finger, to start the weapon from its sheath.

"Well," I exclaimed, in some astonishment at the strange appearance and apparel of my visitor, "who are you, and what do you want?"

"Your servant," he replied, "Pedro Gonzalez de la Oliva, the King's Armourer, or rather, the son of the King's Armourer. We share the business between us. Each performs his part. My father makes the money, and his son spends it." Whereupon he cackled very disagreeably.

"You were saying yesterday," he continued, "that you desired to see an armourer's workshop. Our own is at your service. Will you accompany me?"

"With pleasure;" and I took my hat.

"You are not a Spaniard?"

"No; I am a native of England."

"I thought as much. You speak Castilian fluently."

"You flatter me."

"Not at all. Toledans do not flatter."

I thought I discovered a slight emphasis of offence, and hastened to make amends.

"Since you are so truly amiable, I am at your orders."

"*Ea, pues, vamos.* But first of all"—he glanced uneasily at my clothing—"would you object to changing your jacket, or else concealing it? My fellow-citizens are hardly accustomed to English costume."

"Not in the least. I have brought my *capa*."

"Excellent."

I threw it across my shoulders and we walked downstairs.

After a few moments we entered the Calle de las Armas, which struck me as having grown a good deal narrower; and my companion, pausing beside an open doorway topped with a sign depicting a halberd and a sword, invited me to enter. Two or three steps led downwards to a dark, damp passage, and at the end of this was a low but very large room, blackened by the smoke from half-a-dozen forges. The walls were hung with a bewildering variety of arms and parts of armour—gauntlets and cuirasses; morions, palettes, and lobster-tails; partisans and ranseurs; halberds, bayonets, and spontoons; as well as swords and daggers without number. Several anvils, with tall, narrow buckets filled with water standing beside them, were arranged about the stone-paved floor; and beside each forge was a large heap of fine, white sand.

The showers of sparks, together with a couple of ancient-looking lamps whose flames shook fitfully to and fro in the vibration, showed thirty or forty workmen busily engaged; and what with the clang-

ing of the hammers, the roaring of the bellows, and the strident hissing of the hot metal as it plunged into the cold water, the racket was incessant.

My cicerone surveyed the discordant scene with all the nonchalance of lifelong custom, daintily eluding the columns of scalding steam, or screening his *chamberg*o from the sparks. Finding, however, that I was powerless to understand the remarks he kept addressing to me, he finally held up his finger and gave the signal to cease work; upon which the *oficial* handed him a bundle of papers which I took to be accounts, and the men, doffing their leathern aprons and hanging them in a corner, filed eagerly away.

"It is quite simple," said my companion, as though divining the query I was about to put to him, "and indeed, I often wonder why we are so famous. They say it is the water; but any water will do. Or else they say it is the sand; and yet this sand, though clean and pure, is just the same as any other. Look. The blade of nearly all our swords is composed of three pieces—two strips of steel, from Mondragón in Guipúzcoa, and an iron core. This latter is the *alma*, or soul. The three pieces are heated and beaten together; and when they grow red-hot and begin to throw out sparks, they are withdrawn from the fire and a few handfuls of sand are thrown over them. The welding of the pieces is then continued on the anvil; and, finally, the file is brought to bear on all unevennesses, and the weapon passes on to the temperer, the grinder, and the burnisher.

"It is in the tempering that we have earned our



principal renown, although this process is quite as simple as the rest. Upon the forge—see, here is one still burning—a fire is made in the form of a narrow trench, long enough to receive four-fifths of the length of the weapon. As soon as the metal reaches a certain colour” (I thought I noted a mischievous twinkle in the armourer’s eyes, as though this *certain colour* were the key to all our conversation), “I take these pincers, and grasping the portion which had remained outside the fire, drop the weapon so, point downwards, into the bucket of water. Any curve is then made straight by beating upon the concave side, and the part which had been previously kept outside the trench of fire returns to the forge and is duly heated. The entire blade is next smeared with mutton fat, and rested against the wall to cool, point upwards. There is nothing more except the finishing. Your sword is made.”

“Nevertheless,” said I, “the whole world is agreed that no sword can compare with yours.”

“That is so,” he rejoined, “though to be sure I have seen some very decent weapons from the factories of Rheims and Solingen, and Valencian swords have also a good report, since it was with one of them, three fingers in breadth and weighing fourteen pounds, that Alonso de Céspedes clove a hundred Moors from head to middle. But with a *Toledana* such as *this*, the same warrior would of course have slain a thousand.

“So that our swords are far superior to all others, and we are justly proud of them. There is no more privileged or prouder company in all Spain than the *gremio* of Toledan armourers, whose principal members

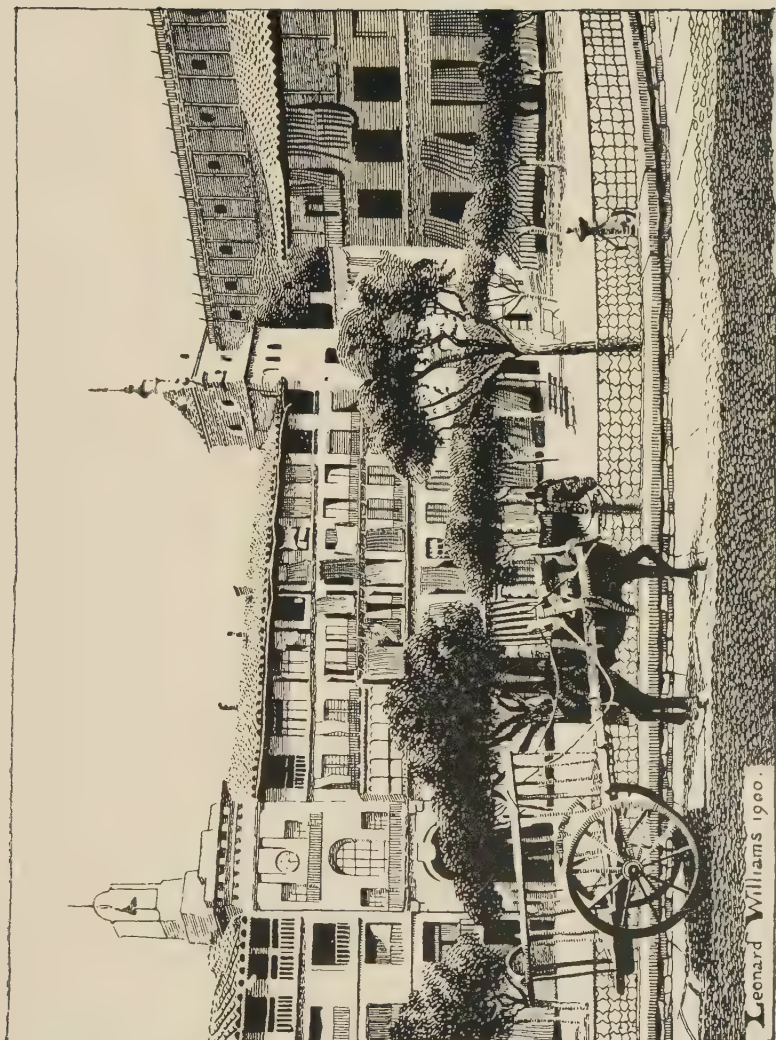
are the swordsmiths to his majesty." And taking several weapons from the wall he showed me with a conceited air the coveted inscription, *espadero del Rey*.

"Truly," he added, "in point of look there is as great a difference between a costly sword and a *Toledan Loyalty* or *Soldier's Dream*, as between a marquis and a muleteer, or a washerwoman and the Infanta. Yet every sword is virtually an hidalgo. Does not the basest of our Toledanas, even to the *perrillos* and *morillos*, which have no core, and cost a dozen *reales* merely, afford a chivalrous lesson to its wearer, as it bids him '*no me saques sin razon, ni me envaines sin honor?*'" \* I nodded assent. "The horse and the sword," he continued, taking a magnificently damascened rapier, and stroking it caressingly, "are the noblest friends of man, albeit the nobler is the sword; for the horse at times is obstinate or faint-hearted, but the sword is ready continually. The sword, moreover, possesses the chiefest of all virtues—justice, or the power of dividing right and wrong; a soul of iron, which is strength; and, last and greatest, the Cross, which is the symbol of the blessed Catholic Faith."

A very singular figure he made, attributing the highest emotions to a shred of metal; and yet his ardent panegyric of the instrument of murder he was fondling, seemed not absurd so much as diabolical; as though he positively gloried in abetting death. The murky surroundings, too, considerably aggravated the grimness of the general effect, and as the uncertain light kept scintillating on the

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\* "Draw me not without a cause, nor sheathe me without honour."



Leonard Williams 1900.

(To face p. 102.)

THE PLAZA DE ZOCODOVER.

(From a drawing by the Author.)



ominous stock in trade that lined the wall, I could not avoid a shudder.

"You are cold," he said with courteously feigned concern. "It is late to linger here in the damp. Let us take a walk about the city; for there is much to see and talk about in old Toledo; and gentlemen of England seldom honour us with a visit."

With these words he took a ponderous key, and blowing out one of the lamps and carrying the other, preceded me to the door. There he put out the second lamp, and laying it down in a corner of the passage, locked the door behind us. The outside air was fresh, but far from cold; and the moon by now was brilliant.

"Where shall we go?" said the armourer.

"Round the city," I suggested, "towards the river and the Vega. I love a country walk the best of all."

"So be it," he replied; and we set our faces towards the Plaza de Zocodover. I let him do the talking, and indeed, he was no niggard of his speech. I was glad of it, for he showed himself well posted in the history and traditions of his birthplace, and much of the information he gave me was as interesting as it was fluent.

"It is an advantage of our Toledo," he began by observing, "an advantage I am told is not possessed by Seville or Valencia, Madrid or Valladolid, or yet by any other city, whether Spanish or foreign—that almost every industry has its own particular street or district. The Street of the Armourers you already know. The carpenters dwell chiefly in the Plaza de Zocodover. Yonder, in the Barrio del Rey, is the



Street of the Turners, and close beside it are those of the Booksellers, the Shoemakers, and the Harness Makers."

"And where is the market?"

"There are two markets. The principal one is held on every Tuesday in the Plaza de Zocodover. There may be found the choicest produce of all Castile,—the daintiest fish and game, the richest cheese, the purest oil, the sweetest honey. But the meat market is in the Plaza Mayor, where mutton, beef, and kid, together with fruit and fish, are sold at seventeen stalls. Two of these stalls, the *tablas del Rey*, are set apart for the poor, and sell at cheaper prices. Beside the market is the office of the *regidores*, whose duty it is to see that fair weight is given; and upstairs in the same building is a chapel where mass is said with open windows, so that buyers and sellers can work on without desisting from their business. But the noblest of our *plazas* is of course the Zocodover, justly renowned in every part of our dominions. In it our tournaments are held, our bullfights, and our autos-de-fe; beneath these ancient columns a hundred carpenters ply their cheerful trade; and whenever a monarch or other potentate visits our city, the Zocodover is the first that decks itself to welcome him; that burns the brightest cressets, displays the costliest hangings, and erects the tallest arches in his honour."

By this time we had crossed the Plaza in question, and were beginning to descend the steps of the Arco de la Sangre. Close beside it stood the Posada de la Sangre, just as I knew it, and starkly lighted by the moon.



(To face p. 104.)

(From a drawing by the Author.)

THE POSADA DE LA SANGRE.



"*The Inn of Blood*. A queer title," I observed, "for so pacific an hostelry."

"I am aware of no such name," returned my comrade. "This is the *Inn of the Sevillian*, and has been so ever since I remember. Here, as my grandfather—who was one of her countless suitors—has often told me, dwelt the famous, peerless, and illustrious scullery-maid Costanza, whose courtship by Don Tomás de Avendaño has been told in his writings by that merry fellow, Miguel de Cervantes. Ah, that *pícaro* Don Tomás!"

And he sighed amorously; for a Spaniard never cares to reflect that a pretty woman has been wooed and won by anybody but himself; and I could thoroughly imagine how he would have leered and twirled his big mustache, if just at that instant Costanza's fair face had popped out from one of the windows, her dark eyes downcast at the gaze of strangers, and her chestnut curls atremble in the faint night breeze.

Walking at a brisk pace, we turned into the Calle del Carmen, and rounding San Miguel, belonging to the Knights Templars, descended the tortuous highway to the Paseo del Barco and the banks of the Tagus. Beneath our feet, and almost touching them, the silvery flood, disturbed at intervals by a leaping fish, flowed dreamily towards the Vega. On the opposite shore the rocky heights shot darkly and steeply skyward, the hermitage of the Virgen del Valle faintly outlined near their summit, and overtowered by the precipitous Peña del Rey Moro. Farther to the right were the low hills crowned with the *cigarrales*; and between the shelving hills and

the rugged *cerros* I could just descry the small stream called the Arroyo de la Cabeza, silently engulfed by the great river.

The armourer pointed out some clumps of trees and bushes adjacent to the water. "There," he said, "was once the pleasant garden called the Huerta de la Alcurnia, belonging to the archbishops; but one of our floods swept it away a hundred years ago. If you look carefully, you will observe a portion of the water-wheel."

"And why was it called the Alcurnia?" I asked.

"Because of the hornlike curve of the river. But some have called it *The Sickle of the Tagus*."

As we climbed the abrupt approach to the Paseo del Tránsito, a great, black ruin frowned above our heads; and the armourer, glancing uneasily at it, spat, shuddered, crossed himself, and hastened to the opposite side of the road. "It is an accursed place," he explained; "the old palace of the sorcerer Marquis of Villena. The vaults beneath are haunted by evil spirits, and many of my friends have seen the Marquis hovering over the palace in a chariot drawn by winged dragons."

We were now in the heart of the *Judería*, or ancient quarter of the Jews, and presently the low brick walls of what had been their synagogues rose up in melancholy darkness; first the Tránsito, and then, on higher ground, Santa María la Blanca. Hereabout the dwellings were mostly of the meanest appearance, consistent with the inveterate custom clung to by the Jews, of feigning penury in order to protect their riches from the violence of the Christian





(To face p. 105.)

(From a photograph by Alguacil, Toledo.)

CLOISTER OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES.



or the Moor ; but here and there a large and handsome mansion stood boldly out from the surrounding hovels. One of these mansions, I learned, was the palace of the Count of Portalegre, and another that of the Duke of Maqueda.

The Puerta del Cambrón was not yet closed for the night, and passing through we found the Vega spread in all its majesty before us. Various of the surrounding features were familiar to me,—the Bridge of San Martín and Baths of La Cava, the battlemented gate from which we had just issued, the city wall dipping away to either side, and farther up the hill and looming over all, pier and pinnacle blending, half clearly, half mysteriously and dimly, against the moonlit heaven, the great gray sanctuary of San Juan de los Reyes.

As soon as we reached the edge of a thicket, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the old gateway, we paused to view the scene more tranquilly. "Yonder," said my companion, pointing across the bridge to the hills that cap the road to Valdecolomba and Corralrubio, "was once the *cigarral* of Cardinal Quiroga, at present belonging to his majesty. Elsewhere, as you have seen, are other gardens and orchards in abundance ; but none more fertile or more lovely than the famous Huerta del Capiscol. One and all are watered by the beneficent Tagus, who nourishes our fruit, and slakes our thirst, and grinds our corn ; witness the mills of Solamilla and the Degolladero. And nearer the city are the mills of Pedro López and others."

The contemplation of these numerous and varied excellencies inspired the armourer with so feverish an

enthusiasm that his wiry, nervous limbs quite palpitated with excitement, and his small eyes glittered ecstatically. I grew almost afraid of him; the more so when he broke into a passionate apostrophe whose tumid terms revealed to me that Gongora's influence was rampant even here. "O peerless Toledo," he cried, "mother of Garcilaso and Mena, of Rojas and Moreto, of Medinilla and Pérez del Pulgar—where is the city to compare with thee, thou Empress of the West, girded with the great river and throned upon the mountains? Where are gardens such as thine; where fountains, markets, *plazas*, palaces, or temples? Where are the men more valorous and noble, the women tenderer and lovelier?" Here he stopped, as if some sudden memory had struck him; and the last word died away in silence.

The air was still: how eloquently still. I could hear my neighbour's breathing, and my own. Even the river almost seemed to breathe as it slipped away into the broad campaign, or the leaves behind us as the faintest of breezes stirred some of them at intervals. And then, from underneath the Gate of the Cambrón floated another sound, clear, yet far away to be so audible,—the sound of a person or persons sharply walking.

A moment afterwards the figures of two men, emerging from the shadow of the gateway, came striding rapidly in our direction. But they were not together; for though they walked abreast, the whole width of the road was interposed between them.

My comrade caught me by the arm. "Draw back into the thicket. It is a duel."

Following his example I crouched into the brush-wood; and thus we waited.

They stopped at less than half a stone's throw from us. Both were robustly built, and of commanding stature; but the one was in the later prime of life, the other quite a lad. They lost no time in measuring four paces, and fell to fighting without a word. Adroit and vigorous, they handled their weapons with amazing swiftness; and even from the trifling distance at which we were, it was impossible to mark the strokes in any detail. I stole a hurried glance at my companion; but while his look expressed the liveliest interest, I could not avoid the suspicion that it was the ringing and scraping of the steel which fascinated him, rather than the actual prowess of the combatants.

The bout had lasted several minutes, and both the duellists were breathing hard and quickly, when suddenly the *tizona* of the younger man went spinning twenty feet in air, and alighting point downwards stuck deeply in the soil, the large and gleaming cross vibrating in the moonlight.

Steadfastly regarding his foe, the vanquished fighter fell upon his knees and crossed his hands behind his back; but with Castilian valour gave no cry and uttered no appeal. Thus they remained for quite a while, frigid as marble to all appearance, though inwardly, no doubt, consumed with bitter and conflicting passions. At length the conqueror dashed his sword into the scabbard, and in a tone half furious, half forgiving, pronounced a single word—"go." His adversary rose and stepped towards him with a grateful and conciliatory gesture. But the



other drew stiffly back. "Go," he repeated, adding, in the sternest and haughtiest of accents, "there is a God"; and turning on his heel, strode off into the Vega.

The younger man stood gazing for some moments after his magnanimous foe; and then, making a deep obeisance in his direction and disdaining to pick up his weapon, walked rapidly back towards the city.

But now my curiosity, as well as my companion's, was wholly with the victor. What was his aim in not returning I could not guess; but probably the armourer had a shrewder notion, for he grasped my wrist and whispered me to follow, crouching, as he, among the stunted boskage. After threading our cover in this fashion for perhaps a couple of hundred yards, we broke once more into the open. The object of our quest had disappeared; but facing us, and close ahead, was the ancient, ruinous, and lonely Basilica of Santa Leocadia; and here he could not fail to be.

The entrance stood wide open: indeed, there was no door; so that it was an easy matter to creep inside and screen ourselves behind the columns. Three of the four chapels were in total darkness; but in the other a small lamp was burning dimly before the life-size image of our Saviour nailed upon the Cross. The cavalier whose movements we were following had just unsheathed his rapier as we stole behind, and kissing the naked blade he laid it on the altar, long since dismantled and falling to decay. The haughtiness of his demeanour had yielded to an attitude of humblest piety, so that his aspect, with the faint light falling upon his somewhat sparse and

grizzled locks, was truly venerable ; the more so when he presently knelt in prayer. The moment was impressive beyond words. And then I saw a wonderful and solemn sight. A sudden blaze of light burst over all, and swiftly, yet with an astounding majesty and grace, the right hand of the Saviour detached itself from the Cross, and sweeping downwards, rested approvingly, almost caressingly, on the pale forehead of the kneeling worshipper.

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Of course it was a dream: but dreams, as Calderón reminds us, are perilously near to reality ; and as I dozed in the train which took me back to Spain's more modern and prosaic capital, the air seemed filled with rushing sounds and spectres, —the Constable balancing his severed head upon a silver dish, the staring saints and martyrs of the Cristo de la Luz, La Cava tearing her raven tresses for the ruin she had brought upon her country, and Roderick advancing in his ivory chariot to the horrors of the Guadalete.

But above all rose the maniac's shrill, unceasing *copla*, echoing and reëchoing among the lurid battlements, and lamenting, as it seemed to me, the faded splendor of Imperial Toledo.



MADRID.






# MADRID.



## CHAPTER I.

### OLD MADRID.

ANDIDLY speaking, the origin of Madrid, the city, according to the old tradition "*cercada de fuego, fundada sobre agua*,"\* is an unfathomable mystery. However, like most mysteries it has served as the happy hunting ground of quite a little colony of fantasy-mongers, including Gonzalo de Oviedo, Juan López de Hoyos, Gil González Dávila, Gerónimo Quintana, Juan Tássis y Villaroel, and Antonio Nuñez de Castro. But as a modern historian observes, these worthies, together with a number of others who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "limited their pens and purpose to discovering and recording, with more zeal than judgment, a thousand confused traditions and ridiculous conjectures wherewith to cajole their fellow-townsmen, and loaded their indigestible chronicles with misstatements, extravagant fables, and inferences unsound to the verge of the grotesque; all of which matter, though maybe acceptable enough

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\* "*Surrounded by fire, founded on water*"; alluding to the belief that the subsoil was volcanic.

at the time when it was written, provokes from the sensible critic of to-day a contemptuous smile and nothing more."

According to those untrustworthy though possibly well-meaning chroniclers, Madrid was founded some ten centuries earlier than Rome, at the period when Spain was probably a desert, and only a few years later than the Deluge. In a word, the year given is 4030—a date adhered to, piously and gravely, by the *Official Calendar*. It is added that the foundation-stone was laid by the Prince Ocno-Bianor, son of Tiber and Manto, which latter name reveals itself in Mantua, a Latin title from time to time attached to the city, or to some other city in the neighbourhood. Again, according to others Madrid is of Greek parentage. This claim is based upon a "wild and fearful dragon" maintained to be Hellene, and carved upon an old portal. Others, yet again, extending the realm of fancy to the infinite, declare that when the Arch of St. Mary was pulled down, a metal plate was found, inscribed in Chaldee, recording the city to have been established by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylonia, *when he passed through Madrid*.

Needless to say, all the preceding is the wildest of inventions; nor could much better be expected of scribes who tranquilly convert a dozen dead foemen into hundreds of thousands, and fairly throw into the shade Munchausen's dearest exploits. It is, however, probable, from geographical evidence which need not here be quoted, that during the Roman occupation of Spain was situated a town or hamlet on the site of the modern capital;

and it is certain that the neighbourhood was well watered and wooded, and infested with boars, bears, and other large game. The name of this presumptive town or hamlet is variously stated as *Viseria*, *Ursaria*, *Majoritum*, *Majeriaceum*, *Magritum*, *Matritum*, and *Mantua*; yet of all this choice of names not one is really credible, while *Majoritum* and *Magritum* are known to be mere corruptions of the Arabic *Majerit*. The same ingenuity, in fact, which enables one writer to trace a resemblance (other than that of the *Macedon-Monmouth* order) between *Miacum* and *Manzanares*, is indispensable for threading this labyrinth of title; and as I make no claim whatever to so exceptional an insight, I leave it tangled as I find it, and advance to more prosaic ages.

In the tenth century we stand for the first time on the solid ground of history. Then it was that, in the words of the chronicle of the Monk of Silos, Ramiro the Second, King of León, "took counsel with his nobles how he should invade the land of the heathen, and gathering his army marched to the city called Magerit, destroyed its walls, committing much havoc upon a Sunday, and aided by the grace of God returned to his kingdom in peace, together with his triumph." There is another chronicle, that of Cardeña, which expressly declares that the year of this incursion was 965; but other accounts say 933 or 939. It is asserted yet elsewhere that the city, attacked by Ramiro, relied upon its subterranean passages for the introduction of provisions; and that the Christian king, instead of returning forthwith to his capital, proceeded to

Talavera, where he freshly beat the Moors. The evidence, in fine, is conflicting, and may be studied at first-hand in the Chronicles I have cited, in that of Sampiro, and in the *History of the Archbishop Don Rodrigo*.

Ferdinand the First (*El Magno*) is said to have again attacked Madrid in 1047; and divers writers aver that he captured the city and received tribute from Alimenon, King of Toledo, departing shortly afterwards, and abandoning his conquest to the Moslem.

It was in 1083 (or less probably 1080) that Madrid was finally assaulted and taken by Alfonso the Sixth. The Christian forces moved so near to the walls as the Arrabal de San Ginés, and encamped opposite the Puerta de Guadalajara. This gate was then attacked in a peculiar manner. The Segovians were Alfonso's allies. Checked, it is said, by the snows which had collected in the mountain passes of Fuenfria, they were late in overtaking the main body of the army, which had already sat down before Madrid. "Sire," they inquired of the king, "where shall we encamp?" "Inside the city," returned Alfonso with a sneer. They took him at his word, carried the walls, and the next morning the banner of Segovia was floating from a turret of the Gate of Guadalajara, whereon the victors carved the arms of their cities and the effigies of their captains, Fernán García and Diaz Sanz.

Twice thereafter Madrid was attacked by the infidels; by the Almoravides, upon the death of Alfonso; and in 1198 by the Emir Eben-Jucef, recently emboldened by his victory at Alarcos. On

both occasions the Christians were able to drive off the enemy.

During those stormy years of Moslem domination what was Madrid to look at? "Some people," says Mesonero Romanos, "believe it to have been a great and opulent city, with many mosques, churches of the Muzarabs, extensive and populous *arrabales*,\* and schools of astronomy—a city renowned in the songs of the people who ruled it, and fortified by them at a period when their *alcaide* was the highest in authority in the kingdom of Toledo. Others draw a far less dazzling picture; and in either case there is very little evidence as to what Madrid really was. We only know that at the end of the tenth century the Moorish writer Ebu-Kateb mentions Magerit as 'a little place near Alcalá,' and in the same connection are cited the names of Moslem-Ben-Amet, or Magriti, a noted astronomer and mathematician; and Said Ben Zulema y Johia. Both were *Madrileños*, and taught the sciences at Toledo and Granada.

"It is not to be supposed, therefore, that the importance of this Moorish town was great, since it is scarcely alluded to in Arab histories, and little of it survived its conquest. In the entire absence of ruins of those works which are so constantly found in Moorish cities—such as mosques, palaces, baths, hospitals, and aqueducts—only the walls and gates, and the Alcázar, which may be presumed to have been built about that time, remained until a later age to show that the character and purpose of

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\* An *arrabal* was a street or *barrio* which lay outside the walls of a city, in the position now occupied by the *afueras*.



Madrid were purely military. But whether the city, such as it was, owed its foundation to the Moors, or whether they discovered it already begun by the Goths or Romans, we cannot say.

"There is reason to suspect," adds the same writer, "that before the time of the Moors Madrid was surrounded by a wall, the city occupying a very small space about the Alcázar, the Calle de Segovia, and Los Caños del Peral."

We learn from various chroniclers that the walls erected by the Moors were twelve feet thick, while according to Marineo Siculo, there were yet standing in the time of Charles the Fifth a hundred and twenty-eight small towers or *cubos*, a statement which is confirmed by the great plan of Madrid published at Antwerp in 1656. Many portions of this Moorish wall have recently been excavated.

The author of *Antiguallas*\* goes further into details. He says that at the period of the first *recinto*,† that is to say, before the Moorish occupation, the total length of the wall of Madrid was barely a thousand metres, and that the second *recinto* extended to two thousand, increasing, between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, by five hundred and fifty metres, and totalling, at the close of the sixteenth century, more than thirteen thousand. The present area of the city is not far short of seven thousand hectares.

The first *recinto* was that of Mantua Carpetana. The second is called the Moorish, dating from the

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\* Madrid, 1898.

† The space enclosed by the walls of a fortified place.



(To face p. 118.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

DOORWAY OF THE HOSPITAL DE LA LATINA.



conquest of Madrid by Alfonso the Sixth. It had for its gates the Puerta de Balnadú (near the Caños del Peral, where now stands the Opera), the Puerta de Guadalajara (opposite the entrance to the Calle de Milanese), the Puerta Cerrada, and the Puerta de Moros. The third *recinto* dates from 1560, by which time the city had widened to the Puerta de Santo Domingo, the Puerta de San Martín, the Puerta del Sol, the Puerta de Anton Martín, and the Puerta de la Latina. The fourth *recinto* belongs to the reign of Philip the Fourth, and its limits are exactly resolved by the plan of Madrid published at Antwerp, and described in detail by Don Pedro Texeira. The confines of the city were the same as at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but latterly the suburbs have expanded in all directions. The former Puerta de Alcalá, with its two squat towers, was nearer than the present one to the Puerta del Sol, and the Casa de Campo existed much as nowadays, save that the vegetation was more abundant. The Puerta de Segovia and the Puerta de la Vega were already built.

Within the earliest *recinto*, and adjoining the Alcázar, were the churches of San Miguel de la Sagra and Santa María. The latter was replaced in the reign of Charles the Fifth by the Church of San Gil. Subsequent to these were the churches of Santiago, San Salvador, San Nicolás, San Juan, San Justo, San Pedro, San Miguel de los Octoes, and San Andrés; and in the *arrabales* those of San Martín and San Ginés. During the twelfth century Madrid began to widen very rapidly by reason of a privilege accorded in 1126 by Alfonso the Seventh to

the Benedictine monks of San Martín, permitting them to people an extensive *barrio* or quarter, over which he granted them an absolute control. Hence it was that the *arrabales* of San Martín and San Ginés spread in an easterly direction, and that of San Francisco towards the south. At the end of another two centuries the Puerta de Balnadú was shifted to above the Cuesta de Santo Domingo; a wall ran from the latter along the Calle Preciados; and the Puerta del Sol replaced the Puerta de Guadalajara.

The Alcázar (Moorish *Al-cassar*) was, during the first few centuries of its existence, a mere fortress, occupying nearly the same site as the royal palace of to-day, and facing in the same direction; that is to say, overlooking the river Manzanares. It was probably a simple, strong-walled edifice, with towers at the angles and courtyards in the interior, but it underwent a long series of changes, and was reformed by various sovereigns, including Pedro the Cruel; being finally rebuilt by Charles the Fifth.

We may reasonably suppose the Alcázar to have witnessed a number of splendid pageants and remarkable occurrences. Within its walls, in March of 1419, Juan the Second, who had recently come of age, convoked the national Córtes, and subsequently received the solemn embassy of Charles of France. On the latter occasion the luxury-loving Spanish king was seated in a great hall of the Alcázar, upon a throne with a canopy of crimson brocade, and he had at his feet a great tame lion with a collar of the same material. The monarch's behavior could not have been more conciliatory, for he rose from the





(To face p. 120.)

THE OLD ALCAZAR.

(Drawn by the author, from a model.)





throne and received his guests with the utmost suavity, but the visitors were disquieted by the lion, which seemed to them "very strange, inso-much that they greatly wondered at it." Indeed, it is expressly stated by the chronicle that the Archbishop of Toulouse, who accompanied the embassy, "began to feel qualmish about" this awe-inspiring beast. It fed at table together with the king its master, and was so fat that "upon a day, while they were conveying it in a cart from Madrid to Alcalá, it burst of the heat."

Juan the Second died and was succeeded by his son Henry, Fourth of the name; one of the most depraved and craven monarchs that ever sat unworthily upon a throne. In 1455 he divorced his first wife, Blanca of Navarre, in order to marry Juana, the beautiful princess of Portugal; and even to Juana he was speedily faithless. Upon his second marriage a banquet, held in the Alcázar, was offered to the sovereigns by the Archbishop of Seville. One of the courses was a couple of dishes loaded with gold and silver rings set with precious stones, and which were passed about for her majesty and her ladies to take their choice of them. "*Was not that a dainty dish to set before the Queen?*"

But Juana was soon forsaken in favour of her *dama*, Guiomar de Castro, whom the fickle Henry delighted to regale with feasts, and gifts, and tournaments, and bullfights. The Queen, however, displayed one day a certain spirit in seizing Guiomar upon the landing of the staircase and beating her with a slipper. After which, and when Henry had built his darling a sumptuous residence at

Valdemorillo, Juana resigned herself to the inevitable, and consoled herself with the caresses of the notorious Beltrán de la Cueva, reputed father of her daughter, nicknamed *la Beltraneja*.

In course of time the miserable reign of Henry terminated by his dying in the Alcázar, and the *Madrileños* forthwith defended the city, in the cause of the unfortunate princess, against the troops of Isabella the Catholic, Henry's sister, now married to Ferdinand of Aragón. But in two months Madrid was taken by the besiegers under the Duke del Infantado, and in 1477 the Catholic Sovereigns made their entry.

Their grandson, too, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, found it far from easy to win the allegiance of the *Madrileños*, who sympathized with the *Communities*. However, in course of time, and persuaded, no doubt, of the heavy hand and vigorous policy of the Emperor, they grew accustomed, rather than attached to him. He, in return, contracted a lurking regard for their city (having rid himself, while there, of a quartan fever); rebuilt the Alcázar, changing it from a fortress into a palace; and resided within its walls whenever his multifold cares in various parts of Europe would allow him to do so.

The curious old tower called the Torre de los Lujanes, situated in the Plaza de la Villa, and facing the Town Hall, is closely connected with the emperor. In it, if report says true, he immured his prisoner, Francis the First, after the battle of Pavia, loading him with dazzling prophecies of prompt release, but duly careful that the window bars were well cemented in their sockets. The tradition is



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(From a drawing by the Author.)

THE TORRE DE LOS LUJANES.





greatly cherished by the citizens, and only the other day, when an old pack of playing cards was discovered within the Torre, it was soberly assured that Francis must have solaced himself with them.

In any case it is supposed that when many a weary month had dragged away, and the Treaty of Madrid was signed and sealed, the studded door of the Torre de los Lujanes swung back at last for the impatient monarch, breathing afresh the frosty open air, and galloping blithely homeward to his mother and his native country.

## CHAPTER II.

## MADRID UNDER THE HAPSBURGS.



ON a sunny spring morning of 1621 a gentle, foolish, priest-ridden king was dying in the Alcázar of Madrid. He had done much harm, but rather from weakness than from wickedness; and in his heart he wished all creatures well, save heretics and infidels. Even these he persecuted, not from choice so much as from prescription. But the mysterious hour of death is pitiless with all alike, visiting the weak as harshly as the wicked; and the feeling that he must leave behind him a lessened and impoverished empire brought Philip the Third to a poignant knowledge of his uselessness. All that religious exercises could do to hush the voice of conscience was scrupulously fulfilled. His last moments were broken by devotional transports almost as intense as in the case of his father. His confessor was his sole attendant. An image of the Virgin was laid upon his bed, and close beside him were the withered remains of San Isidro, patron of Madrid. But memories of past misgovernment kept haunting him quite as eagerly as the intercession of saints or the confessor's assurances of grace; and many a time he paused in his praying to exclaim with terrible earnestness, "O God, O God,

if Thou shouldst give me back my life, how differently would I reign."

This was his last prayer; for prayer it surely was, and by far the mournfullest of any. The craving for a single renewed occasion to prove, not less evil, but less frail, pursued him to the very end. He expired with those words upon his lips; "O God, O God, if Thou shouldst give me back my life, how differently would I reign." At half-past nine his body lay stark and stiff, the left arm discoloured by a purple swelling, due, it is said, to heart disease, but the features placid and reposeful—at last. His confessor stepped into the corridor. "Gentlemen," he said, "his Majesty the King is dead: may God have mercy on his soul." A guard was posted at the door. "The nobles came to kiss his hand, and the gentlemen of the bedchamber gave up their keys and went to kiss the hand of the new king." So it is always, both with kings—and men. *Le roi est mort: vive le roi.*

The new monarch received his adulators amiably. He was sixteen years of age; a slenderly built but well-proportioned youth, of grave demeanour, with a long, pale, melancholy face, lighted by large and rather prominent eyes, lank hair, and the protruding under-jaw so typical of the House of Austria. He is said to have smiled three times in all his life, and dressed almost invariably in black; and yet he was the most incorrigible profligate that ever sat upon a throne.

For this his education had partly been to blame. His father, attentive only to religious exercises, had studied nothing of the duties of a king;

neither, in consequence, had the son. From time to time he simulated many excellent qualities—piety, bravery, generosity, magnanimity, love of justice—but nothing in him was real except his passion for frivolous entertainment, and his vanity. He had, however, some reason to be vain. He was not handsome, but was he not a king? And his talents were many. He was a sportsman, bullfighter, gallant, actor, poet, playwright. What time had such a paragon to rule a kingdom?

During the opening moments of his reign he made a convenient display of good intentions. On the Good Friday following his accession, the zealous chaplain Florencia preached him an eloquent sermon on the general conduct of God-fearing monarchs. Philip was pleased to remark that he approved of the sermon and would abide by its indications; and even solicited other harangues in the same tenor. This, however, proceeded, not from a laudable tolerance, but from complete indifference. Nothing that was truly serious affected him at all. He had persuaded himself that the whole duty of a sovereign is to while away the troubles of his sovereignty; to finger and dally with, but not to wield, the sceptre; to pose as a ruler, but not to rule. Such was Philip the Fourth of Spain. The appellation of *Great*, bestowed on him in irony, shows that his courtiers knew their victim, and played upon his weaknesses. The royal road to the royal favour lay through amusing, flattering, and cajoling the royal mind; and forthwith, cringing to the royal taste, the whole of Madrid life became spectacular. Everything, high and low, sacred and profane,





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(From the portrait by Velázquez.)

PHILIP THE FOURTH IN EARLY MANHOOD.



was travestied into shows and mummeries. The slightest incident—a wedding or a christening in aristocratic circles, the presentation of an envoy's or ambassador's credentials, the departure of a viceroy to occupy his post, or the arrival of a foreign guest of any mark—would throw the city into convulsions of jubilation, and cause the entire court to sally in procession from the Alcázar, no matter whither, no matter with what object. But the balconies must be hung, the horses saddled and caparisoned, the gayest dresses donned; the bells must ring, the bonfires blaze, the fountains run wine, and largesse be scattered broadcast. Such, for nearly eighty years (for the evil lasted till the exhaustion of the dynasty with the death of Charles the Second), was the daily life of the most impoverished of capitals.

Wicked and wasteful age. The reign of this colossal Philip is the most splendid and alluring in Spanish history; the most magnificent—and the most sordid and despicable. Luxury and squalor went arm-in-arm; and every step disclosed some ghastly and fantastic contrast. Pestilential dens abutted on the palaces of the mighty, and paupers tilted their dirt-baskets and shot the garbage from their windows beneath the very nostrils of the nobleman's lackey, lolling on his master's marble doorstep. Mean and gloomy streets littered, rather than paved, with broken cobbles, heaped with refuse, and streaming with stinking sewage, were traversed, not alone by verminous vagabonds—their rightful tenants—but by exquisites whose linen was imported at a ruinous expense from France; by haughty

and fastidious beauties in their chairs; or by coaches whose painted panels and brocaded cushions had cost three thousand ducats.

There was no one portion of the city for the rich, another for the poor. From the royal Alcázar and the Calle Mayor—much as it exists to-day, though somewhat narrower and dirtier—to the raised walk, now the Bazar de la Union, but then known as the Gradas de San Felipe, was the complete extent of the fashionable promenade, which every class was eager to frequent. Beneath the Gradas were the *covachuelas* or toy-shops; nearer the Alcázar, the silversmiths and pastry cooks. Those who had money or credit came day by day to squander; those who had none, to spy or steal; and all alike to loiter, lie, and gossip; so that at five o'clock, year in, year out, the *rúa* was so packed that transit was impossible.

Then might be seen the lady of position and reputed virtue jostling the coarse *ramera*s and *tusonas* whose disordered bosoms, indecent gestures and cheeks flaring with ochre, proclaimed their trade as loudly as did their scurrilous tongues. The beggars, too, who made this dreadful scene their paradise, were three thousand three hundred in number, the total population being only about one hundred thousand. Or opulent dames, lounging in their chairs and coaches, leered half indolently, half lasciviously, to right and left, whispering assignations in the ear of their gallants, in the intervals when the traffic was checked, and swarms of thieves crept stealthily

in and out among the legs of horses, mules, and chairmen.

Sometimes, however, a gentleman dressed in a plain black habit would emerge from the direction of the *Puerta del Sol* and patiently thread his way towards his house; a grave person, with a pale face and aquiline nose, thin lips, and a benevolent and unassuming expression. Then, to do them justice, and as though they recognized that a superior being was in their midst, the throng stepped rapidly apart and made way for the gentleman in black. The babble of conversation hushed, and even the vilest doffed his hat and bowed, till *Lope de Vega* reached his home and disappeared within. Presently his footstep ceased upon the stair, and the crowd resumed its labours. The thief returned to the pocket he was picking, the strumpet to her brazen declarations, the adulteress to the smiles and signals of her paramour.

The amusements of Madrid were endless. What else could be expected where the average number of working days was one in four? As often as the monarch and his ministers met, the preparation of elaborate and costly shows engrossed their whole attention. The bullfights of the *Plaza Mayor* were held on numberless occasions; the birth or marriage of an infante or infanta; the festivals of *San Isidro*, *Santa Ana*, or *San Juan*; the signing of a treaty; or to celebrate a so-called victory over the French or Portuguese: and there is still extant a vast collection of state documents and royal edicts, detailing, with absurd minuteness, the rules and



regulations of the Plaza. The management was entrusted to the Council of Castile, no less; and a special *Junta* or commission, composed of the President of the Council in question, the king's head chamberlain, and other officials of high rank, apportioned the seats and contracted for the requisite works and carpentry. There was room, sitting and standing, for rather over four and twenty thousand persons. In the centre of one of the four sides of the Plaza was the large, two-towered, three-storeyed building known as the Panadería, or *Bakery*. Of this, the first floor was occupied by the king and his family; the upper balconies, in deference to a point of etiquette, remaining empty. Immediately to right and left, and confronting the royal balconies, were the Councils of Castile, Aragón, and the Indies, while religion was represented by the Council of the Inquisition, the Patriarch of the Indies, the royal chaplains, and the king's confessor. Other of the principal windows were allotted to court grandees; to gentlemen, of whom Velázquez was one, in the king's near service; and to foreign ambassadors and ministers; and when all who possessed an *ex officio* claim were accommodated, the remaining seats were let privately. Oddly enough, the right to witness the *corrida* had nothing at all to do with the ownership of a house in the Plaza; and the landlords were compelled to give up their balconies to the occupants appointed by the Council. Nor were occasions unknown when the lease of a balcony gave rise to a lawsuit lasting two and three years, and completely

ruining both the litigant parties. The price of a first-floor window was twelve ducats; of a second-floor, eight; of a third-floor, six; of a fourth, four; and of a fifth, three. It was forbidden to demand a higher charge under penalty of a fine of twenty thousand maravedis and four years' banishment; and the roofs of the houses, and of the Gates of Guadalajara, Toledo, and Atocha, were stormed by hosts of paupers who were thus enabled to witness the *fiesta* for nothing.

Despite the rigid etiquette observed in the balconies, riots and brawls were far from scarce on the arena; nor were bulls the only creatures slaughtered. "On Monday the 28th, there were bullfights in the Plaza, witnessed by a mighty multitude, for it was said the beasts were of the bravest, the *corregidor* having brought them from Zamora. There was death and havoc both for men and animals, and stabbing and murder in the presence of the king, who spied the deed and ordered the seizure of the culprit. Whereupon, no sooner had an officer delivered the murderer to the German Guard than he made away, and was retaken and delivered to the archers, but slipped past these also, at which his majesty was exceedingly wrathful, rising in his chair, and would have stopped the *fiesta*, had not the queen plucked his cloak and prayed him to control himself. So the last two bulls were fought, and on leaving the Plaza his majesty said sharply to the archers that a pretty matter they had made of it, and what were they about; but they should pay for it dearly." And pay for it the poor devils did—at the galleys.

The spectacle of these *fiestas de toros*, considered merely as an entertainment, and not as an index of the national sanity, was undoubtedly superb. The sumptuous court and gala dresses; the flaming jewels in the hair and ears of the ladies; the *Guardia Amarilla*, or Yellow Guard, with flashing arms, and scarlet and yellow uniforms; the gorgeous hangings, contrasting with the black and gold railings of the balconies; the trappings of the horses; and, above all, the gathering of so animated and vast a multitude within so confined a space, would form an incomparable panorama. "See Naples and die," says the Italian adage. Similarly, the Sevillians pretend that

*Quien no ha visto Sevilla\**  
*No ha visto maravilla.*

The *Granadinos*, too, never to be outdone by their neighbours of Seville, declare that

*Quien no ha visto Granada†*  
*No ha visto nada;*

and the *Madrileño* of the seventeenth century, in contemplating his Plaza Mayor on the day of a state *corrida*, must have felt his bosom swell with exultation, as he repeated the classical boast of his forefathers, that

*Solo Madrid es Corte.‡*

\* He who has not seen Seville  
Has not seen a marvel.

† He who has not seen Granada  
Has not seen anything.

‡ Only Madrid is a Court.

The *galán* or exquisite of the period was accustomed to awake soon after nine, and summoning his manservant ordered chocolate (still a favourite breakfast of the Spaniards), and sent for his barber and his shoemaker, who was probably to bring him a pair of spick and span cordovans. In the meantime he arrayed himself in the daintiest of underclothing, and drew on a pair of costly and creaseless silk stockings, smoothing them with infinite care about his calves, and tying them above the knee with garters that positively bit into the flesh; a torment which was only saved by its modishness from being altogether unendurable.

He had made a fourth or fifth knot in his garters for the sake of additional security, and was preparing to sip his chocolate, when the shoemaker entered with the new cordovans on their lasts. Resigning himself to further martyrdom in the cause of fashion, the victim took his seat, Crispin knelt before him, and detaching the shoes, now pushed, now pulled them onto his patron's feet, employing, at one moment a shoehorn, at another a pair of tongs, and from time to time spitting on his fingers and wetting the seams to avoid their splitting. This occupied about a quarter of an hour, and the fashionable, dividing his thoughts between the torture of his new shoes, and his satisfaction in anticipating the effect they would produce upon the lady of his affections, or his rivals of the *Gradas de San Felipe*, had paid the shoemaker and begun to taste his chocolate, now nearly cold, when in would scurry the barber,

reeking with sweat and gasping with haste, and thrusting the *galán* into a taller chair, wrap him in ample cloths and towels, and pull out his razors, curling irons, and scissors. To belather his victim's cheeks and chin; to tweak his victim's nose with unsavoury and unwashed fingers; to breathe into his victim's face, and scrape, rather than shave it clean; to snip from his victim's locks infinitesimal portions of hair that fell into his ears and tickled them unmercifully; to unwind his victim's mustachios from their *bigoteras* and scorch and twist them with the smoking irons into the latest approved angle; and finally to seize a hand glass, kiss it, and unctuously offer it for his victim's contemplation, was the work of another twenty minutes, each of them an age of agony to the uncomplaining patient. At last, however, the barber also was able to bid *adiós*; and jumbling his tools together and muttering a *Dios le guarde* as though he meant the very reverse, stumbled precipitately downstairs, peering to see whether he had been handed good money, and leaving the customer and his valet to complete between them the process of investiture.

After washing and scenting his hands, the *galán* put on, or rather was put into, his *golilla* or ruff, which wholly isolated his poor empty headpiece from the remainder of his person, and squeezed with infinite pains into his jacket. Next came the hairdressing proper, which consisted, after releasing them from the *colonia*—as the broad ribbon was named in which they had lain all



night—in bunching out the locks on all sides of the head, like Struwelpeter's in the picture book, and in trimming, oiling, and smoothing the *copete*, a little knob of hair which every gentleman was bound to wear in the middle of his forehead. After this, he buckled on his rapier, leaving the *vaina* open to proclaim his readiness for a duel, took his castor-hat, of Paris make, as black and lustrous as a jet bead and decked with a ribbon from his ladylove, and bunching out his hair and straightening his ruff for the last time, swaggered forth into the street.

Lengthier still was the toilet of the fashionable dame. After sleeping in a nightcap, not, like the miller of the riddle, to keep her head warm, but to avoid disordering her hair, she gathered a garment or two loosely about her, and swept majestically into her boudoir, where, in the charge of numerous handmaids, she underwent the several operations of being made *hermosa*. Her face and shoulders were bathed or smeared with one after another of the many perfumes that stood upon a side-table, rose and orange water, oils of violet and piñones, and half a hundred other essences. Her cheeks, duly perfumed, were then painted the fashionable shade of carmine, and her hair was parted, combed, dressed, and tied with ribbons of various colours. Next came the donning of the enormous *guardainfante*, the archetype of the modern crinoline, but infinitely heavier, wider, and more distressing to wear. It is recorded\* that on

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\* *La Corte y Monarquía de España*, p. 51.

one occasion there was a demonstration in the street against the wearers of this monstrous invention, the populace chasing them "as though they were cows, mocking, and playing practical jokes upon them." Two of the jokers were slain, however, before the mounted officers of the law could clear the highway and restore order. The same chronicle states that in 1637 "the *guardainfante* has become so silly an affair that the women can scarcely pass the church doors for its width."

The frame of this appalling structure was at first of wire, and subsequently of whalebone; and the whole contrivance grew, or rather shrank, into the *tontillo* of the eighteenth century, and the *miriñaque*,\* or crinoline proper, of modern times.

The *guardainfante* donned, my lady threw over it a *pollera*, or petticoat of rich brocade, and over this the skirt (*basquiña*), shaking out its folds to their amplest. Then came the bodice, stiffened with whalebone and cut rather lower about the back and bosom than a *décolleté* ball-dress of the present day; an open jacket with tight sleeves; and the *valona carriñana*, or lace collar, pinned to the bodice. Finally, with a shower of pearls thrown round her neck, and the diaphanous cloak of choicest taffeta known as the *manto de soplillo* about her shoulders, the *hermosa*, after an eternity of staring in the mirror and patting her curls into place, was ready for exhibition.

Throughout this period the land upon the

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\* Mesonero Romanos. *El Antiguo Madrid*, p. 119; note.

eastern border of Madrid, and where are now the continuation of the Calle Alcalá, the pleasant park of the Buen Retiro, and the populous Barrio de Salamanca—all, in a word, that lies on the side of the Prado and Paseo de Recoletos remoter from the Puerta del Sol, was utterly desert, except for a few gardens belonging to the nobility, the monasteries of San Gerónimo and Atocha, and the mean Arch of Alcalá now superseded by its handsomer and loftier namesake.

The king's favourite, chosen immediately after Philip's accession, was Don Gaspar de Guzmán, Count and Duke of Olivares, a weak, irresolute creature, not wholly bad at bottom, but indolent and vain, incompetent to manage what was still a mighty empire, and as frivolous and babyish as his master. His sole policy was to keep Philip amused; which was all, as a matter of fact, that Philip seriously desired; and it struck Olivares that the spacious and desert lands I have mentioned, between the Arch of Alcalá and the site of the present schools of Aguirre, would serve particularly well for constructing at the public expense a palace, park, and gardens, to be offered to the monarch ostensibly as a present from the duke. This was the origin of the Buen Retiro. Seventeen million square feet of land were inclosed; armies of labourers engaged; and the work of planting, building, and embellishing was set about as earnestly as though it were a campaign against united Europe. In one spot was laid the foundation of a magnificent palace, surrounded with gardens, trees, and walks; in another was constructed

a lake with an islet in the midst, and upon the islet a miniature theatre; in another an aviary; and a canal meandered from end to end of this earthly paradise.

Such feverish haste was made that within a few months the grounds were partly opened, and in October of the following year the palace was completed, together with its courtyard and adjacent outbuildings. On Philip's visiting it for the first time, Olivares stepped forth and offered him the keys, which were graciously returned, upon a silver salver. Early in the ensuing November began a long succession of festivals designed to celebrate the birth of a son to Philip's sister, the Empress María. Besides the comedies which were played in various halls constructed for the purpose, and the brilliant illumination of the gardens, were held a series of jousts, *máscaras*, and similar exercises then fashionable among the nobility; and Philip in person joined actively in them all.

A typical *máscara*, described in *La Corte y Monarquía de España*, took place, not actually within the Buen Retiro, but almost adjoining its walls, in the Prado Alto, where the ground had been carefully levelled. A *plaza* was made, considerably larger than the Plaza Mayor, and surrounded by wooden buildings two stories high, containing *aposentos* or boxes for the company. The royal box was glazed; and at frequent intervals along the front of the structure were torches, both waxen and wooden; for the performance was nocturnal. Shortly after sundown the torches were lit, the spectators took their seats, and the mas-

queraders, preceded by the Admiral of Castile, the Duke of Híjar, and Don Carlos Coloma, riding abreast, entered the arena by the midmost of its three entrances. They were also escorted, on the right by the king, and on the left by the Duke of Olivares, mounted, both of them, on spirited and curvetting steeds. In all there were sixteen *cuadrillas* or groups, each consisting of thirteen persons in costly attire, who carried a torch apiece; as did the lackeys who attended on them.

The procession was closed by two cars filled with musicians and masqueraders; and after the entire concourse had arrived opposite the royal box and saluted the queen, a sham fight took place, concluding with an *estafermo*, a sport resembling that of the Turk's Head, and in which the king, through the unskilfulness or prudence of his adversaries, proved *facile princeps*.

This was all; and fairly considered it does not seem to have amounted to very much. But a great deal of money was squandered, which was the chief concern of that improvident court. The fittings of the *plaza* cost thirty thousand ducats; the two cars, three thousand only; but by way of increasing the waste, at the close of the entertainment the woodwork of the boxes was abandoned to the carpenters, and the cars to their builder. The seven thousand lights in and about the arena ran away with eight thousand ducats, and the dresses of the masqueraders were the heaviest item of all. The total cost of the *fiestas* was between three hundred thousand and half a million ducats.

However, the king was but a poor impresario.



The attendance was thin; many of the windows and benches were empty; and seats which at first were offered at a doubloon, fell to a *real* and even four *cuartos*, or less than a twentieth of their initial value. A cobbler, at this rate, might have occupied a box without straining his resources. But possibly Philip's object was to combine amusement with instruction; for according to a chronicler "the talkers say that so grand a spectacle was meant for more than a pastime; that it was intended to show to Cardinal Richelieu, our *friend*, that there is still money in the world, to spend, and to spend in punishing the king his master."

Among the less expensive diversions were riddle-answering competitions in verse. Thus, a few days after the grandiose reminder to Richelieu, the court poets were called upon to decide "why Judas is painted with a fair beard." The solution is not reported, but Luis Velez and Calderón de la Barca were "expected to distinguish themselves the most." On a previous occasion a bard, or rather rhapsodist, Atillano by name, who had recently arrived from the Indies, was presented to the royal personages, and spouted verses with amazing fluency, improvising as he went. No matter the theme, no matter the metre, Atillano was equal to the test; and was rewarded for improvising "not wisely but too well" by being taken for an accomplice of the Devil.

A few days after the mummeries in the Prado, a *mojiganga* was arranged in the Buen Retiro. The *mojiganga* consisted of a general mêlée of masqueraders and horsemen, "scurrying from point to

point like madmen, and without the least order," alternating with Aragonese, Castilian, and Moorish dances, and the procession of a number of cars. At times, too, there would be a spell of *alcancías*, or fighting from horseback with eggs and wooden targets. So that it cannot truthfully be said that Charles the Fifth was the last of the militant kings of Spain.

This was during carnival, and among both courtiers and plebeians ruled license and good humour without stint. Philip and Olivares gave orders that the public should be admitted free of toll to the *plaza* of the Buen Retiro, and were warmly cheered. High and low roared in company at the quaint devices and dresses, and above all at the mottoes displayed by the masqueraders, satirizing the political and other questions of the day. Taxes, justice, and so forth were alluded to in verses of greater or less pungency, seasoned with dirty or blasphemous expressions; and a tipsy fellow who brandished a huge horn and shouted an obscene jest in the very face of the monarch, was suffered to pass without the smallest reprimand.

The *máscaras* and other open-air entertainments were often rehearsed before the final performance took place, although it became necessary to exclude the populace from the rehearsals, in consequence of the brawling and commotion they created. In fact, whenever amusement was the only end in view, an extraordinary care was exercised that everything should be done correctly, rapidly, and expensively. Speaking of a new *plaza* erected in the Buen Retiro grounds in 1636, a *gaceta* of the time says that

in order to make all possible haste, agents were despatched to the regions round about the capital, to collect the eighty thousand planks required; that the carpenters were kept at work all the week round, Sundays and other festivals included; and that the Corregidor set up a pillory to frighten the workmen into activity. At the same time a state coach was built, whose upholstery cost four thousand ducats. The windows, too, were glazed, "in order to enhance what goes within."

From time to time there were minor diversions almost as curious as the riddle-reading competitions. On June 23rd, 1637, and in the presence of many people, a "strong man" of the period, a native of Vallecas, near Madrid, attempted to lift a bronze statue of Venus; one of eight that had recently been brought to the Buen Retiro from Flanders. The statue weighed eighty *arrobas*\*; and the Hercules is said to have stirred or raised it somewhat from its position; but when he tried to turn it back again, it fell upon him and squashed him to a jelly. However, as he was subsequently discovered to have committed two murders, his death was no great matter.

Equally as brilliant and costly as the *fêtes* of 1637 were those of 1639, 1640, and succeeding years. Olivares fell from power in 1643, was banished from the capital, and retreated, first to Loeches, and then to Toro, where he died two years later. But the Buen Retiro, oblivious of its founder, continued its giddy round of festivals. In 1652, on the Queen's

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\* About two thousand one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois!

birthday, was acted a "mythological comedy" of Calderón de la Barca, mounted with unprecedented splendor. The play lasted seven hours, and whenever a scene was shifted "the curtains would disappear, disclosing the gardens and trees profusely illuminated." This magnificent entertainment was performed, the first day before the court alone; the second, before the various councils of the realm; the third, before the town authorities; and afterwards, for the general public, for thirty-seven consecutive nights.

As Mesonero Romanos observes in *El Antiguo Madrid*, the gangrenous condition of the court was masked with an appearance of astonishing prosperity. The Buen Retiro, sacred, as a rule, to Philip and his sycophants, and remote from the tumult of the city, resembled a miniature paradise. Rumours of the awful tribulations besetting or about to beset the realm, were peremptorily debarred from entering that gilded fence; and all that genius could achieve to beautify and delight was lavished within its boundary. The equestrian statue of Philip was by the celebrated Florentine, Tacca; the frescoes of the palace were by Lucas Jordan; and the comedies which were performed for the first time in those enchanted halls were penned by Lope, Calderón, Solís, Candamo, and Mendoza.

While the grandees diverted themselves with this delicious and secluded resort, or with the neighbouring Garden of Juan Fernández, other suburban spots were favoured by the humbler classes, and in particular the Vega that borders either bank of the Manzanares. Hereabouts were

the hermitages and chapels of San Isidro, San Dámaso, and San Antonio de la Florida; the Virgen del Puerto; the classical *sotillo*, or thicket, devoted to Santiago el Verde: and the Corregidor's Meadow, where fairs and picnics, as animated, if not as splendid, as the select revels of the Buen Retiro, succeeded one another with tireless rapidity.

When less brutalizing distractions failed, there never was a lack of malefactors, whose punishment was a highly popular spectacle; for sloth and crime go ever hand in hand, and as Madrid was the idlest of cities, so was she also the wickedest. The hangman waxed fat. Pedro of Valladolid, who filled that agreeable office before 1637, was able, after ordering four thousand masses to be said for his soul, to leave a fortune of over eight thousand ducats. A vice of unspeakable horror was so rampant among all classes that even torture and the gallows failed to check it. The tumid notions of honour then prevailing turned every man's sword against his neighbour, and the air was full of brawling, while duelling was not so much a custom as a craze. Servants butchered their masters under the most ridiculous pretexts, aping, to be sure, the example set them by their so-called superiors. Cheating at cards was just as common. To cite a single instance, the Marquis of Palacios took to his bed shamming sickness, and sent for his bosom friend, Don Francisco Lucen, who condoled with him and suggested (as the Marquis had anticipated) a game of cards by way of cheering the sufferer. The invalid *reluctantly* assented, and now and then giving a fearful groan, and clutching at his side



beneath the bedclothes, as though his agony were unbearable, *adjusted* the cards to his liking. By this means the patient, after a couple of hours' play, was two thousand ducats to the good. The anecdote says as much for the winner's honesty as for the loser's intelligence; but the chronicler seems to regard it with satisfaction. "This," he says, in proud allusion to the variety of his hero's repertory, "is *one* of the devices the Marquis is wont to gain by."

The nobles, when not downright criminals or knaves, were quarrelsome and saucy. Don Nicolás Spinola challenged Don Antonio de Oquendo while the latter was saying, or pretending to say, his prayers in the Church of the Buen Suceso. Don Juan Herrera, knight of the Order of Santiago, and the Marquis of Aguila boxed each other's ears and drew their swords in the king's presence, and were sent to gaol. So, for a similar action, were the Count of Cantillana and the Marquis of Govea. On one occasion, when yet another gentleman had struck a rival in the face, likewise in presence of his majesty, it was sought to defend the royal dignity by declaring that a passage inside a building forms no part of it. "Laws go as kings desire them to go, and they say now that a corridor in the palace is not the palace. God help us, for all is lying and knavery in this world of ours."

In August of 1636 Philip decreed that nobody should carry firearms or draw a rapier, knife, or dagger, under penalty of a fine and banishment for the nobles, and of two hundred lashes and the galleys for a *plebeyo*; but, needless to say, the stabbing and carving went on as bloodily as ever. The streets

were infested with thieves, many of these belonging to the best families, as in the case of Don Jerónimo de Loaysa Triviño, nineteen years of age, who had helped to garrote a poor woman, to butcher her husband on his rushing to her rescue, and subsequently to murder a priest for the sake of his robe. The Duke of Híjar was another victim whom Loaysa and his crew stripped of his cloak, sword, and buckler; although "his grace, who prides himself on being a formidable fellow, has heard what is said of him, and denies it roundly."

In January of 1637 Don Alonso de Ovando was pistoled by Sebastian de Garibay, "on account of a slap in the face." A week later Don Juan Pacheco, eldest son of the Marquis of Cerralbo, was arrested and locked up in the Convent of Calatrava for "causing Tomás Fernández, author of comedies, to be stabbed for refusing to play a new comedy on the day of San Blas, when a daughter of the Marquis of Cadreita, and whom Don Juan was courting, recovered from a quartan fever. While the assassin was busy with his knife, Don Juan was abiding the issue and walking about the cemetery of San Sebastian; and said on one occasion that this was the way to treat a rascal."

Small wonder that in such conditions, and whenever the comedies in the Buen Retiro, or the merry-makings along the river bank happened to languish, there was always a robber to have his throat cut, a witch to be burned, a "reconciliation" by the Holy Office, or at the very least a cheat to be whipped; and sometimes, as a titbit of peculiar relish, a noble to be executed.

The eleventh letter of the series published by Rodriguez Villa says: "Two persons were burned last week . . . and this week four were hanged, all for being notorious *capeadores* (robbers of cloaks) and thieves." Then follows the description of Loaysa. On the following day a string of ten thieves and their accomplices, both women and men, were led out to be whipped; and they captured a son of Don Luis de Narvaez (a well-known Court poet), imprisoning him as a robber and housebreaker; and 't is thought they will hang him. The place swarms with such; nor do the justices avail to check them."

An old, half-witted lady of noble lineage seems to have given as good sport as any. She professed as a nun, styling herself *María de la Concepción*; but "the Devil tempted her in the faith, and she abandoned herself with blasphemies and sacrilegious acts to every kind of lying and guile; deceived her confessor with false semblances of virtue; framed a particular compact with the Evil One; spat at a crucifix; received the sacrament twice or thrice daily, but with irreverent speech and impious gesture; and became a heretic, Arian, Nestorian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Mohammedan, and Elvidian, denying the immortality of the soul, together with purgatory and Hell and Heaven, the power of the Pope, of images, and of the sacrament; and finally turned atheist. She craved compassion with woful sorrow and tears." But burning was clearly too good for so terrible an old lady. She was condemned to wear a religious habit and the Inquisition's paper cap, to have her mouth gagged, to be whipped, and to be imprisoned for life.

The mention I made of the executions of noblemen brings me to the two most striking characters among the courtiers of that century;—the Marquis of Siete Iglesias, and the Count of Villamediana. Both perished by a violent death; the first openly, the second mysteriously; and the story of their lives, or rather, of the conclusion of their lives, is deeply interesting.

Rodrigo Calderón, Marquis of Siete Iglesias, was the son of Francisco, a poor soldier who had served in Flanders. His mother was German. At the age of some ten or eleven, being a bright and promising lad, wiser than his years, and more refined than his parentage, would seem to warrant, he was attached as page to the service of the Vice-Chancellor of Aragón, and subsequently to that of Don Francisco Gomez de Sandoval, then Marquis of Denia, and afterwards notorious as the Duke of Lerma. Step by step the page rose to nearly the level of his master, being promoted to gentleman-in-waiting, and later to State Secretary, “alone dealing with the papers which had aforetime occupied the attention of many”; and by way of strengthening his position he married Doña Inés de Vargas, of an ancient and illustrious family of Extremadura. Personally he is said to have been “quick-witted and intelligent, proud and overbearing with such as deserved (and these were many), but punctual and obliging with those whom he desired to please, and solicitous for their welfare.”

At this point of his career honours were showered upon him by the liberal hand of Philip the Third;

but in consequence of his reckless arrogance it proved to be the climax. The histories of all favourites of kings and potentates are greatly similar; and just as in the case of Alvaro de Luna, Wolsey, and others, the haughty bearing of Siete Iglesias, and his strivings for a continual increase of power, grew rapidly unbearable, and excited, not only popular suspicion, but the King's resentment and alarm. The marquis gave away his wealth munificently; but in return demanded a servility superior to that expected by the Crown. At first in whispers, and then openly, foul play was rumoured to be at the bottom of his riches, until at last, the current of public feeling growing too strong for him, he was driven to obtain from Philip, probably by questionable means, a document declaring him to be a loyal minister, and to have conducted himself honourably. On Philip's death the Duke of Lerma fell from power; and Siete Iglesias, who had never ceased in his attachment to that nobleman, was bound to fall also. Dreading the popular wrath, he fled to Valladolid, where he lingered irresolutely for several months. At length he inquired of a nun, on whose advice he greatly relied, whether it would be safer for him to stand his ground, or fly from the city. She replied that in order for him to be saved he must remain where he was; and mistaking a spiritual for a mundane advice, he tarried until too late and was arrested by the auditor of the Royal Council.

After a brief imprisonment in the castles of Montánchez and Santorcáz, he was conveyed to Madrid and lodged, under a strong guard, in his



own house, where he remained all the time his trial was pending, and up to the very moment of his execution. He was accused by the fiscal of having poisoned the late queen, Margaret of Austria; of being concerned in the deaths of Don Alonso de Carvajal, the Jesuit Cristóbal Suarez, Pedro Cabelero, Pedro del Camino, and Agustin de Avila; of causing Francisco de Ibarra to be assassinated by the hand of the sergeant Juan de Guzman, and of obtaining "by evil means" certificates of pardon from the dead monarch. These were the criminal charges. The civil charges were two hundred and forty-four in number.

The unhappy wretch lingered in prison for many months before his mockery of a trial was brought to an end. Twice he was put to the torture without revealing the smallest sign of weakness, though many quarts of water were squeezed into his bowels through linen cloths. He was allowed to present a petition to the king; but Philip the Fourth was the last person in the world to extend mercy to a subject whose coffers, if forfeited to the Crown, might supply him with sport and gewgaws for a long while. However, his majesty went so far as to spend the greater part of an afternoon in the council chamber, with the marquis' petition in his hand; and instructed the ministers, and the judges of the Supreme Court—who had also been assembled—to "do this man justice and deal briefly with him." Perhaps "to make short work of him" would better interpret the Spanish "*abreviad con el.*"

The work they made of their prisoner, if not

remarkably short, was at least sure. The marquis, in spite of his petition, and a complaint, entered by his counsel, of one or two of the judges, seemed to presage his doom from the outset, and prepared for death as one who had nothing to hope, and nothing to fear. The apartment in his palace which served him for a dungeon was small and gloomy. Two sentinels stood directly outside the door, and eighteen more within call. At mealtimes the captive was allowed what fare he chose, and in this respect "every effort was made to divert him and give him a relish."

Most of his weary durance he passed in bed, contracting, by reason of this or of the torture, an attack of gout which compelled him to use a crutch. Facing his cell was an oratory where he passed, strongly guarded, to hear mass, and, close at hand, the chamber where his trial was conducted. On the ninth of July of the same year, his sentences were notified to him. Touching the civil process, he was mulcted in one million, two hundred and fifty thousand ducats, besides the forfeiture of every dignity and title he possessed; and touching the criminal, he was acquitted of the murder of the late queen, of Don Alonso de Carvajal, of the Jesuit Suarez, of Caballero, and of Pedro del Camino: but he was convicted of prompting the murders of Agustin de Avila and Francisco de Ibarra, and of obtaining by foul means—that is, sorcery—certificates of pardon from the late king; and was therefore sentenced to be led through the town on the back of a mule, while the crier proclaimed his offences, to the Plaza Mayor, where

he was to mount the scaffold and have his throat cut "until he should die naturally." \*

The marquis received this intelligence with singular fortitude, and immediately made ready to undergo his sentence. He subjected himself to severe acts of penitence, by scourging, fasting, and sleeping upon the floor. "The days he spent in weeping for his sins, and the nights in praying for their pardon; and he frequently confessed and received the sacrament." On the morning of Tuesday, October 19th, he was informed that he must make his will, disposing of a couple of thousand ducats that remained to him, and prepare to suffer within three days—a notice which is said to have so greatly relieved him that he repeatedly embraced the officer who bore it. Between then and the fatal hour he redoubled his prayers and flagellations; and wrote a statement declaring that he alone was guilty of the murder of Francisco de Ibarra, since the sergeant Juan de Guzman, whose hand had perpetrated it, and who had been arrested, had only acted by his orders, and on the strength of a warrant signed, or alleged to be signed, by the king.

On the Wednesday afternoon a knight of the Order of Santiago, accompanied by a monk, visited his cell in order to strip him of the habit of Santiago

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\* A curious term. Almansa says "*hasta que muriese*" (until he should die) *naturalmente*, that is, a natural death. Perhaps the idea intended to be conveyed, in accordance with some purely legal formula, is that once his throat had been cut he should be suffered to expire without anything further being done to him. If this be so, the expression will bear comparison with our "hanged by the neck until you be dead."

which he was wearing; and he bore this ordeal with his wonted courage, albeit mournfully, affirming that he had dearly hoped to meet his death so habited. In the meantime arrangements were made for the execution. Orders were given that by eight o'clock of the Thursday morning the Plaza Mayor should be cleared, and that within it should be drawn up the mounted *alguaciles* in full force: also that the scaffold should be high and roomy, with a chair in the middle, both chair and scaffold to be draped with black; but "by special command" the black was removed before the execution took place. Never had been witnessed so vast a throng as that which gathered in and about the Plaza, along the streets, and even upon the roofs. Such was the preparation made, and the expectation ruling, when half-past eleven struck from the town clocks, and the marquis, or, strictly speaking, he who had been a marquis, was led forth to slaughter.

His appearance, as he began to descend into the street, was calm and venerable, his long beard declining upon his breast and his locks upon his neck. His dress was a peaked cap and a hooded cloak of coarse material. Before he bestrode the mule which was awaiting him he crossed himself twice, and grasping a crucifix adjusted his sorry garment with a firm hand. "He neither lost colour nor showed faintness"; but kissed the crucifix repeatedly, and proceeding between two files of *alguaciles*, and surrounded by monks and priests, quitted his door. On reaching the street, he glanced at the assembled crowd, as though surprised to see so many people; next, turning his gaze into the blue heaven, contemplated it "while one might say a couple of Credos";

and afterwards, bending before the cross he carried, never removed his eyes from it until he reached the scaffold.

The distance from his palace to the Plaza was not long. The executioner led his mule by the bridle, and at intervals was heard the voice of the crier:—"This is the punishment which our lord the king ordaineth for this man for having treacherously caused another man to be murdered, and committing the crime of assassination; and for being found guilty of abetting the murder of yet another, and of other acts, as his trial showeth: wherefore our lord the king commandeth that his throat be cut for a chastisement to himself and an example to others. The doers of such deeds shall suffer as he."

Beside the scaffold were various attendant priests; and the condemned man, ascending the ladder with the same inflexible courage, and sitting on the step of the fatal chair, conversed with one of them, while the others, kneeling, pronounced the *recomendación del alma*. Then, at the appointed word, Calderón quietly took his seat upon the awful throne, himself holding his locks to be shorn away, and offering his limbs to be bound; after which he twice embraced the executioner, assuring him that he had proved his kindest friend; and this other, after binding his eyes, sharply pulled back his head upon the rail of the chair, and cut his throat. The people uttered cries and shed tears, for the sight of a bestial death bravely endured is always saddening. It was the people, too, who had swarmed onto the scaffold, unbound the body, and laid it, with a crucifix covering the cold breast, upon a black cloth and



cushions, when just about nightfall a command arrived that nobody should attend the burial. Nor does this appear to have been the only prohibition. The executioner who had received the kisses of forgiveness from his victim, was straightway declared the inheritor of the victim's clothes; the corpse was stripped naked; and two women, who were accustomed to do the same for common malefactors, shrouded the limbs and dressed them in a shirt and a habit of San Francisco. Then, rudely thrust into a parish coffin, the fallen magnate was borne by a few monks and paupers to the convent of Carmelite nuns, "and in the chapter humbly resteth."

Such was the end of Rodrigo Calderón, whilom Marquis of Siete Iglesias and Count of La Oliva. The relation of his privileges and titles occupies a page and a half of small print. His income exceeded two hundred thousand ducats; his household effects were worth four hundred thousand; and his jewels, which, curiously enough, passed instantly to the King's possession, a hundred and eighty-four thousand. He had lived more sumptuously than princes. His death was that of a hog. And even his wife and children, in terror or despair, had quitted Madrid two days before he was led to the scaffold.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

## CHAPTER III.

MADRID OF THE HAPSBURGS—*Continued.*

THE COUNT OF VILLAMEDIANA.

**T**HE Count of Villamediana was less of a statesman and more of a voluptuary than the Marquis of Siete Iglesias; otherwise their lives were very similar. Both, while under middle age, attained an almost paramount position; both were lavish of their money, though insolent and cruel; and both were unwilling or unable to realize when the prudent limit had been overstepped, and the breath of flattery had deepened into an envious and ill-omened muttering.

Don Juan de Tássis y Peralta, son of a cavalier of the same name, Philip the Second's postmaster, was born at Lisbon in 1580, just at the time of Philip's coronation in that kingdom; but shortly afterwards his family took him to Madrid, and educated him at court. In 1599 he was chosen to accompany Philip the Third, when this sovereign journeyed to Valencia to meet his bride, Margaret of Austria; and the young courtier's first affair of love is believed to have been with the Marchioness del Valle de Guajaca, widowed since 1589, and a meek and patient creature, whom Tássis, if report speaks truly, treated in a very scurvy fashion, robbing her of her jewels, thrashing her, and finally lampooning

her in some of those scurrilous stanzas from whose production he was soon to reap a lamentable notoriety.

However, these boyish amours led to no serious result; and when Tássis accompanied the court to Valladolid, in 1601, he proposed to several ladies of the aristocracy, who at once refused him. At length he was accepted by a dowerless, though well-born dame, Doña Ana de Mendoza, younger daughter of the Marquis of Cañete; and the marriage was solemnized in August of the same year.

Six years later his father died, and Tássis, assuming the title of Count of Villamediana, rapidly altered his manner of living for the worse. He plunged into gaming, and, so far from losing what he possessed, which was little enough—since his father had merely bequeathed to him the office of *Correo Mayor*, or king's postmastership, pawned for three years—won thirty thousand ducats from the young bloods about Court; whereupon Philip banished him. This was in 1611, and taking ship at Valencia the count proceeded to Italy, where he saw much service in the wars in Lombardy and Naples, and is said, by his valour in the field, as well as by his generous and open-handed conduct in private life, to have been respected by all who knew him.

This is conflicting; and indeed, Villamediana's true character is very difficult to trace among the contradictory and scanty records which have reached us. It is a credible manuscript in the National Library at Madrid which relates his ruffianly usage of the poor widow; nor does the gambling incident disclose him to great advantage; for it may very

well be doubted whether the king would have treated Tássis so harshly, had he contented himself with playing fair. Gaming, in that laxest of communities, was general enough, and the winnings of a couple of nights would have attracted little censure, had they not been accompanied by a strongish suspicion of sharpening. Perhaps upon withdrawing to Italy the count left his evil practices behind him; yet here is another contradiction, for although López de Haro affirms him to have become, or passed for "the most magnanimous, prudent, and courteous cavalier known to either nation," it was precisely at this moment that Villamediana was preparing to figure as the spitefullest and cruellest epigrammatist in Spanish history.

According to Hartzenbusch, he returned to his native country about 1618, and employed his favorite weapons, the pen and the tongue, in making war upon the Dukes of Lerma and Uceda, and other ministers of Philip the Third. For this he was again banished, and for three years thenceforward nothing is known of him. His wife is believed to have died within this period, but at what precise date, and whether parted from, or accompanying her husband, is as impenetrable a mystery as his own whereabouts.

On the death of Philip the Third his son ascended the throne, and Villamediana returned to Madrid for the second time in his adventurous career. From Philip the Fourth he had reason to expect a greater share of sympathy. His old enemies, the minions of the deceased sovereign, had disappeared; and the new king's frivolous tastes and weak nature were well adapted for his schemes;

added to which his advances, or at any rate the earlier of them, were tolerated, and even countenanced, by Olivares.

Nor was the count mistaken. In fact, his dogged misfortune, or dogged retribution (for he was eminently the maker of his own miseries) seemed at last to have deserted him. He rode beside the royal carriage, basked in the royal smiles, and composed verses, epigrammatic and otherwise, and not invariably of an abusive character, which were bandied admiringly from mouth to mouth, and caused him to pass for the wittiest trifler and most fashionable poetaster of his day. Of his personal appearance, stature, complexion, proportions, and so forth, I have read nothing that is really illustrative; nor have I discovered any portrait of him among the old collections. But his caustic tongue and quickness of repartee, united with his vigor and agility in every manly sport; his liberality with his purse; and his finished education, must needs have rendered him a far from despicable object to the volatile *hermosas* of the aristocracy.

Now begins the crucial event of all his life. Villamediana was in love; if so inordinately selfish a nature be capable of loving in any genuine degree. But whether the fair one was a certain personage of the most exalted birth; whether, if so, she was aware of the passion bestowed upon her; and whether she returned or condoned it, are very singular and very thorny problems.

On a fine spring afternoon in 1622 a royal festival in celebration of Philip's birthday was held at Aranjuez, now but a morning's journey from



Madrid; and, in order to attend it, the queen, Isabella, or, as the Spaniards called her, Madama Ysabel, was carried from the capital in a chair, the journey occupying five whole days.

This graceful and gracious princess, then about to become a mother for the second time,\* is one of the most engaging of the queens of Spain—a beautiful French girl, uniting the cheerfulness of her countrywomen with a dignity and prudence far beyond her years; for she was married at seventeen. Unfortunately, where corruption and intrigue had made so terrible an inroad, a solitary woman, unaided by her husband, could do but very little. Nevertheless, the people loved her dearly; made fervent prayers for her recovery whenever she fell sick, and regarded her at all times as their sympathizer and wellwisher.

The festival at Aranjuez was to consist of a double theatrical spectacle of unwonted grandeur, and whose scenic effects would be enhanced by the brilliant rank of the performers. The queen herself was to play a small part in the first piece; the protagonist of the second being the Infanta María, a pretty child of fourteen years, intended at the time to become the bride of Charles the First of England. The remaining characters were allotted to the ladies in waiting; and the stage-manager, one of those versatile persons who can do a little of everything, and do that little considerably better than most men, was the hero of this chapter, the dashing Juan de Tássis, Count of Villamediana.

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\* Her first child, a girl, had only survived its birth twenty-nine hours.



(To face p. 100.)

ISABELLA OF BOURBON.

*Portrait painted by Velázquez.*



The minutest records of the entertainment have been preserved. We learn who wrote the comedies; who built the temporary theatre where one of them was to be played; and many other details; but it is better that we should confine our attention to the principals alone. We may, however, remark the illumination of the theatre, or pavilion, by artificial light, for the first time in the history of the Spanish stage; the absence of male actors, whose parts were played by ladies, with the exception of a solitary dwarf who, according to the accounts of him, was "not so much as a man"; and the appropriateness of "Night," represented by a coal-black negress in the service of the queen, and dressed in a black gown showered over with silver stars.

Dancing and a *loa* in honour of the king preceded the theatricals proper. The first of the comedies, written by Villamediana himself, was titled *La Gloria de Niquaea*; the second, from the pen of Lope de Vega, related to the winning of the Golden Fleece. The former production, subsequently printed in a collection of the count's poems, is insipid and trite. According to Hartzenbusch, it is adapted from the book of knight-errantry known as the *Amadis de Grecia*, and, in the person of the hero, the same authority claims to discover Charles Stuart, then, as we have seen, a candidate for the hand of the Infanta.

The queen, it is needless to say, was superbly dressed, and looked more beautiful than ever: indeed, the part she played, and doubtless played to perfection, was that of the Goddess of Beauty; and her robe was covered from head to foot with

gems of incalculable worth, among them the famous diamond and pearl known respectively as *el rico* and *la peregrina*—"the rich" and "the rare." The little Infanta, too, wore valuable jewels; and the court ladies, though attired somewhat more simply, formed little of a contrast with their royal mistresses.

The first piece passed off without a hitch; and the spectators, headed by the king and queen, moved away to the other theatre, which was in readiness for Lope's comedy relating the quest of the Golden Fleece. In this, as in *La Gloria de Niquaea*, Hartzenbusch professes to descry an allusion to the project of the English prince. The play, then, opened; and had progressed as far as the second tableau, when a lighted torch fell upon a canopy, and within a moment the whole pavilion was enveloped in flame.

Accounts differ very greatly as to what ensued. According to Antonio de Mendoza, who wrote a poem describing the festival, the king seized his wife and sister in his arms and bore them to a place of safety. According to others the burning of the theatre was far from accidental. The Count of Villamediana was madly enamoured of the Goddess of Beauty; his hand it was, or that of an accomplice, that hurled the torch; and his were the arms that encircled his lovely *diosa* and bore her to a spot where, taking advantage of the prevailing panic, he might impetuously declare his passion. It was further rumoured that he so far succeeded in his endeavours as to press the queen's foot; but that the amorous squeeze was observed by a page, who told the Duke of Olivares, who told—whom should he tell?—the king.



This was the night of the fifteenth of May. On the twenty-first of August of the same year, and shortly before nightfall, the Count of Villamediana, after spending several hours at the palace, was driving homewards in his coach, accompanied by his friend Don Luis de Haro. Their road lay along the busy Calle Mayor; and on this precise occasion the *paseo* was thronged with every class of passenger, for it was a Sunday evening, and calm and beautiful weather. The two friends within the coach are said to have chatted freely on frivolous or vicious topics; on women, gambling, and cynical or amatory verses; until the count grew moody and depressed, as though in fear of some approaching harm. In this manner they passed along the street, descending from the Alcázar in the direction of the Puerta del Sol; Villamediana with his back, and Haro with his face, to the horses.

The following tragedy took place at a spot which is very easily distinguishable at the present day; at the corner of a street then called the Calle de los Boteros, and now the Calle de Felipe III. Issuing from this by-street, a figure closely muffled in a cloak stepped rapidly towards the coachman and stopped him by a gesture; then advanced to the coach window and bent forward as though to speak with Villamediana, who doubtless protruded his head at the same instant; but before a word could pass, the individual in the cloak disengaged and lifted his arm, and transfixed the count with a weapon between a dagger and a javelin, driving home the blow with so terrific a force that the point emerged from the victim's

other shoulder, after piercing his right arm and his breast, and breaking two ribs.

It is remarkable that in spite of the havoc thus caused him, Villamediana was yet able to open the coach door and fumble for his sword; but as he did so his strength abandoned him so swiftly that just as he touched the pavement he stammered "all's over," and fell flat.

Haro sprang from the coach as promptly as he was able, but happening to choose the side on which the horrid deed had been perpetrated, was unlucky enough to stumble over the body of the count; and the murderer, striding hastily away, with the fatal weapon concealed beneath his cloak, was speedily lost to view in the gathering darkness. According to reliable testimony, he was screened and protected by two men who followed closely in his steps.

The blow was rumoured to have been struck, either by one Ignacio Mendez, a fellow of mean degree who was subsequently poisoned by his wife, or else by Alonso Mateo, one of the king's arquebusiers. The latter name is oftener mentioned; but both accounts agree, as openly as they dare, respecting the instigator. "*El impulso*," said a punning satire popular on the Gradass de San Felipe, "*fué soberano*"—"the impulse was a sovereign one."

Hitherto I have implicitly abided by Hartzenbusch, whose narrative of the event itself is unimpeachable. It is a pity that his comments on the motive of the crime are far less fortunate. The lady abducted by Villamediana at Aranjuez, he does not believe to have been the queen at

all, whom he declares to have been sitting beside her husband at the moment of the fire: but he suggests that the kidnapped beauty may very possibly have been Francisca Táborá, a Portuguese by birth, a maid of honour, and whom the count is known to have regarded admiringly. In support of this belief the Spanish critic quotes some amatory verses addressed by Villamediana to a certain *Francelisa*; and others to *Francelisa* and her sister *Amarilis*.

The fact is, Villamediana paid his addresses to considerably more ladies than one; among them a *Laura* (surname unknown), who seems to have requited him with disdain; to Doña Justa Sánchez; to the Marchioness del Valle; and to the same Francisca Táborá already mentioned. But *Francelisa* appears to bear unquestionable reference to the young queen, *Elizabeth* of Bourbon, and a Frenchwoman, that is, in Spanish, *francesa*. Combining *francesa* and *Elisa*, we get *Francesaelisa*, "the French Elizabeth," which is practically identical with *Francelisa*. *Francisca*, on the other hand, is one of the very commonest of Spanish women's names. By merely keeping it as it stands, no one could have deduced with any certainty to whom the count alluded. And furthermore, since Villamediana was a noted epigrammatist, is it reasonable that he should have taken the trouble to invent so odd a title as *Francelisa*, if it were destitute of any innuendo?

It is, however, just within the bounds of possibility that the bitter lampoons he directed against his rivals may have constituted the motive of his murder. But this description of writing was not

by any means confined to Villamediana. A large number of Court poetasters and even poets indulged in it almost daily; and Quevedo, one of the cruellest of satirists, lived out the natural term of life with comparative impunity. These coarse attacks, although they doubtless caused much odium, do not appear to have exposed their authors to assassination. In other words, it was not the fashion to so requite them. They might provoke imprisonment, or a duel; but would scarcely hatch a murder, and much less such a murder as the count's. For the circumstances of that deed have never been sufficiently insisted on. The spot where Villamediana was stabbed was one of the most frequented in all the city; nor was the hour late; and the assassin is credibly reported to have been protected by two accomplices. The murder, if planned by anyone beneath the sovereign, would surely have been perpetrated under cover of pitchy darkness; say upon the victim's issuing from a gambling-house; and by a solitary individual. As it was, the very boldness of the act, which literally defied pursuit, seems to have flaunted the complete immunity of the murderer. And finally, why, as Hartzenbusch admits, was all printed allusion to the crime sternly suppressed? Each of these contentions is surely of importance, and in recapitulating them there is no need to dwarf the fact that Villamediana was bitterly hated by the whole court.

It was a common rumour that upon a certain occasion, such as a masquerade or bullfight, Villamediana appeared in public bearing on his dress the inscription "*Mis amores son reales.*" For

those of my readers who are unfamiliar with Spanish this requires a word of explanation. A *real* is a small Spanish unit of money, worth at the present day twenty-five *céntimos*, or about twopence. The plural of *real* is *reales*. *Real* is also the adjective signifying *royal*; and the plural of the adjective is also *reales*. The count, therefore, meant to say one of two things;—either “My amours are *reales*”—that is, *money*; or else, “My amours are royal.” Which is the more probable?

Aarsen de Sommerdyck, who published in Paris, in 1656, his *Travels in Spain in 1655*, attributes the murder to Villamediana’s amorous infatuation, and Philip’s jealousy. So did the Countess of Lemos, in a conversation she held, in 1679, with the Countess D’Aulnoy, although the Frenchwoman mentioned having heard that the count met his death through the family of Doña Francisca Tabora. “No,” rejoined the Countess of Lemos, “it took place as I have told you.”

The grounds we have for believing that Villamediana was made away with by Philip’s command, and precisely on account of his liaison, real or rumoured, with the queen, are, rapidly reviewed, as follows. In the first place, popular tradition, which I have found, in Spain, to be of singular value. It is practically certain that on some occasion or other the count displayed the motto “My amours are royal.” An allusion to his love of gambling would have been as good as pointless. Gambling was a vice which even in those degraded times was not proclaimed upon the housetop, while



gallantries, on the contrary, were considered honourable brag. Secondly, even supposing Villamediana to have never formed a more than platonic liking for the queen, the people certainly believed him to be in love with her; and what they, and consequently the court, rumoured, the king would be certain to hear. Now, generally speaking, Philip's was an easy-going nature. An allusion to his indolence or frivolities might irritate him for the moment, but he must have encountered thousands of such allusions, and there is nothing to show that they caused him serious worry. Certainly it is improbable that he would have had a courtier assassinated for gibing at his misgovernment in a song. But in those times the gravest of all offences was the infidelity of a wife or sweetheart. A man might be as big a scoundrel as ever he chose; but not an injured husband or lover: and the truth of this assertion will be obvious to all who are acquainted with the dramas of Calderón and Lope. Society might be said to hinge upon this singular idea; and assassination was not the pardonable, so much as the essential method of chastising the seducer.

So that, if we consider this in combination with the widespread story of the "royal loves"; with the count's impetuous and imprudent character; with the report that a king's arquebusier struck the deadly blow; and with the time and place of the assassination;—considering and combining all these data, the origin of the crime is surely very far from indecipherable.

In any case, Villamediana's end affords a salutary

lesson. His love was probably royal, but his life was mean, his death meaner. His apt intelligence and refined taste, if properly employed, might well have made him a distinguished scholar, or an author of solid merit and renown. But he preferred the bitternesses of living to its sweets; a spurious reputation to a genuine; the glitter to the gold; the evanescent to the lasting. And yet, if notoriety be in any degree a synonym for fame, the count was famous,—famous for his cruelty, his audacity, and his end. His murder brought him the widest fame of all; though even thus his contemporaries, after welcoming, in their promenade upon the *Gradas*, so sensational a news, and speculating awhile on the assassin's identity, were glad to be rid of so uncomfortable a neighbour.

Such is all fame that is ignobly won. To scoff, and to be scoffed at; to hate, and to be hated; to stab reputations, and to be stabbed, both bodily and morally, in return:—this was the crowning achievement of the dashing cavalier, the witty and haughty noble who flourished his lance in the *fiestas* of the Plaza Mayor; none better dressed, none skilfuller, none more gallant than he. To despise; and to be despised. To worship alone the follies and vanities of the world; and pass, in a single breath, from eminence to dust.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

## CHAPTER IV.

MADRID UNDER THE HAPSBURGS (*concluded*).

HE visit of Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales, to the Spanish court has already been alluded to. He paid it in order to make the acquaintance of his *fiancée*, arriving in March of 1623, and returning to London in October of the same year; and the cause of his abrupt departure has puzzled the heads of many. It is asserted by some chroniclers that the breaking off of the match was due to obstacles or scruples of a religious nature: by others, that Buckingham, who accompanied the prince, committed some foolish act which offended the Spanish grandees, or picked a quarrel with Olivares. But oddly enough, the record which says most upon the subject, and is obviously the most reliable, is the least consulted of any. I mean the letters of Almansa, which continued to be written at intervals throughout our countryman's sojourn at Madrid. We gather from these amusing papers that no pains was spared to keep the English heir-apparent in good humour. The merry-makings which had preceded Charles' arrival were not redoubled; for that, from their very frequency, would have been impossible: but at least they were augmented; and Philip and Olivares never wearied of discovering new methods of spending money. Bull-

fighths, *estafermos*, comedies, *mojigangas*, masquerades, and dancing alternated with religious processions and fencing-matches, hunting-parties to the Pardo, and visits to the Escorial or Aranjuez.

Charles in return did what he could to make himself *simpático*; and met with great success in passing for a fervent Catholic. During the festival of Corpus Christi the Spaniards observed with infinite satisfaction that while the Host was being carried past the palace, the English Prince and his retainers doubled the knee with the best. To be sure, in order that Charles' marriage with the Infanta might be suffered to take place at all, it was very essential that he should seem, not only a devoted lover, but also a strenuous supporter of the Catholic faith. As long as they suited his purpose, he played both rôles with creditable skill. In the midst of the sumptuous relaxations prepared for him, "he curtly," says Almansa, "turned his back on everybody, in order to encounter the rays of his sun"—*sol* being a frequent hyperbole for *sweetheart*. His acting raises many a smile in the course of the same tattle. "He seldom resorted where the Infanta was not, and is making exceeding haste in the matter of his marriage, overcoming each difficulty and objection that was placed before him, and acceding to all the just and pious terms demanded of him by his holiness and the king as requisite for the lasting bond of matrimony. To this end have been directed the diligent and watchful investigations of the gentlemen of the Council, who determined upon the seventeenth of July in favour of the celebration of the marriage, being unanimously assured that

it will be in God's good service and in that of the Christian faith; the more so inasmuch as the two ambassadors that we have in England report the vast number of Catholics that daily declare themselves, and the frequent administrations of the sacrament, together with the kindness with which they are received by the king, his ministers, and the nobility and commons in general. Certain it is, then, that the present will be even exceeded by the future, in view of which are being erected temples, churches, and oratories."

The prince's plans, however, were soon to undergo a secret though a sweeping change. On the twentieth of July his forthcoming marriage was publicly proclaimed; but before October was out, he returned to London a bachelor, and bent, it would appear, on remaining so. There is nothing to show that either he or Buckingham picked a quarrel with the Spaniards. The king continued to ply them with attentions. He had already presented Charles with an elephant, an ostrich, and five camels, all of which his guest had promptly despatched to England. He now gave him a *Venus* by Titian, and a *Virgin* by Correggio, "because his highness is a great appreciator of this art, and there was nothing of value among the Count of Villamediana's effects, which he did not carry away with him. The Duke of Olivares gave the Duke of Buckingham a summer curtain, richly embroidered, a fitting gift from such a nobleman; and Don Jaime Manuel de Cárdenas gave six horses to the gentlemen who waited on his highness; and the Admiral of Castile six more to the other gentlemen. The Marquis del Carpio gave



the prince a stallion and six mares of the Valenzuela de Córdoba breed ; and his highness ordered four thousand *reales* to be given to his groom."

Towards the close of October preparations were made at Santander for Charles' return voyage ; and fourteen ships of war were shortly ready, the largest of which, " like a prodigy or castle upon the water," was reserved for the prince and his immediate following. It was observed with satisfaction that although the two nations mingled freely, there was no brawling or unsheathing of weapons ; and on the Sunday before sailing a farewell banquet was held on board of Charles' own vessel. The tables, spread upon the poop, were loaded with sixteen hundred plates of victuals, divided into six courses, and the health was drunk of the kings of England and Spain, of Charles, and of poor little flouted María : for the farce of the betrothal was maintained to the very last. " They made a night of it," says the chronicler, shortly.

At the conclusion of the feast Charles took leave of the Spaniards, presenting them with silver salt-cellars, dishes, basins, pepper casters, and sugar bowls ; while the lackeys and soldiers were handsomely rewarded. But Philip went even further, bestowing, in addition to a similar assortment of silver plate, a couple of coaches, eleven pairs of mules, and a copious stock of provisions. He caused to be forwarded to the fleet four thousand fowls and pullets, two thousand pigeons, five hundred capons, a hundred sheep, two hundred kids, twelve cows, fifty calves, fifty barrels of olives, fifty cases of pickles, a hundred skins of wine, twelve skins of oil, and eight skins of vinegar.

So the ships sailed away, and with them the fickle lover of the poor little princess. For a while the Spanish court continued to watch the doings in Great Britain with eager interest. The prince's arrival in London, after a stormy voyage of eighteen days, is greeted with a joyous reference in Almansa's letter; and the king's preacher, Hernando de Salazar, was commanded to write a Latin inscription for a trophy to be erected on the spot where Philip and Charles bade each other what was to prove a last farewell. Explicit mention was made of *Carolus, serenissimus Waliæ Princeps, pactis cum serenissima Infante nuptiis*. But the marriage was not to be. On the eve of Saint Andrew there was tourneying in the Buen Retiro in honour of Charles' birthday; and this is the last good word that is said of him. Early in the summer of the following year "his majesty gave back the casket of jewels he had set apart for the Infanta's nuptials, to the English ambassador, who wrote to his king, relating what had happened." And in Almansa's next letter, "his majesty, justly incensed by the ungrateful and knavish conduct of the Prince of Wales, now King of England, has the whole of Spain under arms." Later in the same epistle is the finish of the whole affair. "In Germany the Emperor's son has taken the oath as king of Rome, whereupon there was proclaimed his marriage with our Infanta María; *which will be a little better than had she wedded him of Wales*." So Charles was no longer "his highness," but "he of Wales"; and directly the Infanta was betrothed elsewhere the Spaniards ceased to trouble themselves about him. Religious qualms were almost certainly his motive

for abandoning the match. But many historians, of the class which loves to season the maximum of ingenuity with the minimum of evidence, reject so commonplace a solution; and possibly they will prefer the following document, certainly no less astonishing than many of their own inventions. When and by whom it was written I am not at liberty to state; but its authenticity, in that it had, or has, an author, I am able to vouch for. It is titled:—

TWO ADVENTURES OF THE ENGLISH PRINCE.

In a front window of the Alcázar or royal palace of Madrid, sat a young and gallant gentleman, drumming with idle fingers on the gilded elbow of his chair. It was the hour of sunset; and his eye, travelling carelessly across the underlying gardens, and the historic park known as the Casa de Campo, fell on the bright champaign beyond, and the blue Sierra fading in the distance. Bathed in the golden light, the prospect was a beautiful and quieting one; but to Charles, Prince of Wales, it seemed to be neither beautiful nor tranquil. Now and again he fretfully twitched his pointed beard, or ran his fingers through his curled and perfumed hair; or else—a certain sign of anger in a high-born cavalier—let fall his hand upon the pommel of his sword, and stirred the weapon menacingly from its sheath.

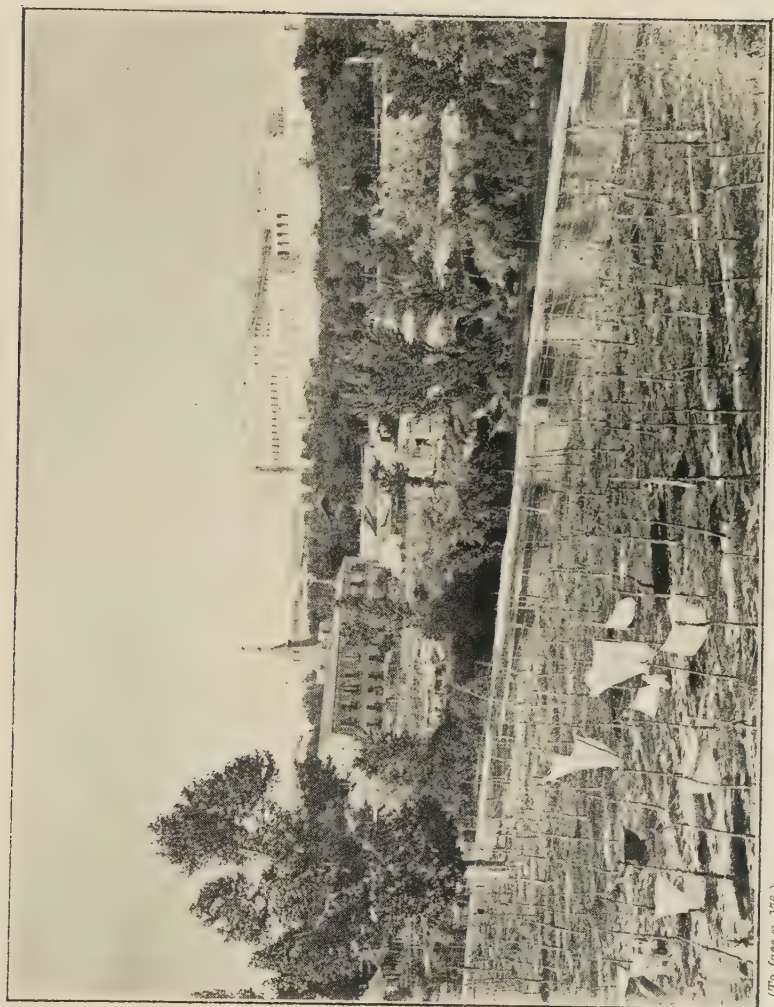
On the occasion now described, the cause of Charles' vexation was an incident familiar to every reader of history. At half-past four of the same afternoon, her royal highness the Infanta María, waking from her *siesta*, had kissed the queen, her

sister-in-law, on either cheek; and avoiding her ladies, who were busy with their tambours in an adjoining antechamber, passed out into the palace grounds to take a walk.

The young princess sang blithely as she went; for though the rigid etiquette of the House of Hapsburg and the irksome consciousness of her high position constrained her on occasion, she was naturally of a bright and gleeful temper; and as she moved with tripping step along the garden paths, carolling an ancient madrigal, she seemed to inspirit the flowers with new fragrance, and the birds with sweeter and redoubled song.

Presently she reached a dip in the garden wall, affording an outlook over the Vega; and here she paused. The humble occupations of the peasantry were fully visible. Drovers and their beasts traversed the highways that led into the country; labourers were delving the soil and making ready the arable for the autumn sowing; and women were washing linen in the scanty current of the Manzanares. As these latter knelt at their work, their bodies, viewed from the palace, seemed little bigger than so many ants upon the river bank; and yet the music of their speech and laughter floated clearly to where the princess stood. All this the lonely Infanta drank in eagerly; and as she watched the shadows of the clouds pursue each other over the undulating plain, she envied even them their freedom. Then, sighing faintly, she picked a bud from a rosebush that grew beside her, and had begun to pluck the petals thoughtfully apart, when in the midst of her meditations she became aware of a step





(To face p. 176.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE ROYAL PALACE AND THE MANZANARES,





upon the walk behind her, and turning in alarm, found herself confronted with the English suitor who had formally asked her hand in marriage.

The rules and precedents of Castilian custom are utterly opposed to such a violent mode of courtship; nor does a virtuous Spanish damsel ever admit her lover to a *tête-à-tête* where there is the slightest risk of an intrusion. The young Infanta's quick intelligence, therefore, aided by the elaborate drilling she had undergone in countless points of court behavior and the obligations of a virgin princess, at once induced her to suspect that her discovery in private conversation with a man would set the town agog with biting censure, and signify a positive and instant death to her fair fame.

"¡Ay, madre mia!" she exclaimed, her thoughts reverting at so perilous an instant to her lost protectress; "¡Ay, madre mia de mi alma!\*"—and flushed a deeper crimson than the rosebud she was holding.

Prince Charles' attitude was not unprepossessing; a fact of which the maiden, though much concerned about her own position, was not completely ignorant. He held his plumed hat in his right hand, waving it expressively towards and from his heart; and with his left made reassuring gestures. Either from nervousness, or else from the exertion of leaping the garden wall, his cheeks, as hers, were hotly flushed. This detail, too, was in his favour; and though his limbs were somewhat lean, the tailor's art had managed to drape a portion of the royal shanks with

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\* "Darling mother!"

suitable trunk hose; and he made, as he stood bowing, a very presentable picture.

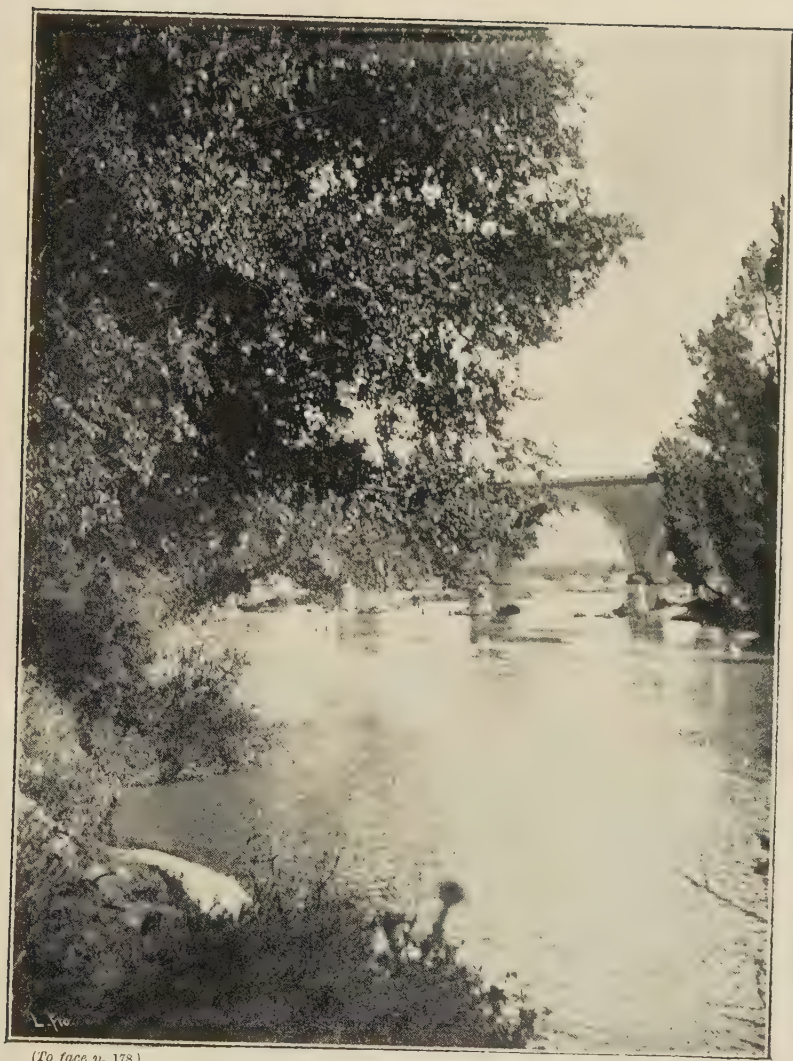
The Infanta turned to go, hesitated, relented, and faced her *pretendiente* for the second time, teasing with her taper fingers what was left of the rosebud.

The opportunity had arrived. A Castilian suitor would have made the most of it. Not so our English prince, who made a fatal move at the very outset. He advanced a step; the princess retreated another; and the fortress remained impregnable. Then, changing his tactics, Charles stood still and opened his lips to speak. But the boldness of a wooer who lacks a medium of interpreting his thoughts, can hardly be of long duration. The prince spoke little French; while, as to Spanish, the few sentences he had picked up in his midnight rambles with the Duke of Buckingham, he failed just now to recollect; and furthermore, the greater part of them would naturally be unsuited to the ears of any lady of unsullied character.

All this, together with his want of self-possession, hastened the catastrophe. Furious with himself, he bit his lip and stamped upon the path. "Curse," he cried, "if only she were English."

His angry tone frightened his *vis-à-vis*, whose patience began to flag. She had never in her life displayed such condescension; yet the favoured being, instead of falling on his knees to thank her, was gross and almost violent. What must she do?

An awkward moment followed—and no apology. The Infanta lifted her eyes very gravely to the



(To face p. 178.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

ON THE MANZANARES.





prince's face, bowed with deliberate stiffness, turned her back, and passed on. England had lost the day.

Buckingham was waiting by the other side of the wall. Although he believed himself to be a better intriguer in his own behalf than in another's, he had applied his wits with diligence to the present affair, and the copious hints and admonitions he had lavished on his patron satisfied him. For this reason he expected to be kept waiting at least an hour, and had already given a yawn or two and fallen to pricking some thistles with his rapier, when his comrade vaulted back and sulkily stood beside him. The courtier's instinct told him matters were awry, so he said nothing, but tacitly held the royal hat while his master wiped his reeking forehead and readjusted his tumbled ruff and doublet. For a while each avoided meeting the other's eye. "Steenie," exclaimed Charles at length, relieving his ire by a string of most unceremonious expletives, "this Spanish b—h detests me. Let us go home." So back to the palace they went.

Such was the memory that agitated Charles Stuart as he sat, a couple of hours later, in a front window of the Alcázar, gazing upon the very garden that had witnessed his discomfiture.

Time dragged on heavily and was doing little to console the royal malcontent, when a page entered and, making a deep obeisance, presented a letter. The prince took it and read as follows:—

"An aged countrywoman of his royal highness is sick and in distress. Will the high and mighty prince be pleased to send her an alms by the bearer of these words? If so, every blessing shall attend him."

But Charles was not in a charitable mood, so crumpling the paper disdainfully, he tossed it from him and bade the page begone. A few moments later, tired of watching the sun's rim sink, he strolled downstairs into the great courtyard. Here a number of gentlemen were sauntering to and fro, or gathered into little groups, conversing. However, his sullen look forbade the offer of companionship; so he emerged alone upon the space which afterwards was shaped into a handsome *plaza*, and threading the narrow streets that disembogued into its opposite extremity, drew near to the squalid district of the Arrabal de San Martín.

He was suffering his feet to bear him aimlessly along one after another of the mean *callejones*, when a poorly clad but graceful girl crossed his path, and turning her head, revealed an intensely pale face relieved by the darkest of dark eyes and crowned with a superb wealth of raven hair. Her form was slender and quite youthful, her walk alert and sprightly; but there was an antique air about her, notwithstanding; the dress she wore was manifestly that of other days; and even in the gathering dusk she contrasted very strangely with the passers-by.

"What a pretty wench," said Charles, half aloud; and giving the girl an impudent stare, he was about to blurt in Castilian a not over delicate compliment he had overheard in the Calle Mayor, when she glanced archly at him, and, without pausing in her rapid walk, replied in perfect English—"am I? Then follow me."

As soon as the prince could recover sufficiently

from his amazement, he called to her, but she was twenty yards away and paid no more attention; so he vowed to see the adventure to its finish, and stepped briskly after her. A pretty dance she led him; from one *manzana* of houses to another; out of the poor quarter where he had caught sight of her, into a decent district with better paved and broader streets; past a dozen churches and at least as many convents, and palaces with lofty walls adjoining, where a few sad trees, hanging their shock heads over the coping, seemed dismally to indicate the existence of a garden. Finally she passed beneath the portal of a great building that filled the whole of a deserted *plazuela*. The doorway was handsomely carved with intricate devices, and a couple of sculptured gryphons supported the entrance pillars; but the iron outer gates were half torn from their hinges, and the scutcheon was obliterated;—a detail Charles' eye, practised in heraldry, was keen to notice. Inside, the dark was almost absolute; but the prince made every effort to overtake the maiden; and pursuing eagerly was just aware of her tripping lightly down some stairs and slamming a ponderous door behind her.

As soon as he could follow for the gloom, Charles knocked impatiently and waited for the door to open. The hollow echo of his fist upon the panel was followed by the grating of a hinge, a draught of air rushed out, savouring of damp and funguses, and a thin voice piped, "my prince; enter and welcome." Stepping boldly forward, Charles found himself face to face with a very old woman, dirty and ragged beyond imagination. Her head posi-

tively grew into her chest with age; her white hair, matted into coarse strings, hung down in vixenish disorder; and her eyes, black and lucent as jet beads, lay far below the level of her shoulders, and seemed to peer from between her breasts like those of the monsters we read of in our ancient narratives of travel.

Such was the crone who admitted the heir apparent to the English throne to an apartment as fantastic as herself.

"Welcome," she repeated, as the door closed heavily behind her and she dragged a crazy bench towards her visitor; "welcome, my prince; be seated, and rest."

The thought of a pretty girl is a remedy for much unpleasantness. The magic of the young, fair, white face, and the words of invitation so temptingly uttered, were potent with our hero still; so he swallowed his repugnance for the fetid surroundings wherein he found himself; sat down; and looked about him.

The floor, paved with gigantic flags, sloped towards one corner; and a puddle of stagnant water, stirred at regular intervals by the drops that splashed from the ceiling, had gathered in the hollow. In another corner, where the paving was less wet, though not an inch was wholly free from moisture, a lighted wick was floating in a bowl of oil; and in the wretched flicker the juts of masonry shone like angry eyes. A few sticks of miserable furniture, rotted by the ooze, lay strewn about the floor; and a crock suspended by a hook completed the arrangement of the chamber.

What the habitation was, Charles knew not; but it seemed impossible for a human being to dwell there and not perish. For curiosity's sake he had visited dungeons, and foul ones, even for those cruel times, but never one like this. The mephitic atmosphere was intolerable; his gorge kept rising at it; every nerve in his body was dully aching; and his head whirled. His thoughts reverted to the terrible stories he had listened to when a lad, of captives choked to death in noisome subterranean vaults. He had himself witnessed an *auto-de-fe*, and forthwith he recalled what he had learned of the Inquisition. Fervid Catholics had not omitted to impress upon him the zeal and thoroughness of its procedure; but even the grisliest narratives of the dread tribunal seemed dwarfed and insignificant beside so hideous a reality as this. What was it?

As he busied himself with these confused and fearful speculations, the hag lifted the light from the floor, and holding it close to him peered long and curiously into his face.

"And so," she finally whimpered, "the poor old English gentlewoman is speaking with the king of England's son."

"How came you here," inquired Charles, assuming an air of unconcern; "and who are you?"

"Oho!" replied the old woman, "it is a long story; a long, long story. I came here a great many years ago. I was rich then. An ambassador was my friend. He looked after me well. He gave me fine clothes, and carriages and horses, and running footmen; and at the public *fiestas* I sat



beside him on his balcony. They said there was no hair so black as mine in all Madrid. Kings have made love to me, and an emperor has knelt and kissed my shoe. Welladay," she continued, dropping her voice to a low whine, "how long ago it was; how long ago! I was rich then: now I am poor. But never mind. I sent to my prince this afternoon to ask him for a crust in charity's name, and he has come himself to help me." Hereupon she touched his hand with lean fingers that seemed to have sucked in all the chill moisture from the walls of her lodging.

"What you are speaking of," protested Charles, "I know not; but I was invited hither by a very pretty maiden. Where is she?"

"Here," replied the beldame, tapping herself upon the breast and leering at him horribly.

"Away with jesting," cried the prince, disgusted; "tell me the truth, and I will help you."

"Jesting!" resumed the harridan, "I jesting! O dear! O dear! How long it is since I have jested"; and her old sides wheezed with sepulchral laughter.

"I vow I will not help you," proceeded the prince, "unless you let me speak with her—with your granddaughter, if such, as I suppose, she be."

"My granddaughter!" echoed the old woman; "my granddaughter! I a grandmother at two and twenty years! Look at me. *It is myself!*" And she gave him another look of corpselike fascination.

"Let me go," said Charles, apprehensively, "I do not understand you. You are mad."

He rose and made a step towards the door; but the hag clutched his arm and thrust him back as easily as one might a babe.

"The door will not open," she chuckled, "even for a prince. But never mind. O never mind. I can forgive. I live on charity. My wants are few. Will you not help me?"

"Help you!" retorted Charles, trying to raise his voice above a thick and painful whisper, "help you! I'll spit you;" and he fumbled for his sword.

"Not yet," the harridan returned; "not yet, my prince. Steel cannot harm me, nor even fire. Thrice they tried to burn me at the Cruz Verde; but the fire would not lap. And so you will not help me?"

She rose and opened the door, and the air from the corridor and street blew freshly in. "Farewell, my prince," she said; "but before you go," she added coaxingly, "you will at least taste this *Lágrima* wine,—*the wine of tears*." And she offered him a goblet.

Charles would gladly have refused; but a look in the witch's eyes compelled him. He took the vessel and drank. The sweet and cloying taste of the liquor oppressed him from the outset, and a cloud of visions fumed into his brain. At first he reeled, and clung with both hands to the bench; but presently a numbing stupor seized him, and he only knew himself to be sitting rigidly, bolt upright.

"Charles Stuart," pursued the beldame, changing her appealing whines to a violent and authoritative tone; "I sent for you to tell your fortune. Here it is. Watch."

The potion strengthened its hold upon him. He could not speak or stir; but his eyes and ears were open and perceptive, and a thousand doings of his indolent life sped rapidly before them. One misspent hour after another brought him its portion of remorse. More than one pale woman came and gazed rebukingly into his face, and faded away, weeping. He heard himself addressed with gross familiarity by menials and parasites, gamesters and pothouse companions, and rufflers of his father's army. He recognized with shame obscene carousals among assassins and highwaymen, players and prostitutes, and rogues and miscreants of every order and degree; and the thought that a gentleman of exalted lineage had stooped so low reproached him bitterly. He would have given his heirdom to the crown to weep or laugh; but laughter and tears were locked within him. And yet his conscience remained unshackled.

"Charles Stuart," persisted his torturer, "you are a selfish young man. Will you help me now?"

The prince would joyfully have given her all the gold he had about him, but his hands stuck powerless to his side, and his tongue was stiff and dry. Not a word could he utter; and the torment proceeded.

The former visions rolled away, and an open place broke clearly into view. Charles knew it well. It was Whitehall; a bright sun reflecting from the palace windows. A couple of troops of cavalry, in sober uniforms quite new to him, were posted round the sides of the square, and the middle was occupied by a guard of halberdiers, several companies of other

infantry, and a tall and almost vacant platform draped with black. There was no mistaking the scene. It was an execution.

Five men were upon the scaffold, besides two officers with drawn swords. The headsman and his helper, closely masked, stood by the block, the former resting his foot upon it and nonchalantly fingering the axe. A short way off, accompanied by two persons—a bishop and a layman—stood his intended victim. Charles could not recognize the doomed man's features, for his back was turned; but he saw him fit a cap upon his head and gather his curls beneath it; and the smooth locks, as they glittered in the broad sunshine, seemed just as auburn as his own.

The fatal moment was evidently near. The victim unbuckled his rich cloak, and delivering it to the bishop, who received and folded it with bowed head, knelt down. A stir like that which billows across a cornfield when the ears are shaken by a gust, ran through both troops and populace. The prelate, addressing the kneeler with a solemn gesture, moved his lips in prayer. The other attendant turned away and buried his face in his hands, trembling in every limb. The headsman swung the axe. The calmest of all was the victim, who never made a movement till the bishop had finished speaking, when he stretched forth his hands, rapidly but firmly. . . . .

Suddenly a scarlet handkerchief dropped from the edge of the scaffold. Scores of people pushed forward, struggling to secure the relic; but as they fought and jostled, the vision began to fade. The

swaying of the multitude grew fainter and fainter; horsemen and halberdiers sank into shadows and vanished altogether; bishop, and headsman, and headsman's assistant—the ghastly pageant passed away completely. Only the handkerchief remained upon the pavement of the chamber.

“Take it,” said the hag, clutching his hand and drawing him towards it, “keep it; remember it. *It is your own.*”

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“Pardie!” cried Charles, “what an accursed nightmare!” He was proceeding to rub his eyes and stretch, when he spied an object on his knee. He found it to be his own handkerchief, daintily embroidered with his name beneath a crown in gold and silver thread, and hemmed with costliest lace.

Yet he recoiled with horror. For it was soaked with new-shed blood, still tepid, and dripping ominously upon the floor.

“May it please your royal highness,” said a chamberlain, entering the gloom, “the table is spread. His majesty and milord of Buckingham are waiting on the stairs.”

But though the Infanta, struck with the pallid beauty of his features, looked more kindly at him, the prince had neither appetite nor spirits. The warmest professions of the young King Philip failed to excite his interest or evoke his answer; and all the endless round of delicacies went from the royal visitor untasted.



## CHAPTER V.

## MADRID UNDER THE EARLIER BOURBONS.

**T**HE history of sixteenth and seventeenth century Madrid is one of great men of letters and great errors; the history of eighteenth century Madrid, of trifles merely. A French dynasty introduced a code of customs feebly imitating Versailles. The dark and desperate intrigues of the preceding reigns gave place to frivolous flirtation conducted in the French manner; the formidable rapier of the "cloak and sword" generations to the Lilliputian *espadín*. The giants of Castilian literature were succeeded by poetasters whose names have passed into complete oblivion. So with crowned heads. Charles the Second was at least an imbecile. But what was Philip the Fifth? A nonentity.

The country, in a word, had peace; and therefore, in pursuing our glimpse of the development of its capital, I have no alternative but to compose a small beer chronicle of those uneventful years.

Perhaps we should do better to pay more heed to trifles than is our wont; for history, when we view it through the microscope, is mainly built of them. Pepys' only claim to glory consists in his having exhausted his life in doing nothing but

record the nothings he did. Prince Hal's teasing of Falstaff, Prince Hamlet's of Polonius, are yet provocative of laughter. The deportment of the regent, which won for him so devoted a disciple and panegyrist in Mr. Turveydrop, is almost all we can remember of the royal personage; as are the anecdotes of the apple dumplings and the tuning of the orchestra in the case of his august parent; while the biographer of Pedro the Cruel of Spain is careful to mention that while the kingly brains were concocting a murder, the kingly fingers were fiddling with the backgammon board.

Not long ago I lighted upon a number of volumes of a newspaper, the *Diario de Madrid*, for 1786 and the succeeding years. Morning after morning, four pages, small quarto, of readable matter. The saints of the day; a paragraph of astronomical and meteorological notices; a leading article (non-political); sometimes a second article (also non-political); a section of local news, beginning with an announcement of the sermons at the various churches, and ending with *noticias sueltas*, that is, scraps of intelligence such as "lost and found," advertisements, and theatres and bullfights.

When the *Diario's* introductory number was issued, the peaceful life the little news-sheet makes bold to chronicle had been in progress for the greater part of a century. Philip the Fifth, the nonentity, had been succeeded by Ferdinand the Sixth, an amiable, music-loving monarch; a valetudinarian whose memory is slight, but creditable: and now the land was ruled by Charles the Third, in spite of his ridiculous and ruinous anglophobia the best

king modern Spain can boast of. He took his people in hand, in the same spirit as a father of the old school preparing to switch his youngsters, making them, at least in outward appearance, orderly, and virtuous, and clean; so that the *Diario* has occasion to allude to him with peculiar complacency.

"With the approval of his majesty" a notice was posted about the town in March of 1787, relating to the chairs which stood for public hire; four in the Puerta del Sol, two at the Puerta de Guadalajara, and one apiece at the Cuatro Calles, and the Plazas del Angel, San Luis, Anton Martín, Santa Cruz, and Santo Domingo. The passers-by might not "insult by word or deed" the chairmen or their fares. The latter, again, were not to throw the bearers out of step by twisting and turning in their seat; nor were colliers or oilmen allowed as passengers; and the chairmen were not to drink more than was seemly, or solicit tips.

There was ample excuse for these and other ordinances intended to improve the capital of Spain. Even in 1745 Madrid was still the squalidest of cities, wretchedly lighted and paved. At only a few of the street corners a flickering lamp swung over an image of Christ or of the Virgin. Drainage there was none, all refuse being shot into the middle of the road, where it oozed and trickled in stinking runnels, and thickened in stinking patches. The hackney coaches were six in number. Their name, which has descended to the present time, was *simones*, from Simon Gonzalez, who held from Ferdinand the Sixth the exclusive privilege of

working them; and their stand was in the Calle Carretas.

Besides reforming the chair-service, Charles caused the streets to be swept twice a week, much to the disgust of the citizens, of whom their sovereign complained that they "resemble infants, howling when they are washed." \* A further proclamation of April 30th, 1787, increased the number of street-ablutions to two a day, at seven of the morning and six of the afternoon. The sweeping, on account of the dust, was to be at sunrise, and nobody was to shake clothes or matting from the windows and balconies, under penalty of a fine of six ducats. Householders, too, were commanded to light a lamp in their doorways; and in the same year, also by the King's orders, a register was made of the inhabitants, which showed their total to be 147,543, of whom 2,646 were friars and nuns.

The *Diario* contains some queer advertisements:—

"The true portrait of a strange animal captured by two Armenians in Arabia Petræa, between Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, near the city of Petra, or Herache. Is of the bigness of a large sheep: has a body with two heads, the one of a sheep, the other of a tiger: two tiger's legs and three paws, two of a sheep, and the other, which is shorter, of a tiger. On one side it is shaped like a sheep, with short wool and black, square spots; and on the other side like a tiger, with short hair, striped; and its colour is dark yellow. With the tiger's head it eats flesh or any other food, but with the sheep's head it only drinks water, and that of the clearest. The said animal is hermaphrodite. It (*sic*) is sold with full description at Esparga's library in the Puerta del Sol, and in the Glass Exchange, Plaza del Angel."

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\* Rodríguez-Solís. *Majas, Manolas, y Chulas*. p. 13.

Probably it is a common belief that the neat little contrivances which cyclists and pedestrians make use of to measure the extent of their journeys, are quite of our own time. The following proves the contrary:—

“In the Red de San Luis, at the shop of the Señores Lexendre, are sold the instruments known as odometers and pedometers, explained in nos. 95 and 96 of the *Diario*. They are for carriages, to measure distances, and are carried in the pocket like a watch. Whereof the public is notified in case it should desire to avail itself of so useful an invention.”

The articles referred to give a learned notice of the instruments in question, citing, together with other authorities, Vitruvius, Fernel, Riccioli, and Leupold.

Among the literary announcements is the following:—

“Collection of select novels, by the best of Spanish wits. Novel no. 3. The Two Suns of Toledo, *written without the letter A*, by D. Isidro de Robles, of Madrid. Will be found, together with the preceding works, in Castillo's library, opposite San Felipe, and at Cerro's stall, Calle Alcalá. Price two *reales* per copy.”

Another advertisement, rather more artistic:—

“A group of white Carrara marble, representing a horse upon a pedestal, galloping at full speed, with Time mounted upon him, and on the top of Time a woman with a sun in her hand. At the corners of the pedestal are four allegorical figures in different attitudes. The sculptor is the celebrated Michael Angel Buonarota (*sic*). The work is valued at sixty-two thousands of *reales*, but a reduction will be made. Calle Barquillo, no. 2; from four in the afternoon onwards.”

Sometimes the advertisements take the form of notices of forthcoming spectacles. Week by week



the bull-fights are announced with all particulars; and surely a British bosom must swell with pride to learn that

"At the accustomed spot in the Calle Madera Alta, a fight will take place between English cocks, both with spurs and without."

"Servants want places." Here we gather that nearly all the domestics of those days, or at least the superior class of them, were of the male sex. The occasional exception is in favour of the house-keepers:—

"A widow, of *from twenty-six to twenty-eight years of age*," (apparently the coy creature prefers to keep her victim in suspense) "desires situation with a lady or a *single* (i.e. solitary) gentleman. Understands ironing, sewing, cooking, and other domestic matters."

The male domestic is even more of a paragon than the female:—

"A servant, twenty-four years of age, seeks situation. Besides being proficient in the preparation of documents and accounts, he speaks and writes French and Spanish fluently and with correct spelling. Knows a little Italian. Is also able to dress hair, shave, and understands a little surgery."

The "Lost and Found" (more often the former) discloses that the *Madrileños* were remiss enough in safeguarding their property. Watches, miniatures, and snuffboxes were the articles most commonly advertised for; but the daily list includes, as well, a great variety of swords and clothing, together with livestock such as asses and mules, and even infants and weak-witted human adults. The constant entreaty that the "lost, stolen, or strayed" be restored "under secrecy of the confessional," shows that pilfering was rampant. Sometimes the fact of the

theft is prudently toned down: in other instances we read as follows:—

“ROBBERY.”

“From a certain house in this city has been abstracted a pair of gold and diamond pendants, with two fine pearls, each pendant having one diamond and one fine pearl. If they were taken from necessity, they may be restored *bajo sígilo de confesión* to the head sacristan of San Luis, who will bestow a liberal alms.”

The remaining sections of the paper are absorbed by essays, anecdotes, correspondence, general news, and notes on medicine or art. The *Diario* for Saturday, December 9th, 1786, describes the completion, on a royal birthday, of the fountain in the Prado which represents Neptune and his sea horses, still a conspicuous feature of that pleasant promenade, and designed by the celebrated Ventura Rodríguez. Sometimes a cart-load of putrid fish would be destroyed by the executioner in the Plaza Mayor. On Saturday, Sept. 29th, and on the following day, the Woman's Rights question is tackled. “Women,” opines the writer, “ought to sew and not to study. True is this, but then, how many authors are there who should plough a field or cobble shoes, instead of writing?”

A “Cure for Consumption,” devised by Dr. Matthew Salvadori, “of the Tyrol,” consists in making the patient consume himself by violent exercise every morning, afternoon, and evening, and then depositing him before a roaring fire; after which he is to eat whatever and as much as he pleases. The sweat into which he must be thrown “may be produced, not only by moving from place

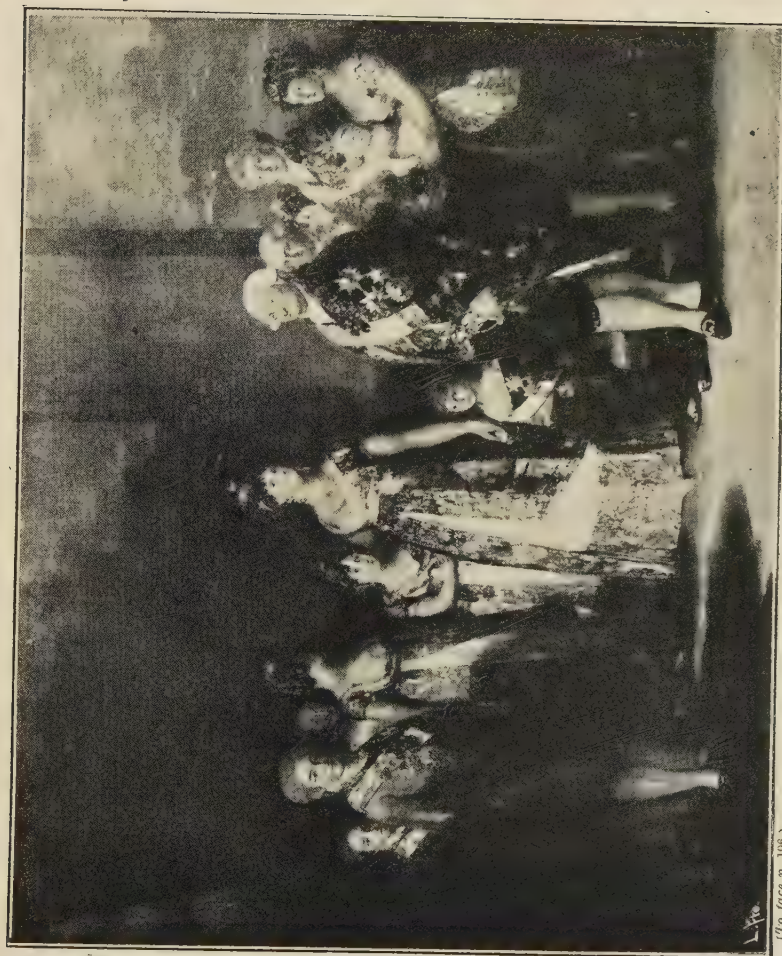
to place, running, and mounting or descending stairs, but also by other gymnastics, such as dancing, leaping, playing at billiards, ball, battledoor and shuttlecock, fencing, hunting, and so forth: always ending in the patient's being set before the fire, in order to provoke the depurative and excremental sweating, and to prevent the perspiration which has already exuded from reëntering the system."

In the course of these columns we get an occasional glimpse of the doings of royalty. "On the twenty-fifth of this month, his excellency the Count of Floridablanca offered their majesties and serene highnesses a theatrical entertainment in the Casa de las Vacas, near Aranjuez. There was a *zarzuela* entitled *The Barber of Seville*, preceded by a *loa* written by Ramón de la Cruz. This performance, played by various actors of the two Madrid companies, deserved the approval of their royal highnesses: and after the royal personages and their suite had dined at separate tables, the former were pleased to permit all the actors to kiss their hand, showing, by the honour thus conferred, their satisfaction at the players' efforts."

Here is M. Turin's invaluable device for keeping a damaged ship afloat. "The ship is to carry a hundred leathern bladders. . . . These bladders, exhausted of air, doubled, and piled one over another, occupy but little space, and give no trouble at all. When the vessel is in peril of submerging, let every soldier\* take a bladder and fill it with air; which is

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\* The contrivance appears to have been designed for ships of war and transports only.



(Do face p. 100.)

(From the painting by Goya.)

CHARLES THE FOURTH AND HIS FAMILY.





soon accomplished. The inflated bladders are to be distributed throughout the ship. . . . In this manner I fail to see how any vessel can sink."

In Vol. II., no. 29, is a graphic account of an

"EXTRAORDINARY STRUGGLE BETWEEN A DOUGHTY CATALAN  
AND A SAVAGE BEAR OF THE PYRENEES."

"A league and a half from Puigcerdá, in the principality of Cataluña, and within the kingdom of Spain, a shepherd, some little while ago, happened to be tending his flock upon the Pyrenees Mountains; and observing a bear entering a cave not far from where he was, thought to amuse himself by baiting the animal with his dogs. He led them to the cave, but so fierce and cunning was the bear, that freeing itself from the dogs, it threw itself upon the shepherd, who found himself compelled to struggle with it hand to hand. While they were grappling in this manner, he bethought himself of a large knife he carried in his girdle, and grasping the bear's neck and pressing its head upon its shoulder so that it should not bite him, and screening his own head behind the bear's ears, he contrived to pull out the knife, and struck two blows which seemed to do the brute no harm. He then stabbed it in the ribs, but was unable to drag out the knife; and thereupon the bear threw the shepherd, who notwithstanding never released his hold upon its neck. In this manner they rolled over and over some twenty paces upon the sloping ground, until at last the man was able to free himself from the beast, which continued to struggle and roll until it died. The shepherd had received a number of wounds; but the surgeons who examined them discovered that none was mortal."

Elsewhere is a privilege in writing, conceded by Alonso the Fifth of Aragón, while at Naples, to his jester, Mossen Borra:—

"Don Alonso, by the grace of God, King of Aragón and of Sicily, of Valencia, of Jerusalem, of Hungary, of Mallorca, of Sardinia, of Corsica, Count of Barcelona, Duke of Athens and Neopatria, and also Count of Rosellon and Cerdaña. Inasmuch

as the deserts of thyself, our magnificent, noble, and dearly-beloved Mossen Borra, Gentleman, together with thy jocund wisdom that is the delight of humankind, require that Our Majesty that so esteems thee, do concern itself in the preservation of thy health (whereon depends the merriment of men), and more especially from having solemnly promised the city of Barcelona that neither here nor upon the journey shalt thou perish, but thither return alive, whether God will or no : and inasmuch as, while the life of man is sustained with food and drink, thou art deprived almost entirely of the first of these from having lost thy teeth, so that thou art scarcely able to eat, but hast returned to the condition of an infant, which is also toothless—our *maternal* forethought resolves that like an infant thou be sustained with drink alone ; and from thy inability to relish milk of other kinds, it is convenient that thou nourish thyself with wine, which, when it be good, is titled *old men's milk*, seeing that it lengthens their lives exceedingly. In view whereof, and by these presents, we concede to thee, the noble Mossen Borra aforesaid, and in this our Court, full leave and license during the whole remainder of thy life, and without incurring any chastisement whatsoever, to drink and quaff, once, many times, and times without number, and even more times than are good for thee, by night and day alike, in any spot and at every hour, wherever and whenever thou mayest be so minded, and even if not athirst, all kinds of wine, be they sweet wines of Greece and Italy, Malvasia (Malvoisie), Tirotonica, Montonasi, Bonacia, Guarnatzia, wines of Calabria and Santo Nacheto, Resas, Marnano, Noseja, Masitea, muscatel of Fanello de Terracina, of Pilo, of Falso Amico Amabili, of Man-jacentobono, of Eti and Fiano, of Moscato de Clayrano and of Madramaña : wines of Coca, Yepes, Ocaña, of San Martín de Valde Iglesias, of Toro, of Las Lomas de Madrid, and also of Cariñena, or even those which are known as Clareya and Procas : or any other kind of wine whatsoever, provided it be not bitter, nor mixed with water, nor of any other kind that the Creator of all things (wine included) was Himself reluctant to taste ; but pure, and of those which thy drinking-comrades hold to be excellent—and full well thou knowest which they be. And in order that thou, the aforesaid Mossen Borra, mayest avail thyself more freely of this our grace, we give and confer upon

thee full prerogative to constitute one or more agents or substitutes for thyself, that shall, in thy name and in thy behalf, whensoever thou weary of drinking—the which we apprehend will seldom befall—swallow, drain, and drink in proper manner the excellent wines aforesaid. And by these letters we command our Head Cellarer, and every other of our cellarers, besides our wine-porters, cooks, scullions, and each and every of our other servants that have aught to do with wine—that one and all, on penalty of a fine of two thousand florins—whereof thou hast the power of pardoning but one thousand—and of loss of office and wine, do, upon the mere beholding of these presents, afford thee to taste, or, if thou wilt, to drink, all wines thou mayest desire; and, forasmuch as by not doing so they shall contract these penalties, therefore let them take heed to aid thee by word, and work, and opportune assistance. In testimony whereof we command these presents to be despatched with all our seals. Given out at Castellново de Nápoles, the thirty-first of December, in the Year of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 1446. We, the King, Don Alonso. Witnessed by the Head Cellarer. Our Lord the King commanded that I, Francisco Martorell, should write it.”

When Ferdinand the Catholic was stabbed by a madman at Barcelona, a surgeon discovered a new and startling remedy:—

“After probing the wound, the Court surgeons in ordinary seemed to have left some hair in it, and the king grew daily worse: whereupon a certain famous surgeon resolved to dress and clean the hurt, and sending for some ants, laid them upon it, head downwards. As they bit, he cut their bodies off, the heads remaining, and in this manner, with a score of ants inside it, he dressed the wound, and in half a day it closed, and presently healed. All this while the queen displayed a mighty courage and prudence, and bravely stood near and saw to what was needful: after which she withdrew and, womanlike, burst into tears, leaving nature to finish its work.”

The following is an ingenious “Account of what befell a French soldier named Richart, of the infantry regiment of Chartres, in garrison at Brest”:—

"One Sunday, while Richart was at church, attending mass with the rest of his company, he drew from his pocket, instead of a pious book, a pack of cards, and to the astonishment of the onlookers laid it before him with as grave an air as though it were a missal. His sergeant, who was at his side, bade him put away the cards, reprimanding him for so scandalous an action. Richart heard the reprimand in silence, and with a devout and pensive mien continued to fix his eyes upon the cards. When mass was over, the sergeant sent for him and led him before the major, to whom he related the soldier's misbehavior. The officer angrily rebuked the culprit, who replied with the utmost calmness—'Should you care, sir, to listen to me, I am able to justify my conduct'; and upon the major's growing curious and giving him permission, continued as follows: 'Sir; since our pay is barely sufficient to sustain us, it should cause no wonder that most of us are unable to possess a book. Objects are evil according to the use that is made of them'; and taking out his pack of cards, 'sir'; he resumed, 'you shall observe how these cards serve me for the prayer book which my scanty means will not allow me to purchase': whereupon, beginning with the ace, he said: 'When I regard this ace, I am reminded of an only God, Creator of all things; a two suggests to me the Old and New Testaments; a three the Holy Trinity; a four, the four evangelists; a five signifies the five prudent virgins who preceded the Bridegroom with their lamps lighted, and whom the Bridegroom commanded to follow into the feasting-room at the same time that he excluded the five foolish virgins for having their lamps unlighted. Whenever I see a six, I reflect that God created the world in six days; a seven, that upon the seventh He rested, and that we should follow His example and spend His sacred day in prayer and virtuous works; an eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were rescued from the Deluge—that is, Noah, his wife, three sons, and daughters-in-law; a nine, of the healing of the nine lepers (ten they were, but one alone gave thanks unto the Saviour, the remainder proving ungrateful); and ten, the ten Commandments of God's Law.' When the soldier had thus run over the pip cards and reached the knave, he passed this latter by, and showing the queen continued: 'this lady suggests to me the queen of Sheba, who



made so long a journey to meet the great King Solomon and marvel at his wisdom ; and the king, the Monarch of Heaven and Earth, whom I should faithfully serve.' 'Well and good,' exclaimed the major, 'but why have you omitted to mention the knave?' 'I will tell you,' returned Richart, 'if you promise me your pardon.' 'Upon my word,' said the officer, 'I pardon you.' 'Then,' cried the soldier, discovering the knave, 'this is the biggest rascal in the world, namely, the sergeant who has brought me here,' adding, 'Besides what I said before, I find in the fifty-two cards which make the pack, three hundred and sixty-five pips, which represent the number of days in the year, while two and fifty are the number of weeks. The twelve picture cards stand for the twelve months, or, if you will, the twelve apostles ; wherefore, in case of need, the pack of cards serves me for Bible, both Old Testament and New, for prayer book, for catechism, for almanac, and for my recreation.' The major, delighted with so adroit a sally, forgave the soldier, and presented him with four louis to buy religious books."

But the weightiest article of all relates to no less momentous a matter than flogging. "*La letra*," says the Spanish proverb, "*con sangre entra*" ("learning penetrates by blood-letting"), or as Britons aver, "spare the rod and spoil the child." Refractory youth, therefore, *must* be whipped in some way ; and a humane contributor discusses the French and Spanish styles of flagellation. "When I was a schoolboy," he observes, "I suffered whippings *á la española* as well as whippings *á la francesa*. Let me describe the two methods in detail, and you will realize how superior the French system is to the Spanish:—

"The French is as follows. A robust lad, suiting to the proportions of the one that is to be whipped, is made to sit upon a stout and strong-backed chair. Behind the chair stands the patient, with his breeches lowered and his arms thrown over the shoulder of him that is seated, who catches them by the wrist and



holds them to his breast. The master lifts the tail of the victim's shirt with his left hand, and whips him *horizontally* (that is, describing with the lash a horizontal semicircle). I should add that the instrument I have seen employed in France, and even to my grievous bodily pain experienced, consists of a stick about half a yard in length, or a little over; from which hang fifteen or sixteen lashes of what is known as whipcord, with Franciscan knots; and each lash is a little longer than the handle. Now let us consider the Spanish method. The culprit is stationed behind a lad, over whose shoulder he casts his arms, and this other secures them by the wrists against his breast. Another lad seizes him by the legs, lifts them, and holds them under his armpits; and yet another is needed to raise his shirt while the master whips in a vertical semicircle. (I will not describe the process in detail, on account of its being so familiar to us.) Now, therefore, that we have instanced a boy made ready to receive the chastisement in the Spanish, and another in the French method, let us compare the two. The Spanish affords us the spectacle of a youth stretched face downwards, with his legs and arms asprawl; which is the posture of a brute, and not of a rational creature. But the French method conserves the patient in a vertical and natural attitude, just as a man maintains himself, and not a beast. It seems to me that no further rhetoric or logic is required to demonstrate the greater value of the French, inasmuch as the Spanish throws the patient into the most *uncomfortable* of positions, since he finds no point of rest save in his extremities, whereby his whole weight is thrown upon his middle, and his spine is strained. Moreover, the very weight of his body tends to contract his extremities, which, meeting the resistance opposed by the two assistants in order to sustain the victim *in statu quo*, cause these to suffer also. Behold, then, our Spanish patient pained about his legs, arms, spine, and all his person. Now, in the French method we discover the contrary to be the case, for the patient, retaining his natural and unconstrained position, *enjoys all possible comfort*. The Spanish method demands three operators; the French but one. The Spanish operators suffer and toil exceedingly, through the super-incumbence of a weight that drags them down, and leaves them but two points at which to concentrate their energy. The

French operator is completely at ease, seated, without any incubus, and with six points of support ; to wit, the four legs of the chair, and his own two. Clearly he is more comfortable than the Spaniard. Again, the Spanish attitude is unseemly, and perhaps all three participants are tumbled over and over, greatly to the patient's disadvantage ; or, at the least, he seriously impedes the operators with his jerking to and fro, causing them to resemble carpenters sawing wood ; but our French operator is like an ambassador riding in his coach, with the patient for his lackey."

This was the age of the *majos* and *majas*, parents of the *manolos* and *manolas*, and grandparents of the modern *chulos* and *chulas*. The *majo* and *maja* were peculiar to Madrid, and flourished during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. The *maja* was a female of the lower class, living, as a rule, about the slums of Lavapies and Maravillas, and distinguished by her passion for frivolity and finery. The *majo* was her counterpart of the other sex. But it is the *maja* who summons our chief attention. Her name appears to be derived from the *Maia* of the Romans, and consequently from the custom of the May pole and May queen. She was commonly supposed to pursue some serious occupation. But her thoughts ran chiefly on dancing, dressing, flirting, and watching bullfights. Her costume on festive occasions included a rich satin skirt, adorned with jet trimmings. Her stockings were of silk, her shoes of velvet, the graceful *mantilla* crowned her head, and the glossy tresses of her hair were secured with a gay-coloured ribbon.

A great deal has been recorded about the sayings and doings and personal appearance of the *maja* ; her ostensible contempt for the male sex, and actual

contempt for the educated classes; the sums she squandered on dress and jewels; and her boundless impudence and brazen repartees. She is very frequently regarded as a national type, or at least as a pure type of the *Madrileña*. But it is probable that she was partly French; for we must not forget that at the time she sprang into being, Madrid was ruled by a French dynasty, and liable to be influenced by French caprices.

The morals of the *maja* have found among Spanish writers a good many champions, yearning to uphold their countrywomen. But however profoundly the *maja* may have despised the *usías*, or well to do, she made no scruple to ape their fine costume. Indeed, her silks and jewels vied with those of the great ladies; but what did she buy them with? For the most zealous of her defenders can hardly contend that her exertions at a butcher's or greengrocer's stall, or in some factory or workshop, would furnish her with money to buy a costly lace *mantilla*, or a pair of earrings with brilliants as large as peas. But in any case the *maja* is an interesting figure, and as we contemplate her on Goya's glowing canvas, we seem to hear the rustle of her satin skirt, and her merciless discomfiture of the dandyish *petimetres* who followed lasciviously in her wake.

The *maja* proper degenerated into the *manola* of the opening of the nineteenth century; and the *manola* into the *chula*, of whom more hereafter. Similarly, the *majo* became the *manolo*, and the *manolo* the *chulo*.

The origin of the words *manolo* and *manola* is doubtful. Some authorities derive them from the Campillo de Manuela, situated in the *barrio* of


Lavapies, and once upon a time a favourite haunt of the young bloods and beauties of Madrid. The *manolo's* costume was a white shirt with an ample cravat, knee breeches, a broad sash round his middle, and a kind of sleeveless cape—not the historic *capa*—called the *capote de mangas*. His shoes had silver buckles, his hair was gathered into the little net that was then fashionable; and his whiskers were trimmed to the mutton chop form. Yet the *manolos*, despite their extravagant attire, were merely workingmen, divisible into two classes, *chisperos* and *curtidores*. If a *chispero* ("sparker"), the *manolo* was probably a smith; if a *curtidor*, a tanner or slaughterer.

The *manola* retained some of the characteristics of the *maja*, being, like her prototype, haughty, impudent, and quarrelsome. But something of the old splendor—or what had passed for splendor—began to lack. The diamonds in her ears seemed smaller or unreal; her dress more tawdry. And in an unlucky moment the *manolo* and *manola* contributed, by their boundless ignorance and credulity, to do their native land a very lasting mischief; for dominated by the priests they took up arms in defence of Ferdinand, and strove in behalf of the French invader against the truest and noblest of their countrymen.

The Madrid *chula* of the present day, although a poor creature, is, notwithstanding, the obvious successor of the *maja* and *manola*, and so demands some share of our attention. She must, however, be noticed in the chapter relative to her century; and therefore it is fully time for me to close these nugatory paragraphs.

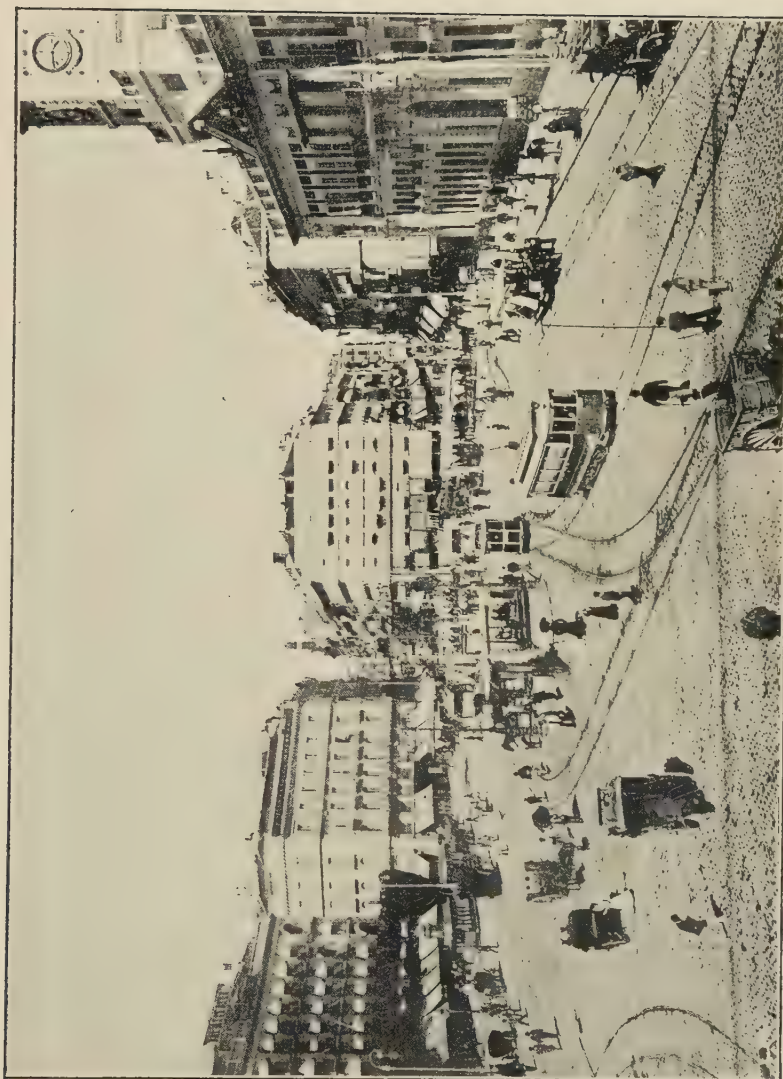
## CHAPTER VI.

## NEW MADRID.

RADITION says that towards the end of the thirteenth century, the city wall extended in the direction of the present Calle Carretas and Calle de la Montera; and that in the wall, just at the spot where subsequently stood the famous fountain of the "Mariblanca," was a small gateway. This was the Puerta del Sol, or *Gate of the Sun*. It faced what is at present the entrance to the Carrera de San Gerónimo; and a rough and broken roadway led from it to the Convent of Hieronymites and the hermitages of Atocha and San Juan. Except for these and a couple of scanty olive groves, the ground without the Puerta was entirely desert.

However, Juan López de Hoyos, who may justly be denominated the Herodotus of Madrid annal-writing, declares that the origin of the Puerta del Sol was of a different character. "'T was so called for two reasons. It faces the east, and when the sun rises it seems to illumine and cast its rays about that spot. This is the first reason. And during the disturbances known as those of the Communities, the people, in order to protect their dwellings from the robbers and *Comuneros*, dug a ditch round all this portion of the city, and built a castle, over the





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THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

(From a photograph by Morrison, Madrid.)



door of which they graved a sun ; and this door was the common entrance to Madrid. This is the second reason. And when our invincible emperor, Charles the Fifth, had pacified the kingdom and the whole of his dominions, the castle and gateway were destroyed to broaden and disencumber so principal an exit."

But it was not until a considerably later date that the Puerta del Sol became the very core of the city. Until the sixteenth century the centre of Madrid was round about the Plaza de San Salvador, now the Plaza de la Villa ; and even during the reign of Philip the Fourth we have remarked that the busiest thoroughfare was the Calle Mayor, between the Alcázar and the Gradas de San Felipe.

It was about the year 1720 when the Puerta del Sol began to attain its present dimensions and importance. One of its sides was already occupied by the church of the Buen Suceso, rebuilt by Charles the Fifth in 1529, and which had once been attached to a hospital founded for the plague patients of 1438. This church was small, unsightly, and disfigured by a mean *lonja* or *atrio*, edged with an iron railing. Its site was afterwards that of the Café Imperial,\* and is now absorbed by the Hotel de Paris.

On another side of the Puerta was the foundling hospital ; and facing this, in 1768, Charles the Third constructed the Casa de Correos (Post Office), now the Ministry of the Interior. It swallowed up the sites of six and thirty foul, obscure, and agglomerated tenements, with narrow, steep, and shaky stairs, and

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\* Ossorio y Bernard. *Viaje Crítico alrededor de la Puerta del Sol.*

gables sloping at all angles. The architect of the new edifice was the Frenchman Marquet. Between the Calle Mayor and the Calle Arenal was a house with a tower upon its roof. The adjoining Calles del Cofre and de la Zarza were long ago demolished.\* The final reformation of the Puerta del Sol was begun in July of 1857, and terminated five years later, costing from first to last sixty-four millions of *reales*.

The Puerta has witnessed a variety of strange events; but none more terrible than on May 2nd, 1808, when the French and the Mamelukes were attacked by the citizens. Mesonero Romanos has described in thrilling language how men and women, armed with knives, or with the pistols they had looted from the gunsmiths, crept in and out between the legs of the Frenchmen's horses, panting, struggling, stabbing, carving, shooting, to the bitter end. Close by, in the Casa de Correos, sat the court-martial established by Murat and presided over by Grouchy; while one firing-party after another, marching with horrid frequency into the cloister of the Buen Suceso, sent many a valiant victim to his death. Ten years later the victorious English and Spanish allied army, with the Duke of Wellington and Ciudad Rodrigo at its head, entered the same arena to the waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and the frenzied acclamation of a hundred thousand voices.

Let us descend the steps of time into the present year. The balcony of your hotel affords a bird's-eye

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\* Mesonero Romanos. *El Antiguo Madrid*.



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THE COBBLER.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





prospect of the Puerta, and as though symbolic of Spain's national colours the red and yellow sundown deepens in the cloudless sky. The working classes hurry home—the carpenter, the mason, the mechanic. The milliner is a typical *Madrileña*. Her features are pale and rather thin; her hair is twisted without much pains, yet not ungracefully, upon her shapely head; and over the glossy coils is thrown the black *mantilla*. Her slender form darts nimbly past the chattering or jostling groups, including a little knot of bullfighters about the door of a *café*. The mufti, so to speak, of these, is just a short, tight jacket, tightish trousers, and an open waistcoat showing off an embroidered shirt. The broad-brimmed hat is the *sombrero cordobés* or *de ala ancha*. The *torero's* frame is always that of an athlete; his face is generally toasted by exposure to the Andalusian sun; and whenever he turns his profile to you, he discloses the bullfighter's *coleta*, or little pigtail, neatly coiled behind his head.

More *Madrileños* and *Madrileñas*—the *Señorita*, chaperoned by her mamma; the *pollo* or *swell*, “the glass of fashion and the mould of form,” immaculately arrayed and darting homicidal glances; the military officer, sword, spurs, and all—a conscious menace to the peace of Europe; the black-robed priest; the frouzy mendicant; the bawling news-boy; and who shall tell how many more?

Half-past six from the Ministerio de la Gobernación. Aha! A stir! What is it? What is coming? The loiterers brace themselves, the hurrying stay their steps; and one and all look searchingly along the Carrera de San Gerónimo.

A fight? No. A riot? No. A fire? No. What then?

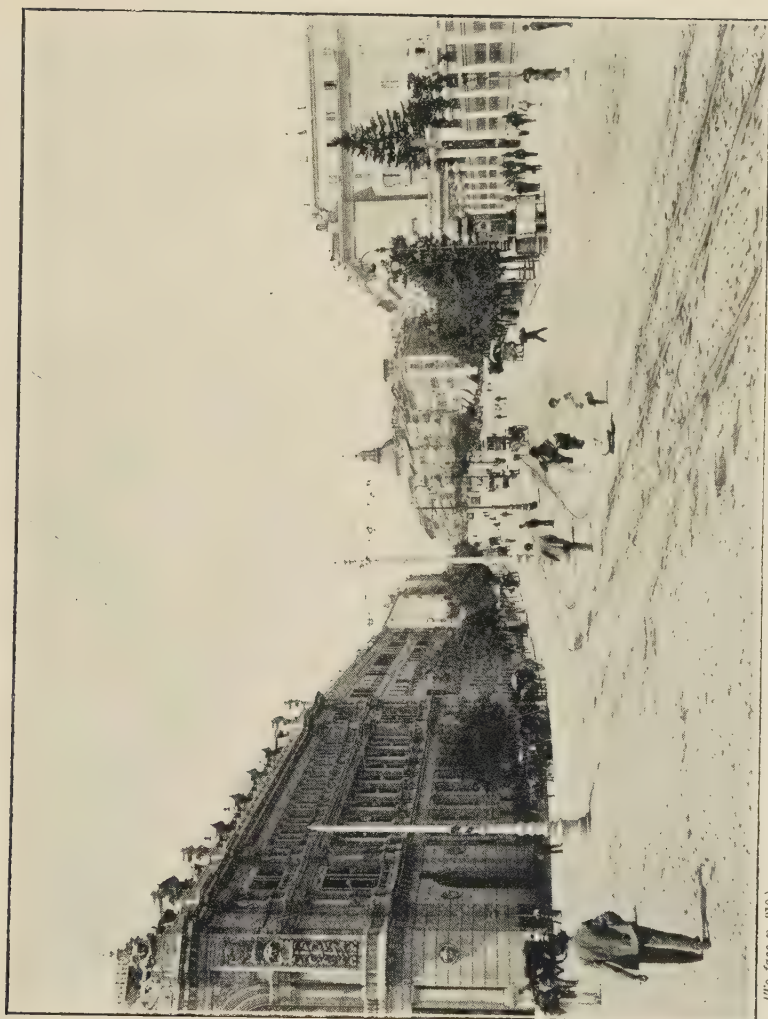
It is the King of Spain, returning with his mother and sisters from the *Salve* at the church of the Buen Suceso,\* as is their wont on every Saturday throughout the year.

A plain landau dashes into sight, attended by the bodyguard. Beside the carriage rides an equerry in scarlet. The royal party consists of Don Alfonso, in the uniform of a captain-general, a lady, and two younger ladies. His majesty, a tall, slight, gentle-featured lad, gallantly cedes to the Princess of Asturias his rightful place beside his mother, and occupies, with his other sister, the Infanta María Teresa, the seat next the horses. The onlookers uncover respectfully; the queen-mother, dressed in heliotrope—her favourite colour—bows gracefully and often; and the youthful monarch touches his *ros* like any veteran. Thus they sweep into the distance; the dark draws on; and with the kaleidoscopic scene revolving in your memory you turn indoors.

The Puerta del Sol, then, is an irregular, four-sided place or *plaza*, about one hundred yards in length by fifty across; and from it the principal thoroughfares radiate in all directions; that is, the Calle Arenal and Calle Mayor towards the Palace and the Plaza de Oriente; the Carrera de San Gerónimo and the Calle Alcalá towards the Prado; the Calle Carretas westwards; and eastwards

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\* Recently constructed in the *barrio* of Pozas, and not to be confounded with the old edifice of the same name which used to stand in the Puerta del Sol.



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THE CALLE ALCALÁ.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





the Calle de la Montera, Calle del Carmen, and Calle Preciados.

The houses in the Puerta del Sol are high and spacious; but the greater number are growing old, and constantly need repair; while the rising prices of building land in the Calle Alcalá warrant a belief that the centre of Madrid will some day shift towards the Prado and the Barrio de Salamanca.

I have said that the Ministry of the Interior, which occupies the greater portion of one side of the Puerta, was formerly the Post Office. Its clock was that of the Convent of Augustines in the Calle Mayor, and had provoked from one of the friars, Alonso de Orozco, the complaint that he "could not snatch an hour's sleep, because his cell was underneath the clock-tower, so that the chimes annoyed him greatly, particularly after dark." *Tempora mutantur*. They trouble no one now, sounding by night to vacant secretariates, and scarcely audible by day amid the uproar of the city.

The magnificent street called the Alcalá extends from the Puerta del Sol to the Ventas del Espíritu Santo, nearly two miles; and is crossed at the Plaza de Castelar by the famous promenade, the Prado. In the centre of the Plaza is a statue of Cybele in a car, drawn by a couple of sufficiently conventional lions, and on one side is the Palacio de Buenavista, now the Ministry of War, built, towards the close of the eighteenth century, by the beautiful Duchess of Alva. Opposite is the colossal headquarters of the Bank of Spain, the foundation stone of which was laid on July 4th, 1884. Dating from 1782, the Banco de España was originally called

the "National Bank of San Cárlos." In 1829 it became the "Spanish Bank of San Fernando," uniting with the "Bank of Isabella the Second." It adopted its present title in 1856, and in 1874 was granted the exclusive privilege of issuing notes. The building appalls by its very vastness. Its architecture is mixed, but size and general splendor compensate, in some degree, for lack of uniformity. The decorated work is lavishly elaborate, and the stairs and corridors are of marble.

The Arch of Alcalá, further along the street of the same name, confronts the Plaza de Castelar. It dates from the reign of Charles the Third, and is pleasantly situated, though not an object of conspicuous beauty. Hereabouts was formerly the older bull-ring, all vestiges of which have long since disappeared. The present one is in the same direction, but fairly on the outskirts of the city.

The Calle del Barquillo is reached by turning to the left a little before the Ministry of War; and near the entrance, in the Plaza del Rey, is the "house of the seven chimneys," a famous relic of old Madrid. It was the residence of Squilache; and when that statesman fell a victim to the popular wrath, was stormed by the mob on March 23rd, 1766. At present it is the Bank of Castile. Number twenty-seven was the Casa de Tócame Roque, renowned as one of the oldest *casas de vecindad*, or common lodging-houses; and that witty comedian, Ramón de la Cruz, perpetuated its memory in one of his sparkling *sainetes*.

Not far beyond the end of the Barquillo further from the Alcalá are the Salesas, now the Lawcourts,



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THE SALESAS.

(From a photograph by M. G. M. M. M.)



but formerly the Convent of the Salesas, founded in 1758 by Ferdinand the Sixth and his queen, Barbara of Braganza. The statues of these gentle sovereigns are in the garden. The building, purely French in style, is elegant and well situated. It is also used as the offices of the Supreme Tribunal, and of the Illustrious College of Lawyers,—this latter containing an excellent library.

Below the Salesas are the Castellana and the Paseo de Recoletos, a continuation of the Prado; the whole forming a straight line from the Hippodrome to the Southern Railway Station, and crossing the Alcalá as I have indicated. At varying intervals along the Castellana, the Paseo de Recoletos, and the Prado, are the palaces of the nobility. The National Library overlooks the Castellana. It is lofty, large, and handsome, although it is possible to detect more styles than one. It was built during the reign of Philip the Fifth. Next to it is the Mint (*Casa de la Moneda*), modern and unattractive, in one of whose saloons are drawn the “prizes” of that monstrous swindle, the National Lottery.

The Calle Mayor, Calle Arenal, Calle Alcalá, and Carrera de San Gerónimo roughly form the arms of a Saint Andrew’s cross, with the Puerta del Sol as the point of intersection. The Alcalá and the Puerta del Sol I have already noticed. The Carrera de San Gerónimo is one of the busiest and narrowest thoroughfares. Between it and the Calle del Prado is the mean square known as the Plaza de las Cortes, adjoining the Congress of Deputies. A poor statue of Cervantes embellishes, or professes to embellish, the Plaza. The Congress was



previously the Convent of the Holy Spirit, built in 1684, and demolished in 1843 to make room for the present edifice, designed by Ponzano and Colomer. The portico rests on six Corinthian columns, and the same number of pilasters. The bas-relief upon the frieze represents Spain in the act of embracing the Constitution. She is attended by Fortitude and Justice, with whom are also the Fine Arts, Commerce, Agriculture, Rivers and Canals, Navigation, and Peace and Plenty. The effect is striking, and the design dignified and in good taste. The interior contains nothing remarkable, except some vigorous paintings by Luis Ribera.

Somewhat below the Congress, and upon the other side of the Prado, is the Museo de Pinturas, or National Picture Gallery. It was built by Charles the Third as a Museum of Natural Science, and converted to its present use by Joseph Bonaparte in 1810. The peristyle is strictly classic.

The Calle Arenal, another arm of the Saint Andrew's cross, is a well-paved street, containing no monument of interest except the church of San Ginés, and terminating at the Plaza de Isabel II. and the Opera.

The Calle Mayor has figured in preceding chapters. As well as one of the oldest, it is one of the most picturesque of all the streets. According to a tablet on the wall, in number 95 lived and died Calderón de la Barca. Close by is the Plaza de la Villa, containing the Ayuntamiento, or Town Hall, and the venerable Torre de los Lujanes. The Ayuntamiento dates from the seventeenth century. A statue of Alvaro de Bazán, the admiral, occupies



*Scene at photograph by the Author.*

AN OPEN-AIR HAIRDRESSER'S IN THE RONDA DE TOLEDO.

(See page p. 211.)



the centre of the Plaza, and adjoining, in the Calle del Sacramento, is the palace of Cisneros.

In one of the neighbouring houses lodged Washington Irving, during a small part of his residence in Madrid as Minister of the United States to Spain. "The front windows of my apartments," he said,\* "look into one of the main streets, traversing the city from the Prado, or public walk, to the royal palace, so that every movement of consequence is sure to pass through it. Immediately opposite some of my windows is a small square, with the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, on one side, and a huge mansion on the other,† in a tower of which Francis the First is said to have been confined when a prisoner in Madrid. In the centre of this square is a public fountain, thronged all day, and until a late hour of the night, by water-carriers, male and female servants, and the populace of the neighbourhood, all waiting for their turns to replenish their kegs, pitchers, and other water-vessels. An officer of police attends to regulate their turns; but such is the demand for water in this thirsty climate at this thirsty season, that the fountain is a continual scene of strife and clamour. The groups that form around it, however, in their different costumes, are extremely picturesque."

The fountain is now the admiral's statue; and the house in which the great American lodged appears to have been rebuilt.

The Calle Mayor ends at the Cuesta de la Vega,

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\* Letter to his niece, Mrs. Romeyn. Aug. 16th, 1842.

† The Torre de los Lujanes.

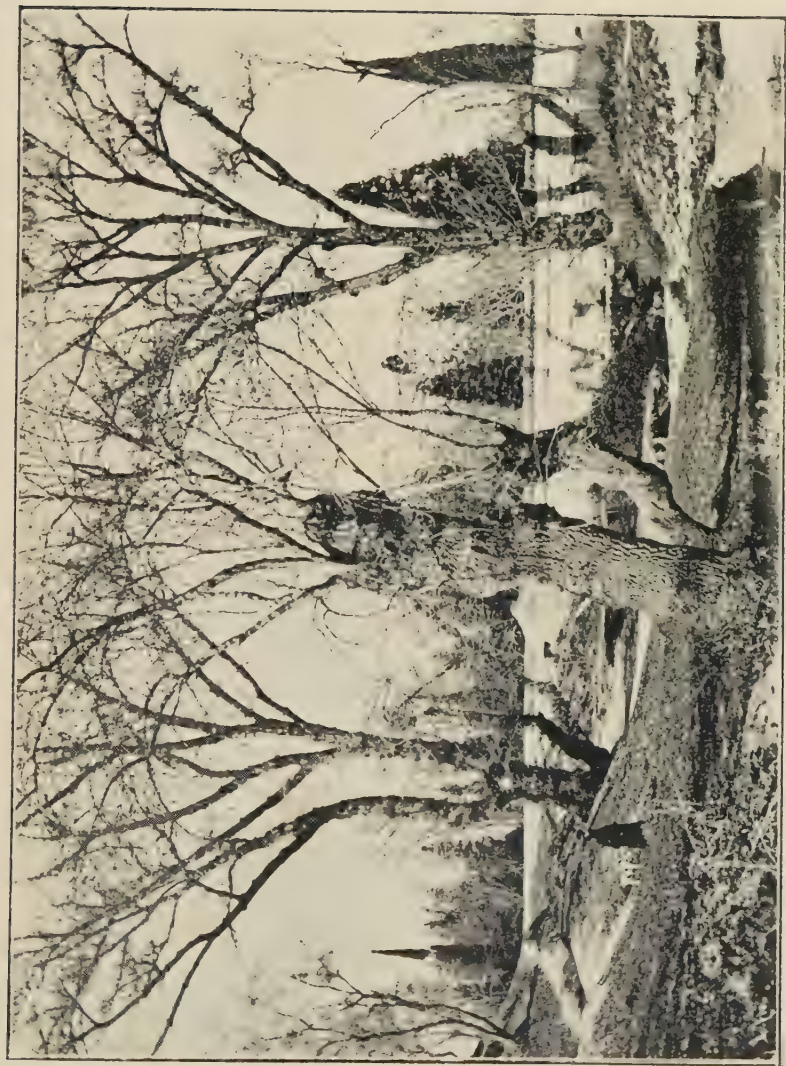
between the palace and the viaduct that spans the Calle Segovia. Between the Palace and the Opera is the Plaza de Oriente. This, formerly a rubbish heap and eyesore, was made in 1841 by pulling down two convents, a church, and a number of houses. Round it are forty indifferent statues, removed from the Palace roof, of Spanish kings and queens. In the middle of the Plaza is the equestrian statue of Philip the Fourth, by Pedro Tacca of Florence, and which was once in the Buen Retiro.

To the left of the Palace the ground declines rapidly to the Manzanares and the open Vega. A short distance past the Viaducto is the church of San Francisco el Grande, founded in 1217 by Saint Francis of Assisi. The exterior, circular in shape, is gloomy and severe; but the interior is very beautiful. It is enriched with paintings by Rivera, Goya, Maella, Casado, and Martínez Cubells. The altar is by Nicoli; the window decoration by Contreras.

Next to San Francisco in importance, but far inferior in artistic worth, are the churches, of San Andrés, in the *plaza* of the same name; San Ginés, in the Arenal; San José, in the Alcalá; the Calatravas, also in the Alcalá; the Descalzas Reales, in the Plaza de las Descalzas; and Santa María la Real Almudena, once a Moorish mosque, but now rebuilding. The city contains in all forty-eight churches to a population of half a million.

The streets possess, of course, their intimate histories, and plentiful tradition attaches to them. Their names, in many instances, awaken curiosity; and the visitor's eye is very likely to be caught by





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IN THE MONCLOA.—WINTER.

(From a photograph by the Author.)



the Calle de Peligros (*Street of Perils*) that opens into the Alcalá; or by the Calle del Caballero de Gracia (*Street of the Gentleman of Grace*), in which is the Hotel de Roma.

It is related by Antonio Capmani y Montpalau\* that "once upon a time there journeyed to Madrid a Doña Leonor Garcés, of Teruel, wife of an Aragonese nobleman entrusted with a diplomatic mission. The lady was beautiful, virtuous, and devout, and loved her husband with the constancy for which her countrywomen are famous, without suspecting that she could attract the notice of Jacobo de Grattis, a native of Modena, who fixed his amorous regard on her; but only to be rapidly disillusioned."

"In short, this fellow, the seducer, dreaded by husbands and parents, encountered in the present case a check to his licentiousness. Piqued by the indifference of the lady of Teruel, he bribed her maid to administer to Doña Leonor a philter which should possess the depraved gallant of her person. Jacobo, therefore, in pursuance of his infamous design, and confident of success, arrived at the lady's house, which was close to the Red de San Luis; and entering the doorway was met by celestial voices of rebuke, so that he fell and broke the phial that was to have secured for him the charms of Doña Leonor. As soon as he recovered from his consternation, he fled from the house, calling it *the house of terror*; and never again was tempted by the madnesses of love. He hastened to relate

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\**Origen Histórico y Etimológico de las Calles de Madrid.*

what had befallen to his confessor, Fray Simon de Rojas, and shortly afterwards Philip the Second despatched him upon an important errand to Rome, where in view of his repentance he was consecrated priest and subsequently returned to Spain, in which country he spent a great part of his fortune in pious works."

Such is the tradition of the Gentleman of Grace, whose history may be studied in the little biography of him called "*El Caballero de Gracia. Historia Imparcial y Vindicación Crítica de este venerable y ejemplar sacerdote.*" By Francisco Javier Garcia Rodrigo. Madrid. 1880.

Then there are the various haunted houses, or *casas de duendes*; the Calle del Bonetillo (*Street of the Priest's Cap*), where a priest was dismayed to find himself face to face with his own funeral; and the Calle de la Cabeza (*Street of the Head*), to which belongs the ghastliest legend of all. It is, however, too lengthy to be quoted here.

The Calle Peligros (*Street of Perils*) is said to take its name from a miracle. A woman whose daughter had fallen into a deep well which once was situated there, exclaimed in her distraction, "Our Lady of Perils, save my child!"—and the girl was thereupon extracted safe and sound. Still, it is probable that the title of the street is really due to its dangerous narrowness, and to the numerous accidents which have resulted therefrom. In support of this belief there is an article in the *Diario de Madrid*, March 24th, 1788, advising that the Calle Peligros, on account of its perils, be closed to vehicles. "I know," says the writer, "that one of the principal court gentlemen instructs his coach-





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(From a photograph by the Author.)

IN THE MONCLOA.—SUMMER.





man never to pass along the said street, even if the carriage be empty."

The Calle Arenal was once a stretch of sand (*arenal*), and its immediate neighbour, the Calle Preciados, derives its title from two brothers so named, who possessed land in its vicinity. The Calle Jacometrezo, leading from the upper end of the Calle de la Montera to the Plaza de Santo Domingo, takes its name from Jacome Trezzo, who helped to build the Escorial, and was an intimate friend of the great architect, Juan de Herrera.

Among the names of Madrid streets, including those which have disappeared or been rechristened, are many of the most fantastic character. Besides comestibles, such as *Milk Street*, *Upper and Lower Lemon Streets*, *Apple Street*, *Strawberry Street*, *Salt Street*, *Fish Street*, *Roll of Bread Street*, *Raisin Street*, *Orange Street*, and *Lettuce Street*, there are, or used to be, the Calle Cantarranas (*Sing-Frogs Street*), Calle de la Amargura (*Street of Bitterness*), Calle de Aunque Os Pese (*Although-it-oppresses-you Street*), Calle de los Cojos (*Street of the Lamé Men*), Calle del Desengaño (*Street of the Disenchantment*), Calle del Espejo (*Looking-Glass Street*), Calle de Enhoramala Vayas (*Bad-luck-attend-you Street*), Calle del Soldado (*Soldier Street*), Calle de la Sarten (*Frying-Pan Street*), Calle de los Negros (*Niggers' Street*), Calle del Niño Perdido (*Street of the Lost Child*), Calle de Mira el Sol (*Look at the Sun Street*), Calle de Sal si Puedes (*Get-out-of-it-if-you-can Street*), and the Calle de los Muertos (*Street of the Dead Men*). But the title, however grotesque, is always supported by some tale or notion; as the

curious may learn from the interesting researches of Capmani, and of Peñasco y Cambronero.

Of course, the liveliest scenes are principally in, or round about, the markets and the *barrios bajos*; the Calle Toledo, the Calle de la Paloma, and the Rastro; including the haunts of the *chulería*, descended from the *majas* and *manolas* of a bygone age. The *chula* is the lower-class woman who adopts a peculiar style of dress, or rather, overdressing, and a language which is vulgar, impudent, and vain. On festive occasions the distinguishing marks of her attire are, if we trust the well-known lines from *Cuadros Disolventes*, a *falda de percal plancha'a* (well-starched and ironed print skirt), a *zapato bajo de charol* (low-cut patent-leather shoe), and a richly embroidered Manilla shawl. She is, however, an objectionable person, and it is fortunate that she seems to be succumbing. A similar judgment may be formed of her companion, the *chulo*.

Within the poorest quarter of the city are the Rastro and Americas. On reference to my diary, I find that, like some new Vespucci, I discovered these Americas upon the twenty-fifth of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight. They occupy a vast expanse of sloping ground, a wall enclosing them; and towards the upper end one reads in tall black letters, LAS GRANDIOSAS AMERICAS—*The Grandiose Americas*.

The Americas are two in number, and may be aptly christened *North* and *South*. They are the marketable rubbish-heap of all the capital, where everything that is rejected by the households of the city, and yet retains the most infinitesimal of values,



*(To face p. 220.)*

IN THE AMERICAS.

*(From a photograph by the Author.)*





is sorted and offered for sale. It should be added that the *Northern* or Upper America is the more select. The lower almost defies description. Here live, if such be life, the ragpickers in their dingy booths, crazy erections yawning to the rain, and wind, and cold. Pile upon pile of cast-off clothing; of worm-eaten books and mildewed papers; broken mattresses and bedsteads; legs, and backs, and seats of chairs and sofas; table-tops; doors; window-frames; chimney pots; galvanized iron roofing; fragments of bicycles, statues, garden-seats, and plaster casts from artists' studios; rusty machinery, all shapes and sizes from a donkey engine to a copying press;—amassed or spread abroad in countless heaps and rows, like the contents of some vast museum, long since abandoned to decay. Up and down these amazing fields of trash, the vendors scream themselves hoarse with advertising the excellence of their stock; while the chaffering (for there is never a lack of buyers) is shrill and ceaseless from seven of the morning till nightfall.

All this applies to the Lower, or *Southern*, America. As I have stated, the Upper or *Northern* is the more genteel. Its wares are less disintegrated; and it is not impossible to discover a chair with three legs, and either a seat or back. Above the Upper America is the Rastro, a broad, sloping street, terminating at a diminutive *plazuela*, and also garnished with secondhand and even brand-new articles, such as tinware, cutlery, crockery, boots and shoes, and clothing. On either side, behind the booths or *puestos*, are curiosity shops, most of them wretched; a few indifferent; two or three com-

paratively decent. I even know of cabinets, jars, and paintings for which some thousands of pesetas are demanded. But these are quite exceptional.

Below such humble *barrios*, and separated from the nearest buildings by level stretches of cultivated land, runs—or, when short of water, stands—that much-calumniated stream, the Manzanares. The word *Manzanares* has nothing to do with *manzana*, an apple; but appears to be derived from the Arabic *manz* and *nahar* or *nahares*, signifying some village or estate which stood upon the bank.\* However this may be, the “poor river” rises not far from the town of Manzanares, and meanders through the fields, approaching Madrid from the side of the Casa de Campo and the Moncloa park. Then, after skirting the city, it passes through Soto de Luzón, Peralejos, Torrecilla, and Vacia-Madrid; and disembogues into the Jarama.

Sometimes, particularly in the winter, the current is of tolerable size and swiftness; but during summer it is generally microscopic, and the stately bridges of Toledo and Segovia span little but dry sand. Formerly the river-bed was a fashionable fine-weather promenade, frequented every afternoon by swarms of holiday-makers, and furrowed, like some busy street, by the ponderous coaches of the aristocracy. All this has passed away; and nowadays the Manzanares is abandoned to the washerwomen. These also are a merry, albeit a lowly company; and as they plunge the linen into the pools made ready for it, the jocular babel of their voices is pleasant to overhear. The

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\* Hilario Peñasco. *Páginas de la Historia de Madrid*.



(To face p. 222.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE THREE CARD TRICK IN THE RONDA DE TOLEDO.



river, in a word, is not so bad as we are told. The walks along its bank are not unpicturesque; and towards the Moncloa, where it begins to wind into the open country, it is clean, and almost beautiful.

The climate of Madrid is very fair; at any rate not like that of Burgos, 'nine months winter and three months hell.' The air is dry and healthy; somewhat treacherous in winter, though never excessively cold. The hackneyed saying, "*El aire de Madrid es tan sutil, que mata á un hombre y no apaga un candil*,"\* is simply absurd; for the not abundant cases of pneumonia may be attributed to the vicious or careless habits of the *Madrileños*; but certainly not to the severity of the temperature.

Living is dear and bad. Nearly all provisions come from the provinces; and by the time they have paid the extortionate charges of the dawdling railway companies, and then the *Consumos*, or *Octroi*, they are not only expensive, but very often semi-putrid. Adulteration, too, is probably more rife than anywhere in Europe. In fact, it has been calculated that more than sixty per cent. of all that the *Madrileños* eat and drink is unfit for human consumption.

The Spaniard of the provinces mistrusts—almost abhors—the capital of his country, believing her to rob him of his money and then refuse to educate or protect him; confounding, in this singular fashion, the seat of government with the government itself. This aversion, to be sure, is partly justified; for nobody who is acquainted with Madrid can fail to

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\* "The air of Madrid is so subtle that it kills a man but will not put out a candle."



be dismayed at her mismanagement. The town council is the feeblest of corporations. The little it does is done badly. The streets are swept and watered so as to souse the passers-by, or plaster them with dust and filth. The beggars are a plague; the *golfos* another. These latter, men and women, boys and girls, besiege the Puerta del Sol at almost every hour of the day or night, hawking, or professing to hawk, buttons, pins, elastic bands, umbrella rings, bootlaces, flowers, toothpicks, pens and pencils, pocketbooks, and pornographic literature. In numerous instances, however, the wares conceal the prostitute or the thief. Even the beggar is preferable to the *golfo*. He is less of a humbug.

Madrid, then, teems with *chulos* and *chulas*, *golfos* and *golfas*; and my readers will hardly be surprised to learn that the capital of Spain is morally about the ugliest feature Spain can show. There is no industry worth mentioning, and the principal ambition of the citizens is to live for nothing. Too prevalent, by far, are the *sietemesino* or empty-headed fop, the *ingador* or gambler, and the *sablista* or sponger. The police, in spite of their fortuitous capture of the Humbert family, are notoriously the worst as well as the worst paid, in Europe; while it is by no means unusual for shops in the centre of the city to be broken into in broadest daylight.

The country as a whole is groaning for reform. Madrid, however, stands aloof, indifferent to the mass of national feeling. Her attitude is selfish and unworthy; a truth which Spain at large—a beautiful land, of boundless wealth and possibilities—is never weary of proclaiming.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ESCORIAL.



THREE centuries ago the land to the west and north-west of Madrid was wholly desert. Where now are comfortable townlets, with trim villas, shops, and railway stations, the plateau then was trodden only by the shepherds, or scoured by princes and nobles in their hunting parties, as they traversed it in order to reach the upper Guadarrama and the forests about Segovia and Valladolid.

As far as Avila this wilderness extended, skirting the Sierra de Malagón, an offshoot of the greater range, and which breaks away from the parent mass and dwindles, near that venerable city, to a perfect level; but at a certain spot the Sierra, which is not particularly lofty, forms a basin of almost regular outline, and here, upon the verge of the hollow, were a couple of wretched hovels, flimsily constructed of sticks and stones, and tenanted by goatherds. Road there was none; the huts were imbedded in mire; and when the weather was stormy the boisterous wind screamed freely through the chinks, and the rain poured through the roof, sopping the naked floor whereon the goatherds and their charges ate and slept in brutish company.

The only virtue the spot possessed consisted in the pure and abundant water gushing from two springs, called Blasco Sancho and Matalasfuentes.

These desolate cabins, notwithstanding, were able to boast a name. Somewhere in the surrounding mountains were traces of an ancient mine; and so, from the iron pyrites or *escoria* which still lay scattered about the surface, the shelters of the herdsmen took the title of *The Escorial*.

Spain just then was ruled by a sovereign whose wintry character had much in common with this joyless neighbourhood. Sunshine and society revolted him; as did the company of his fellow-men; and among his subjects he hated at all times to show himself. Whenever he did so, it was by constraint of some great festival; and the moment the requisite ceremonial was concluded, he withdrew once more into his cherished solitude. Now and then he practised with the crossbow, but rather as a princely duty than as a pleasurable sport; he took care that no one should attend him as he ranged his vast estates in search of game; and when he drove, the blinds of the carriage were lowered, in order to screen him from inquisitive or casual observers.

Such was Philip the Second. Of all the sensations with which he was regarded, fear was undoubtedly the principal. The terror which people disclosed in speaking to him is laughable to read of nowadays; but must, to those who witnessed it, have proved both painful and embarrassing. For not alone poor horsemen from the camp or battlefield; but fluent and well-drilled ambassadors grew hoarse and

trembled in that frosty presence. "Calm yourself," his majesty would remark, smiling inwardly, perhaps, at the havoc his placidity was causing; and the actual word "*Sosegaos*" would bear an emphasis half sibilant, half sonorous, and altogether disconcerting. His auditors grew paler and more tremulous than ever. Yet, after all, what was there in the king to make them tremble?

There is the mystery. Just as we shiver on emerging from a cheerful warmth into a chilling blast, so did men shiver on confronting Philip the Second. He was neither tall nor broad, nor was his manner disagreeable. Fanciful writers have attributed to him a "wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command." His look, however, although extremely tranquil, even when he was angered, was not a sneering one. But every softer feeling this royal anchorite could simulate to have never known; or else have set aside for ever. He fascinated by the snakish, impassive insistence of his regard. This talent is both rare and curious, acquiring with constant use an almost talismanic virtue. In fact it protected Philip from various foreign fanatics or patriots who schemed his murder, enabling him to crush their plans with stealth and swiftness and hoist his enemies with their own petard, observing for his maxim—

*"Lex nec justior ulla est  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."*

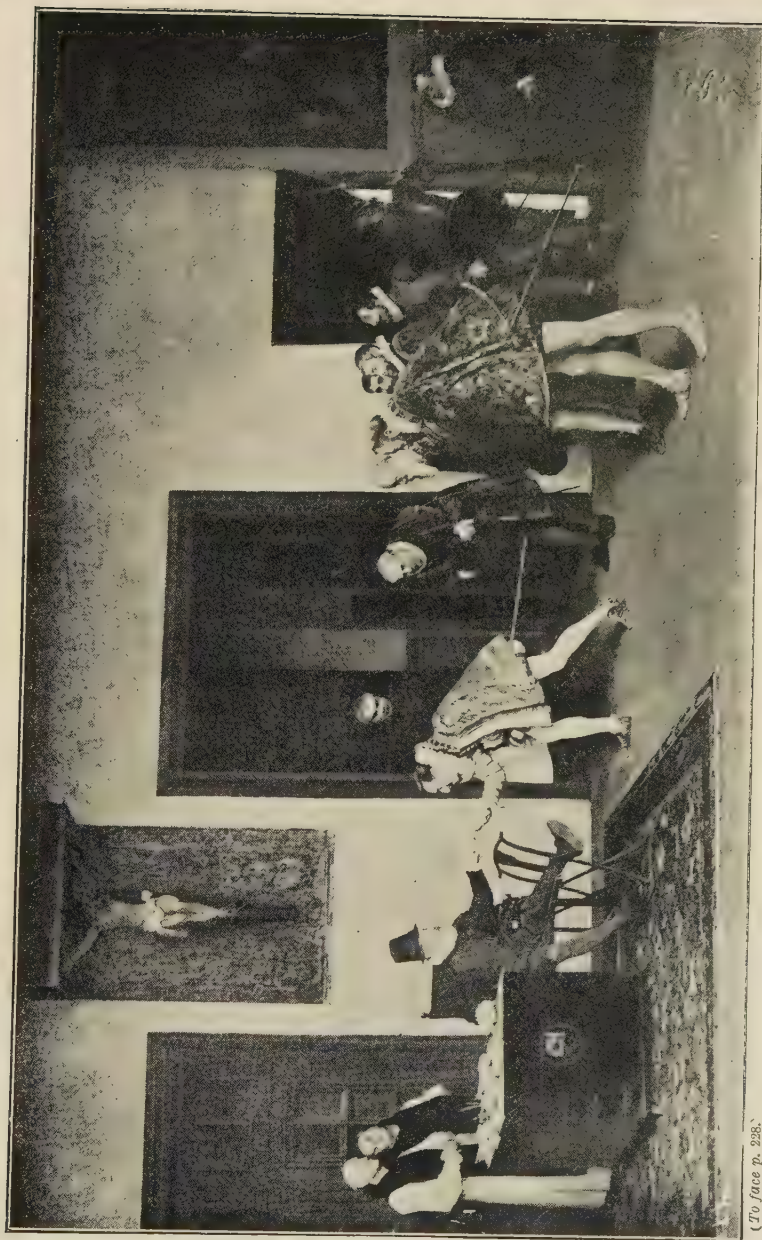
And yet his character was neither base nor brutal. He was a simple liver, modest and frugal in his dress and meals. His servants found him liberal, reasonable, and patient; and with his

children he was cheerful and kindly. He disliked to meet his subjects, but he was the reverse of unjust with them; and Calderón, in his *Alcalde de Zalamea*, furnishes a truthful picture of the fairness with which he listened to a cause. A well-known narrative of his reign declares that if any plaintiff or defendant threatened to appeal to the king, the whole court was thrown into a panic. In a certain lawsuit, closely affecting his own interest, Philip instructed the authorities, "in the case of a doubt to return a decision to his disadvantage." Nor should we forget his answer to a magistrate of Valladolid, who on kissing hands inquired the royal pleasure. "Administer justice," said Philip; "for this purpose I have appointed you."

He was no respecter of persons. With him the poor possessed an almost better title than the wealthy; for it is a notable point of Philip's character that he used with signal generosity such of the humbler classes as came in contact with him. In matters of religion his piety, however stern and bigoted, was incontestably real. His death was admirable. Few men have died so bravely and so patiently. With few has the agony been so cruel or lasted so long.

Such was the founder of the Escorial; about which even now there seems to cling, at every season of the year, the dreariness of his singular nature. To all who visit that extraordinary fane, his memory will constantly recur. To be sure, no plea could render him a popular or attractive figure; but we owe it to the boasted enlightenment of





(To face p. 238.)

PHILIP THE SECOND RECEIVING A DEPUTATION.

(From the painting by A. Ross.)



our age to set aside religious prejudices, which are not—or should not be—as in his time, insuperable; and hear him fairly. Unfortunately, it is but very seldom that we grant him a hearing at all.

In the summer of 1559 Philip, then in Flanders, handed over the regency of that kingdom to his half-sister, Margaret of Parma; and setting sail from Ghent, landed, in August, and after a stormy voyage, at the Spanish port of Laredo, midway between Bilbao and Santander. Hence he proceeded to Madrid, transferring thither the Court from Valladolid. The affairs of Spain were then sufficiently awry to merit the narrowest scrutiny of her sovereign: but Philip's attention was absorbed elsewhere. Religious duties, or what he interpreted as such, had always won the lion's share of his regard; and just at this moment he was bent on carrying out a glorious, fruitful, and ambitious scheme, worthy of a Catholic ruler, and whose prompt fulfilment should manifest for good and all his pious emotions, securing him a lasting peace with God and with the clergy. This project was the erection of an architectural trophy of a threefold character. It was to enshrine the ashes of his father and mother; commemorate the victory of San Quintin; and serve him as a retreat to which he might withdraw at convenient seasons from the noisy capital, burying himself in prayer and meditation, while still directing, in the unavoidable degree, the general business of his vast dominion.

It had hitherto been Philip's custom, year by year, to spend Holy Week at a spot called Guisando, in the heart of the lofty Sierra de

Gredos, and where was a convent of Hieronymites—his favourite religious order. He had decided, however, that his new monument and temple should not be erected in this neighbourhood. Although at the present day and with the present means of locomotion, Guisando is not many hours from Madrid, it was then by far too long a journey; building material was scarce; and there were other objections of a local nature. The same drawback would also apply to Aranjuez or Segovia. In fact, the king was still perplexed to find a suitable locality along the valley of the Manzanares, or the southern Guadarrama, when word was brought him of the site already known as the Escorial.

It was late in the autumn of 1561 before he named a commission to definitely survey the Escorial and report upon its fitness for his purpose. In November of that year, five gentlemen held a meeting at the little town of Guadarrama. These were Pedro de Hoyo, secretary to his majesty; Juan Bautista de Toledo, a man of scholarship and parts—prospective architect of the new edifice; Juan de Huete and Juan de Colmenar, friars; and Gutiérrez de León, prior of the convent of San Gerónimo at Madrid. Early in the day on which the meeting was held, this little party set forth, obedient to the king's desire, to visit the Escorial; a matter of some ten or eleven miles. "All," says Sigüenza, who chronicles their journey, "were in excellent spirits." Probably a glass of cordial before starting had warmed their hearts and caused their tongues to wag. Perhaps the *posadera* was young and pretty. A good basket of provisions, also, may well have

accompanied them in the *alforjas* of a mule, together with a sleek wineskin or two; and certainly the keenness of the mountain air would bring the blood into their cheeks, and whet their appetites rarely; for a vulture and a priest have ever borne an enviable reputation among eaters.

But alas! No sooner had they approached their destination, and were climbing the slope which leads to where the Monastery stands to-day, than the aspect of the weather suddenly changed. The sky, which had been fine though frosty, turned terribly black and lowering; the wind rose with incredible quickness; and a tempest burst about their ears with all the violence and uproar of a tropical hurricane.

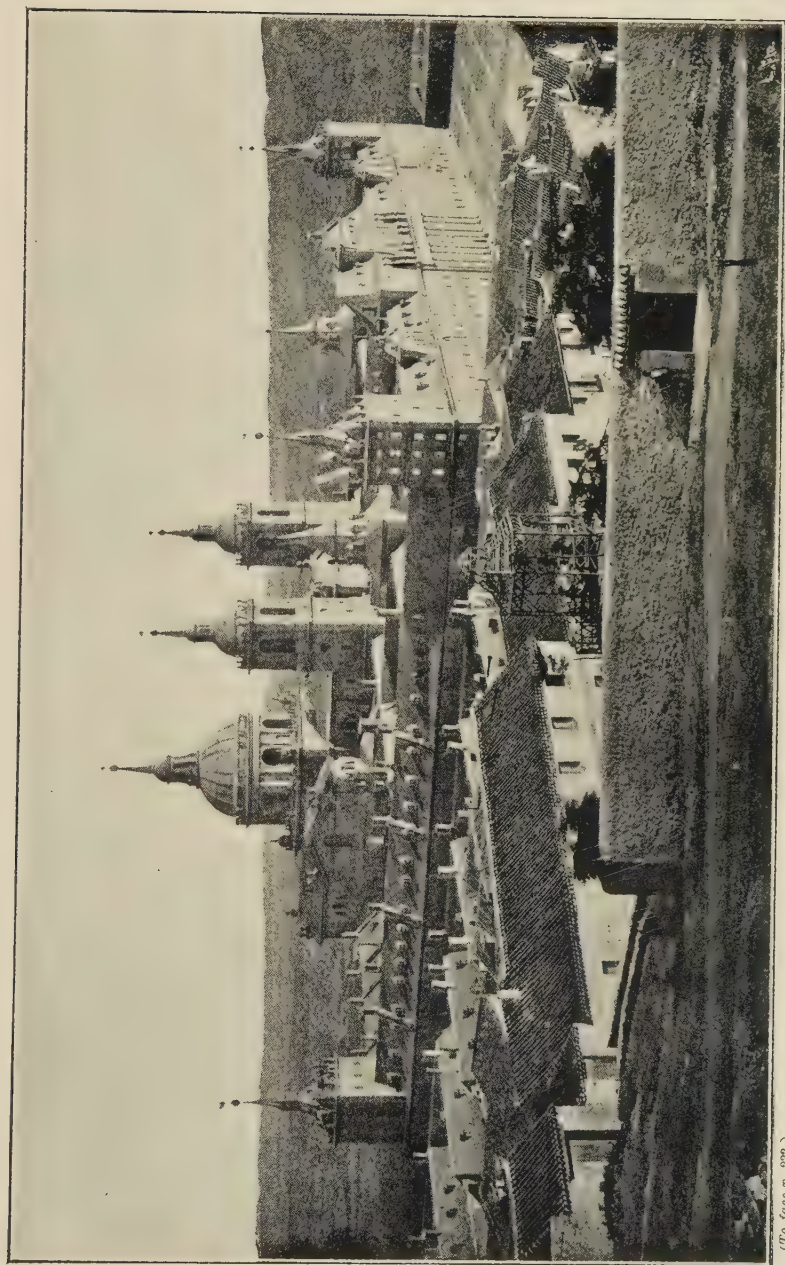
One is glad to learn that the wayfarers were never for turning back; but although the *débris* of a wall blew sharply in their faces, continued to make all possible progress. The worthy Sigüenza discusses the adventure with his usual prolixity. "Divers," he says, "have rightly conjectured, both from this hurricane and from others that arose on subsequent occasions . . . how sorely it vexed the Devil that a building should be reared from which, as from a mighty fortress, a grievous war was to be waged upon him." And Father Colmenar, whom we remember as one of the intrepid expeditionists, being, in fact, "the captain or commander of the squadron," was fortunately of the same opinion; for he raised his voice and shouted "The tempest is provoked by Satan, to make us falter in our purpose, or ensnare us. But little shall it profit him. Onward, and leave him to his malice." At this the weather mended, the rude winds dropped,



and the travellers reached their goal without further ado. The site was surveyed and sanctioned, being tolerably level, and possessing the springs of which I have spoken, as well as wood and stone within convenient distance: and doubtless when every note was taken, and the basket emerged from the *alforjas*, many a health was drunk and many a good tale told, before the winter sun dipped over the dark Sierra, and the visitors rose to their feet to return to Guadarrama.

By a couple of autumns later, the whole of the desolate neighbourhood was completely transformed. The cabins of the goatherds were succeeded by quite a number of structures, designed to serve a temporary purpose, but firm, and clean, and rain-tight. One, by the king's command, was turned into a hospital for sick or injured workmen. The ground on which the Monastery was to be raised was cleared, and dug, and swarmed with thousands upon thousands of labourers as busy as ants. Bautista was aided in the giant task by Herrera, equally as talented an architect as himself; and by Villacastin, a lay brother of the Order. The chief carpenter was Giuseppe Flecha, an Italian; the master-mason, Pedro de Tolosa; and under the direction of these two the woods of Navaluenga and Balsain resounded with the music of the axe and saw, and the quarries in the mountain to the chisel of the stonecutter.

Juan de Herrera, the principal, though not the first or only, architect of the Escorial, is a Spanish worthy who deserves a brief biographical notice; especially in close connection with the marvellous



(To face p. 232.)

## THE ESCORIAL.

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid.)



structure which owes so much to him. He was of noble family, and born, it is believed in 1530, at Mobellan, in Asturias. Not much is known of his early years, though Cean Bermudez has somewhat extended the not too fruitful researches of Cabrera and Llaguno. Cean supposes, from sundry details discovered by himself, that Herrera studied *literæ humaniores* and philosophy at Valladolid, until 1548, when he attended Philip in his visit to the Emperor Charles in Flanders; and that, after three years' residence at Brussels, the young student returned to Spain, volunteering in 1553 for military service in Piedmont; passing once more to Flanders; and attending Charles in his retirement at Yuste, until the emperor's death in 1558.

Herrera was fortunate in becoming the pupil and assistant of so able an architect as Juan Bautista de Toledo. Their artistic ideals harmonized completely; and doubtless for this reason, on Toledo's dying in 1567, Herrera was appointed by Philip to continue the huge fabric in the same spirit as his predecessor. It is significant, however, of the king's suspicious nature, that the office thus bestowed upon Herrera was not confirmed at the moment by any royal warrant; nor was his salary, improperly small, increased by a single ducat until ten years afterwards.

In regard to the church of the Escorial, Herrera conceived the plan of bringing the stone for its erection ready shaped from the quarries, basing this idea on the similar practice of the ancients. The innovation met with a good deal of resistance from the workmen, who alleged that the

quarries, fully exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, were destitute of forges for making and preserving their tools; of the apparatus requisite for finishing the stone; and other objections. But Philip, enthusiastic for the progress of his darling scheme, caused the experiment to be made, and was satisfied. As the architect had desired, therefore, the stone was finished in the quarries; these were fitted with the necessary forges and workshops; and Llaguno affirms that what would have necessitated twenty years of toil by ordinary methods, was thus accomplished in less than six.

Except for the sinking, soon remedied, of one of the pillars in the church, Herrera's work was a complete success. The cross was raised upon the dome on June the twenty-third, 1582; and in September of 1584 the last stone of all the edifice was placed in position on the cornice of the Patio de los Reyes, and in the presence of the king, his gentlemen, Juan de Herrera, and Fray Antonio de Villacastin.

For some time past, the architect's pay had been more liberal. In February of 1577 his salary was increased by royal order from two hundred and fifty ducats to eight hundred, with free lodging and doctor's attendance. Later on, too, he was appointed to a fairly important post at court, and his eight hundred ducats of salary were converted into a life annuity of a thousand, proceeding from the Cuenca salt pans.

He died in January of 1597; and the accounts of his contemporaries, as well as his own letters, show him to have been a gentleman of excellent



and noble qualities; modest in spite of his genius; diligent and faithful in serving his king; and mindful of his own servants. His will, made in 1584, when his daughter and heiress, Laurencia, was "twenty days old, a little less or more," refers repeatedly to his pupils or domestics; to Próspero, his page; Isabel de Rueda, the foster mother of his little Laurencia; and a groom, "a *flamenco* who looks after my horse." For all there was a legacy, or a word of commendation to the king.

To return to the Escorial. In spite of the magnificent scale of its design, and the activity with which it was constructed, it soon acquired an execrated name among the people. The spot, they muttered, was sure to be accursed; for how should the Almighty be propitiated by so wicked a waste of money, thieved from the famishing poor. The very atmosphere about the Escorial was impious, filled with the brawls of the workmen, and the blasphemous ribaldry of the courtesans who, plundering and contaminating, followed them in thousands from Madrid.

These mutterings of the malcontents began to reach the royal ear. Arson was feared by that mistrustful mind, and a guard was posted round the building. But at midnight of June the twenty-first, 1577, the levin of the Lord, baffling that frail defence, ignited the western tower, fusing a peal of eleven bells and setting the belfry in a blaze; nor was the conflagration quenched before daybreak, although a quantity of shin bones and other relics of saints were fetched from their depositories and carried in solemn procession.

The doings of the Escorial ghost date also from about this time. It began to be rumoured that a black, mysterious dog had been observed to climb the scaffoldings by night, bounding from plank to plank, and venting a series of cries which could not fail to curdle the blood of the intrepidest hearer.

The rumour gained in popularity, until the *perro negro* of San Lorenzo became almost an institution, and even condescended to show himself more frequently. In fact, a number of witnesses declared that when the moon "brightening the skirts of a long cloud ran forth," they saw him sharply outlined against the sky, his hairs on end, and his eyes, according to the standard simile, like living coals.

Certain it is that upon a subsequent occasion the monks, while celebrating evensong, frivolously allowed their attention to be distracted by the same canine wailings and lamentations, which issued, or appeared to issue, from behind an adjacent wall; and the entertainment had lasted a considerable while before two of the congregation, proceeding to what seemed the *fons et origo* of the noises, discovered and dragged forth by the throat a poor black hound, as lean as a lath, and as mild as a sucking-dove, belonging to the Marquis of Las Navas, and mourning its master's absence. Whereupon, the bravery of the monks attaining truculent proportions, they hanged their luckless and benighted enemy from the balustrade of the cloisters; although he evidently deserved to meet his fate *upon the scaffold*.

Not less extraordinary were the adventures of Ferdinand de Valenzuela, Marquis of Villasierra, who

fell from power as Charles the Second's favourite, and was pursued by the vindictive natural son of Philip the Fourth—Don Juan de Austria.

As Macaulay has observed, Charles, though short of wits, was not devoid of praiseworthy impulses. In December of 1676 he sent for the prior of the Escorial, Marcos de Herrera, a man of liberal and keen intelligence, and many private virtues. "I want you," said the king, "to accompany Valenzuela to the Escorial and save him"; and he supported the entreaty—for it was Charles' character to supplicate, rather than command—by an autograph letter to the same effect.

Attending the fugitive nobleman, the worthy prior at once set out, and safely reached the monastery. Here for just a month his visitor was unmolested. At the end of that time there reined up before the gates a body of five hundred horse commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and accompanying the duke was Antonio de Toledo, as implacable as Don Juan de Austria himself in his vindictive sentiments towards the fallen favourite.

The person of Valenzuela, known by now to be in hiding, was instantly demanded; the loyal Herrera returned a round refusal; and forthwith the edifice was invested with the soldiery. Conditions were then debated and concluded for an interview, between Medina Sidonia and Antonio de Toledo upon the one hand, and Valenzuela upon the other. The meeting took place in the Monastery chapel, in the presence of the prior and the whole community; but the doors were closed and the soldiery excluded. The duke was comparatively gentle with his quarry;

but high words were bandied between the latter and Toledo, to whom in former times Valenzuela had shown no little kindness. The conference, in fact, came to nothing; Don Juan de Austria's partisans withdrew; and the marquis, aided by the monks, once more retreated into hiding.

First of all he was concealed at the back of the church, in a spot above the royal apartments, and where a bed was made for him. He was provided, too, with plentiful food. Shortly afterwards the prior, provoked by the vandalic acts of the besiegers, was compelled to pronounce upon the duke and Don Antonio, together with all their following, the terrible sentence of excommunication *á mata-candelas*; and from that moment until the dreaded anathema was removed by special permission obtained from Rome, no pious service of any kind was performed within those consecrated walls.

Meanwhile the sleuthhounds kept exploring the enormous structure. Nevertheless, if Valenzuela had persisted in lying still, he might have remained without discovery for an indefinite period; for a person carefully concealed in the Escorial would be as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a hayrick as high as Mount Everest. But his timidity proved his ruin. He was able, from his hiding-place, to catch the voices of the soldiers, which frightened him greatly; so much so that he determined to attempt escape, and lowering himself by the sheets of his bed, knotted together, reached the cloisters. Here he stumbled upon a sentry, who recognised him. The forlorn appearance of Valenzuela moved his pity. "Go," he

said, "and God protect you. The countersign is *Brussels*."

But Valenzuela, frantic with fear, was bent upon his own undoing. He discovered one of the friars' dormitories, and beat the door. The occupants, some forty in number, led him hurriedly towards the library, and hid him in a niche, concealing it with a painting; but on a servant's divulging his whereabouts, he was dragged forth, and carried, by Juan de Austria's orders, to the castle of Consuegra. Finally he was banished to the Philippines, and thence to Mexico, where he died, disgraced, deserted, an exile, and a beggar.

One who had shared his sorrows, but not his banishment, was María de Uceda, his wife, who dearly loved him. His loss destroyed her reason. For some years she lived, or rather lingered, at Talavera de la Reina; then at Madrid, where she was known as the *Loca de Leganitos* ("the madwoman of Leganitos"); and perished, similarly to her husband, in dreadful penury.

More than a century later, on the evening of the twenty-ninth of October, 1807, a young man, richly dressed, was writing at a table in a small apartment of the Escorial. Presently a door behind him opened softly, and a gentleman stealthily entered and stood behind the writer. The stars upon the intruder's breast revealed that he was a personage of the highest quality: for the rest, his appearance was vulgar, his face red and fleshy, his figure corpulent and undignified.

After noiselessly watching for some moments, without his presence being observed, he uttered an



exclamation. Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias and heir to the Spanish throne—for such was the scribe—sprang hastily to his feet, and spreading out his hands, as though to hide what he had written, faced round upon his father, white and trembling.

“Ferdinand,” said Charles the Fourth, “give me those papers”; and then, seeing that the youth was about to disobey, gathered them up with his own hand, closely regarding them as he did so.

“Remain here,” he continued, “until I send you word. You are arrested.”

“Señor,” stammered the youth, covering his face with his hands and bursting into tears, “upon what charge?”

But his father, taking with him the mysterious papers, had quietly left the room, securing the door behind him.

There is a process, even at the present day not unfamiliar in Spain, whereby an offender of high position is enabled, with the exercise of his influence, and the disbursement of his money, to hush all tongues, a judge’s included. In so doing he is said to *echar tierra* (“throw earth”) upon the matter; or, in simpler English, to hush it up.

This is precisely what was done with respect to the sheets, inscribed in cipher, which the king discovered in the closet of the prince. At first there was a big commotion. Ferdinand, escorted by twelve of the royal guards, was conducted to a narrow cell, with sentinels at the door. Various of the prominent court officials were summoned to a secret conclave in the queen’s apartments; and



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(From the portrait by Goya.)

FERDINAND THE SEVENTH.




María Luisa is known to have loudly demanded that her son should there and then be executed.

But there was no execution; nor any punishment for the misdoer, if such he were; nor even a trial worth the name; although a number of the prince's cronies were incarcerated for the time being. This, in fact, is commonly the stage when the *earth begins to be shovelled on*; and by the fifth of November Ferdinand was at liberty. Upon the following day he took a drive, receiving from the neighbours "an immense ovation." The earth was thrown. Such was the *Proceso del Escorial*; a trial "more honor'd in the breach than the observance."

I should be the last in the world to condemn this attitude of the Spaniards towards their beloved prince; but there is one point which has never failed to stimulate my curiosity. What were the papers he indited? Was any key discovered to the cipher; and if so, what was the solution? For surely the Spanish people had a right to know.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ALCALÁ DE HENARES.

OME years ago the Spanish novelist and playwright, Benito Pérez Galdós, visited the birthplace of the most illustrious of our poets, and embodied his impressions in a very charming essay, *La Casa de Shakespeare*—"Shakespeare's Home." On many occasions the same author has expressed his reverence for British literature and British institutions. It cannot surprise us, therefore, to find him speaking appreciatively, and even enthusiastically, of the hallowed objects or traditions connected with our great man's memory, and even of English life in general; of the fare at the inn, the cleanness of the streets, and the comfortable solidness of English beds. To be sure, he is perplexed by Bradshaw, and deprecates, though always with the utmost kindness, the distracting turmoil of Birmingham railway station, the multitudinous platforms, the babel of voices, and the thousand and one impedimenta to finding anything, or going anywhere, which are commonly experienced by every traveller in every country. But men with the abilities and cheerfulness of Pérez Galdós are born to conquer worlds. At length his ticket for Stratford is taken and in his hand; and then, with a forgiveness that





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A STREET.

(From a photograph by the Author.)



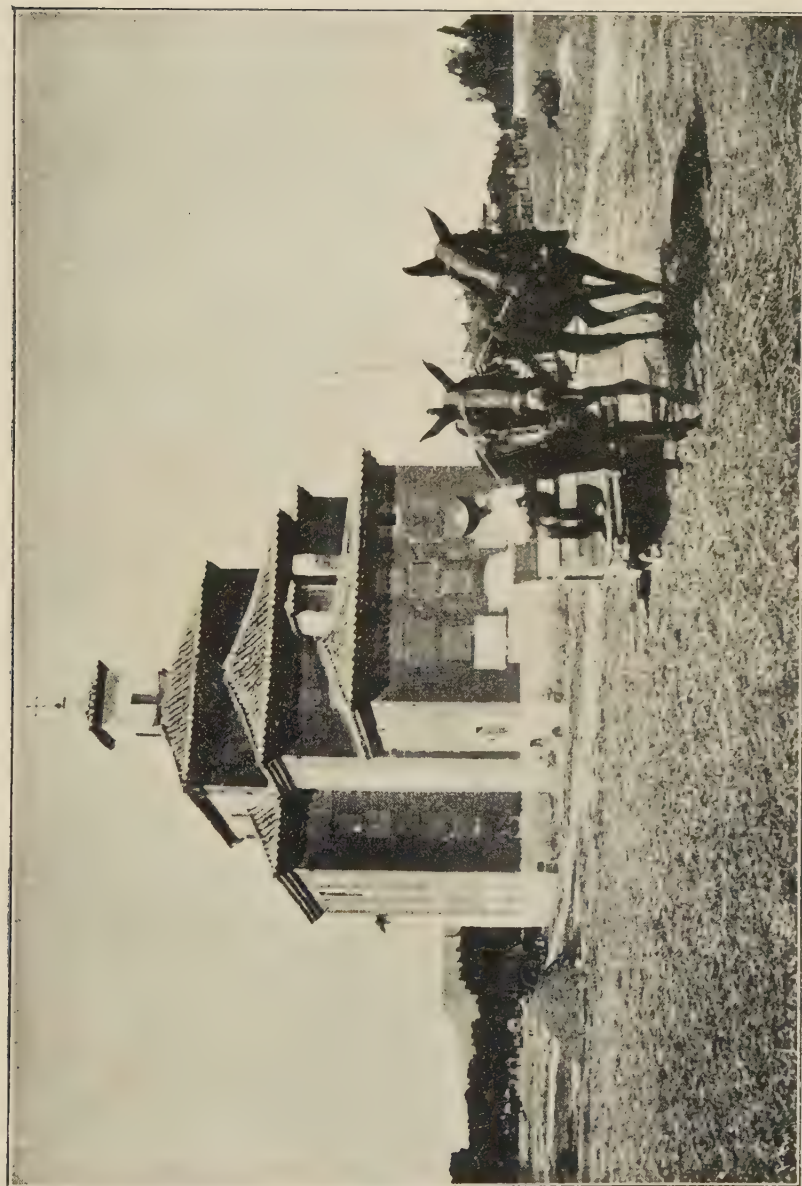
is truly Christian, he murmurs, not what I fear would issue in similar circumstances from the lips of many of my compatriots, but "a thousand thanks to God" that all his doubts and questionings are ended.

In a similar spirit of curiosity, not unmixed with worship, I visited the birthplace of one whom we may call in many respects the Shakespeare of Spain—Miguel de Cervantes. My difficulties of locomotion were infinitely less pronounced than in the case of Señor Galdós; for the little town of Alcalá de Henares is just upon the threshold of the capital. The Southern Railway Station, at the early hour of my entering it, was tranquil to monotony, and so remained until I started. It was the sultriest of August weather, and already, at a little after seven, the sun stared fiercely in the skies and blistered the varnish on the panels of the carriages. Under those torrid rays the leaves, unstirred by any breath of air, shone stiff and parched against the crude cerulean background. Drowsy, blinking asses, veritable somnambulists of the dusty highway, failed to look up as the train, peopled with a score or so of eye-rubbing, yawning marketers, groaned heavily past; and the *arrieros*, crouching among the saddlebags, seemed aiders and abettors of that asinine somnolence. Nobody else, nothing else, was visible: only at one after another of the melancholy stations a rustic or two got listlessly up or down, and a porter, with his raucous "*Señores viajeros; al tren,*" and the tinkle of a bell, ushered us once more into the desert. In this way nearly a couple of hours elapsed before we reached the Stratford of Cervantes.

Like the English Stratford, a small town, spotlessly clean. Like the English Stratford, laved by a river, the Henares, the Avon of Alcalá. The streets are wide; there are several *plazas*; and from almost everywhere you descry, at the end of pleasantly planted avenues, the open country, rich in golden grain industriously harvested. There are two or three churches and as many convents; but, except the ancient University, not much else in the way of architecture. To the back of the town is a range of reddish hills, and not far from their foot the cool Henares flows through forests.

Here, then, was the cradle of Cervantes; of the storm-tossed wanderer, soldier, captive. Truly it is a big voyage that summons us from our mothers' apron strings: but it is ever nobler to obey the call, even if many go under while yet in sight of home, and many more are weary, and white-haired, and heartsick, before they make the luminous haven for which they trimmed their gleaming and unripened sails.

The principal objects of my visit were the entry of Cervantes' baptism, and the University, once as populous and proud as any, though now abandoned; but such is my passion for the country, that the hills and forests readily wooed me from my business, and it was nearly midday when I began to retrace my steps. The Henares, I now discovered, is broad enough to boast a water mill, situated where two lanes meet. The atmosphere throbs to the clatter of the wheel, and the beaten water runs turbulently away in kaleidoscopic eddyings, dwindling, not far beyond, into a placid and clear rivulet, with washerwomen kneeling at its edge.



(To face p. 214.)

IN THE CORNFIELD.

(From a photograph by the Author.)





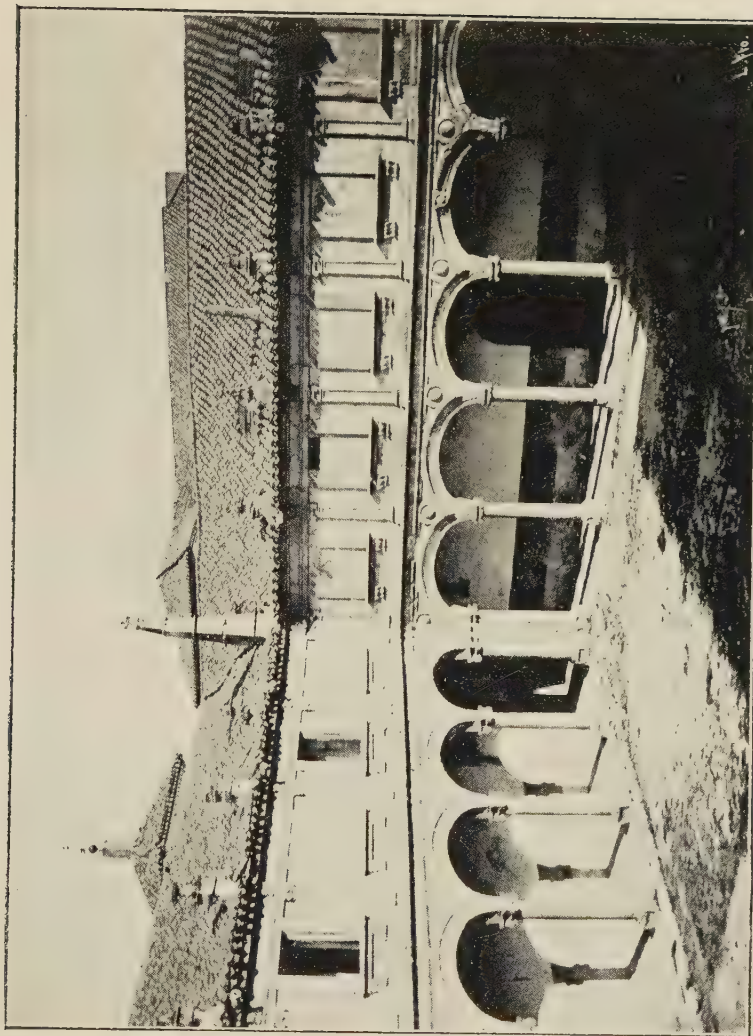
As soon as I reached the outskirts of the town, I walked into a tavern and demanded a glass of *tinto*. The *tabernero* fetched it, exceedingly cold, from a deep, dark cellar. A not unsavoury odour of mellow wine skins filled the place, and except the counter with its file of glasses, nothing recalled a British public house; no barmaid—an incentive to excesses which the temperate and chaste Peninsula dispenses with—no potman “chucker-out,” with shirtsleeves rolled aggressively above the elbow; no hiccupping politicians; no cacophonous terms of endearment such as are in common use among my Britons in their cups. Only some reapers on a bench, frugally sipping their modicum of wine; and presently, with the grave demeanour of every good Castilian, they saluted me and returned to their labours in the corn-field.

Into the sun I followed them. It burned me now, albeit with honest and invigorating radiance, seeming to thrill me, not with fever, but with life. One empty highway led into another and another. Most of the houses, though not unclean, had something of a shell-like, fossilized look, and now and again a church or convent rose boldly above the level of their whitewashed walls, and served me for a landmark. In this way, seeking to identify myself with Alcalá, the venerable *Complutum* of the Romans, the *Guad-Al-calá* of the Moors, I wandered pensively through her streets, the Calles Mayor, Nebrija, Santa Ursula, and Cervantes, and occupied with quaint associations emerged at length before the University.

The façade, considered to be as fine a specimen as any extant of the elaborate and somewhat florid

Plateresque, runs right along one side of a paved square, once ringing merrily with the feet and voices of many thousands of scholars, but nowadays a picture of desolation. A fountain surrounded by some twenty or thirty broken pillars flows gloomily in the middle, and a row of kindred pillars extends beside a flagged walk, thickly overgrown with grass and weeds, beneath the college wall. The entrance opens into the first *patio*, where the grass, as though inviting the visitor to tread in reverent silence this sepulchre of Spanish learning, has also carpeted the smooth paving; and the second and third *patios* are visible through their respective doorways, exactly facing the main portal. The third and principal courtyard, the renowned *Trilingüe*, with a well, long disused, in its centre, is of beautiful and regular design, though smaller than the others and just as ruthlessly abandoned to decay, while here again the grass is sprouting from each flag, and column of the cloister. On the right of the entrance is the historic hall or *Paraninfo*. Opposite the door is the examiners' *tribuna*, a kind of triple pulpit, let into the wall and mounted by some stairs. The carving is brightly coloured and gilt. A few priests, who utilize a part of the building as a boys' school, claim to have restored it; but I noticed neglect and mould at every turn. The walls of the *Paraninfo* have been covered with a vulgar paper, bearing at every few feet a label similar to those upon a chemist's bottles, and recording the prominent *alumni Complutenses* of a bygone century.

It is impossible to imagine a sadder spectacle. Upstairs a gallery runs round the top of this decaying hall, and another gallery close beside it looks out



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(From a photograph by the Author.)

THE PATIO TRILINGÜE OF THE UNIVERSITY.





upon the *patio*; but their paving, as well as the stairs that lead to them, seems actually to crumble underfoot. How many a loft or stable is better cared for than these priceless relics of a learned, prosperous, and proud community!

To one side of the main entrance, and reached by crossing what may once have been another *patio*, but is now a wilderness of weeds, is the University Church. This alone, of all that I saw, is in tolerable preservation. The interior is narrow and gloomy, but the carved ceiling is superb, as are the pulpit and the choir, this latter being upstairs; and the walls bear marble tablets to the memory of olden scholars.

Cisneros laid the foundation stone of this University on March 14th, 1500; and declared the edifice open on July 24th, 1508. A quaint narrative of its early days is the *Rebus Gestis* of Alvar Gómez, published in 1569. Among much other interesting matter we are told that the students' gowns were of buff-coloured cloth, with armholes, a hood, and a high, square cap.

"Two provisions," says Prescott, referring to the cardinal, "may be noticed as characteristic of the man. One, that the salary of a professor should be regulated by the number of his disciples; another, that every professor should be re-eligible at the expiration of every four years. It was impossible that any servant of Ximenes should sleep on his post."

But the American historian omitted to record that it was the students themselves who were privileged to re-elect their professor, and was wholly under a

delusion when he declared that no servant of Ximenes could sleep on his post. In providing in this singular manner for the re-election of the *catedráticos*, Cisneros committed a manifest mistake; for naturally the professors' chief object was to ingratiate themselves with the students, and win a personal popularity, regardless of their charges' education. "A master's severity militated against his private interest, as well as against the University's, whose income shrank with the migration of the students elsewhither."\*

Difficulties and disputes with the archbishops of Toledo were far from rare; as well as tumults very similar to the *town* and *gown* "rows" of Oxford and Cambridge. On one occasion the Spanish undergraduates rescued a murderer led to execution on a Saint's day, this, as they considered, being contrary to Christian usage; on another they thrashed, almost beneath the monarch's eyes, the saucy pages of Ferdinand the Catholic; on yet another a petticoat question caused the *town* and *gown* to muster in full force, with their respective cries of "*favor al Colegio!*" and "*favor á la villa!*"; and a friar, using his handkerchief as a sling, drove a stone so cunningly into the chest of a smith named Ramírez as to kill him on the spot."†

The fortune of the University was like a meteor, luminous but fugitive. The warlike reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second were unfavourable to learning, or at least to secular learning; still more was the seventeenth century, with its boundless indolence and vice; and the faint reform

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\* *Heraldo de Madrid*, March 14th, 1900.

† *Ibid.*



(From a sketch by the Author.)

THE FAÇADE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

(To face p. 248.)



initiated by the Bourbons concerned itself with foreign rather than with national institutions. So it was that this little town began to languish when scarcely a generation had elapsed since the death of Cisneros. For many years his bones remained at Alcalá : then envious or foolish hands removed them to the capital. The civil wars made further havoc ; and the beautiful edifice Ximenes had loved so well was sold for a vile price to Vandals who stabled their beasts within those venerable walls, the nursery of Mariana, Covarrubias, and Quevedo ; and where were laid the relics of the noblest of her scholars, of Gumiel and Vallés, Diego López, and Pedro Coronel.

My next errand, as I mused on Spain's neglect of her most splendid monuments, was to seek the vicar of the parish church of Santa María. After much inquiring I discovered, first of all the street containing the vicarage, and then the vicarage itself, no better and no worse than the adjoining houses. I rapped. Presently a cord was pulled on the inner side and from above, the door sprang ajar, and pushing it I walked upstairs. Here I encountered a second door, and rapped again. It was opened by an aged female, smiling.

"Is the Señor *párroco* at home?"

"Sí, Señor."

I handed my card.

"One moment, if you please."

Presently she returned, and held out to me a half-*peseta* piece.

"It is all the Señorito says he can spare."

"Oh," I explained, as soon as I found breath for



laughing; "I am not a beggar. Not exactly, that is to say. I have come to see the church."

She again withdrew, and reappearing immediately, invited me to pass.

The vicar, a pleasant-faced young man, was at his writing-table, in a sunny chamber overlooking the street, and struck me as being widely different from the average Spanish priest. He picked up my card from the table.

"Oh, dear me," he apologized, "I am so sorry; but I am honoured by so few polite visitors. On the other hand, unwelcome visitors are always calling upon me."

And we laughed together.

When the ice was fairly broken, I stated my desire.

"Certainly; there is no difficulty"; and taking a couple of heavy keys, he preceded me downstairs.

Inside the church were two or three persons who seemed connected with it. One of them, introduced to me as "el Señor Eusebio," briskly led the way to the vestry, a cool apartment facing the principal *plaza*, and unlocking a cupboard drew forth a neat box, the gift, I was told, of an enthusiastic Cervantist, and about the size of a small folio volume. It contained a parchment register, and on a page of this the baptismal certificate of the author of *Don Quixote*, in writing yellow and crabbed, but quite decipherable. "On Sunday," it runs, "the ninth of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand fifteen hundred and forty-seven, was baptized Miguel, the son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and of his wife Doña Leonor." The godfather was Juan Pardo, and



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(From a photograph by the Author.)

## OUTSIDE THE TOWN.



the witnesses were the sacristan Baltasar Vazquez and the bachelor Serrano, the latter of whom performed the baptism and signs the entry.

After I had studied the inscription to my liking, and thanked and taken leave of the worthy *párroco*, "el Señor" Eusebio insisted on accompanying me to the train,—a courtesy he would not hear of neglecting. From the glibness with which he rattled off the names of the streets, and in more than one instance the histories of their occupants, it was easy to perceive in him an *alcalaino* born and bred; and indeed, before we parted he confessed that such was the case, and that he had never stirred outside the limit of the town. I envied him.

While the train was moving out of the station, he remained politely on the platform. "Good-bye," he cried, waving his hand; "come back soon. Promise to come back."

Come back! Alas; our promises are not our own to give. We are the pawns or pieces, not the players; and Destiny and Time, those deaf and dumb antagonists, push us about, we know not why; we know not whither.

THE END.





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# THE LAND OF THE DONS.

LONDON: CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

The warmly favourable criticism of both the British and the Spanish press appears to show that "THE LAND OF THE DONS" is the most exhaustive, faithful, and amusing description of Spain and the Spaniards that has yet been published in the English language.

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This is not the kind of book that is written after a month's travel. It is a profound study of our customs.—*La Correspondencia de España, Madrid*.

We already knew of this work from the notices in the English papers, all of which agree that "The Land of the Dons" is admirably written, and discusses our national customs in a competent manner. . . . Chapter III., "A Bourgeois Family in their Daily Life," is one of the most vivid and interesting in all the volume. Mr. Williams is a keen observer, and excels in the power of picturesque description; so that we are enchanted with his minute account of our home life, depicted by means of the imaginary family of Don Pablo. From the moment this gentleman takes his chocolate in bed, until, after the game of *tresillo*, he sees his friends downstairs at night, the whole of his household passes before our eyes. The hairdresser, the marketing, the gossip, the afternoon walk of the young ladies, escorted by their mamma, in search of a sweetheart, the squabbles with the slavey—not a detail is omitted. . . . Chapters IV. and VI. discuss the manners and customs of the Spaniard, and sandwiched between them is a short account of Spanish popular literature. . . . By reason of their novelty, these chapters should interest English readers very greatly, since they give pleasure even to ourselves, accustomed as we are to the matters which Mr. Williams describes in such detail. . . .



Chapter VII., devoted to the Spanish national fiestas, is also very lively and exhaustive. The *verbenas*, the Carnival, the *Romería* of San Isidro—all pass before the reader's eyes, and should not fail to please and interest the author's countrymen. . . . The next three chapters contain a complete and technically written study of the bull-fight, including every detail that the keenest enthusiast could desire. This part of the book is the least attractive to a Spaniard, for he knows it all. Englishmen, on the contrary, should regard it in quite a different light, since they are wholly ignorant of our national sport, and the little that other books on Spain have said concerning it had better been left unwritten. . . . The volume is well got up, and must, we cannot doubt, be warmly welcomed in Great Britain.—*Nuestro Tiempo, Madrid.*

Here we have, at last, a non-Spanish writer who in producing a book on Spain has not considered himself obliged to accumulate one fable upon another. The French have made us familiar with every kind of yarn . . . . Merimée half a century ago, and in these times Richepin, Maurice Barrés, and Pierre Louis. We fail to understand it; for the French, after all, are not such fools as they look. . . . Mr. Leonard Williams has lived among us for years, and speaks our language fluently. . . . His book, a trustworthy study of our customs, tells to us Spaniards but little that is new. It is a faithful likeness of ourselves. The author describes us as we are, hitting off with singular exactness the characteristics which distinguish us from other peoples. . . . His style is graceful, light, and pleasant. The chapter called "A Bourgeois Family in their Daily Life," embodies just that mingling of exact description and of delicate humour which immortalises Dickens. The whole book discloses a sincere esteem for us, as well as a tender irony; both of which qualities are betrayed by the happy title, "The Land of the Dons." We are consoled for this gentle irony by Mr. Williams' erudite chapter on our popular songs. . . . In a word, we find this volume a faithful and conscientious study, based upon extensive literary research, keen observation, and warm affection for our country.—*Diario Universal, Madrid.*



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